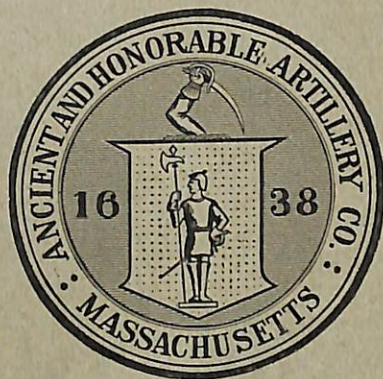


THE
TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH
ANNUAL RECORD

OF THE



1897-98.

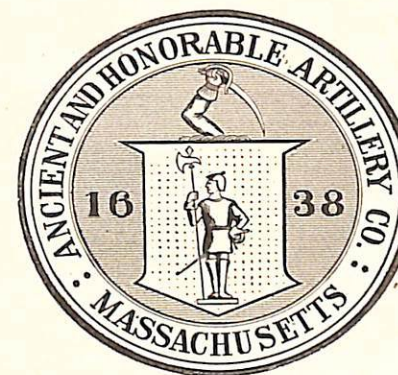
SERMON

By REV. ROBERT R. MEREDITH, D. D.,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BOSTON :
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
No. 24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1900.

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Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander, 1897-98.

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1638. ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS. 1898.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR 1897-1898.

Commander.

COL. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, OF BOSTON.

First Lieutenant.

Lieut. EDWARD P. CRAMM, OF BOSTON.

Second Lieutenant.

Lieut. LOUIS A. BLACKINTON, OF ATTLEBORO.

Adjutant.

Lieut. FERDINAND M. TRIFET, OF BOSTON.

Sergeants of Infantry.

<i>First.</i> —Capt. CHARLES E. HOWE	Lowell
<i>Second.</i> —J. OTIS MCFADDEN	Boston
<i>Third.</i> —Lieut. EUGENE A. HOLTON	Boston
<i>Fourth.</i> —HENRY TOMBS	Boston
<i>Fifth.</i> —WILLIAM S. BEST	Boston
<i>Sixth.</i> —GEORGE E. ADAMS	Boston
<i>Seventh.</i> —WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON	Boston

Sergeants of Artillery.

<i>First.</i> —THOMAS CAHILL	Boston
<i>Second.</i> —Capt. BORDMAN HALL	Boston
<i>Third.</i> —WILLIAM V. ABBOTT	Boston
<i>Fourth.</i> —HOWARD H. HAMILTON	Boston
<i>Fifth.</i> —M. J. GRODJINSKI	Boston
<i>Sixth.</i> —EUGENE S. TAYLOR	Quincy

Quartermaster and Armorer.

Lieut. JOHN H. PEAK	Boston
-------------------------------	--------

Paymaster and Treasurer.

Lieut. EMERY GROVER	Needham
-------------------------------	---------

Assistant Paymaster and Clerk.

Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN	Boston
----------------------------------	--------

Canvassing Committee.—Sergt. JOSEPH L. WHITE, Lieut. CHARLES C. ADAMS, Capt. J. HENRY TAYLOR, Sergt. FRANK HUCKINS, and Dr. ROBERT H. UPHAM.

Trustees of Permanent Fund.—Mr. CALEB CHASE, Capt. JOHN MACK, Major GEORGE S. MERRILL, Gen. SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE, and Major CHARLES W. STEVENS.

Finance Committee.—Capt. THOMAS F. TEMPLE, Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN, Capt. EDWARD E. ALLEN, Col. SIDNEY M. HEDGES, and Sergt. ARTHUR FULLER.

Military Museum and Library.—Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM, Lieut. WILLIAM PARKER JONES, Col. HENRY WALKER, Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, Col. EDWARD WYMAN.

COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Commissioned and non-commissioned staff was appointed by the following order:—

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS., June 7, 1897.

General Orders No. 1.

The following-named gentlemen having been appointed on the commissioned and non-commissioned staff of the Commander will be obeyed and respected accordingly:—

Chief of Staff.—Lieut.-Col. J. FRANK SUPPLEE (4th Regt., M. N. G., Baltimore, Md.).

Surgeon.—F. W. GRAVES, M. D.

Assistant Surgeons.—CHARLES W. GALLOUPE, M. D.; J. E. KINNEY, M. D.;

L. E. MORGAN, M. D.; H. E. MARION, M. D.

Commissary.—Capt. GEORGE E. HALL.

Sergeant-Major.—Major HENRY G. JORDAN.

Quartermaster Sergeant.—Sergt. W. L. WILLEY.

Hospital Steward.—FRED H. PUTNAM.

Commissary-Sergeant.—Capt. WARREN S. DAVIS.

National Color-Bearer.—GEORGE H. INNIS.

State Color-Bearer.—Capt. WALTER S. SAMPSON.

Flankers to the Commander.—Major LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY, Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT.

Right General Guide.—Capt. LAWRENCE J. FORD.

Left General Guide.—A. A. GLEASON.

Markers.—Sergt. EDWIN WARNER, WILLIAM B. HOLMES.

Band Guide.—WILLIAM H. MILLS.

Orderly to the Commander.—Sergt. ELMER G. FOSTER.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander.*

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

ARMORY OF THE A. & H. A. CO., FANEUIL HALL,
BOSTON, MASS., June 7, 1897.

Special Orders No. 1.

On all parades the proper execution of many movements depends largely upon the efficiency of those members who are selected as right and left guides of companies, and it is desirable that those occupying these positions during the coming year shall be familiar with the duties of guides. For this reason it is hereby

Ordered, that each Sergeant shall select two members to act as right and left guides respectively of his company. These selections shall be made from among those who know the duties of a guide, or are willing to learn them, and who can be depended upon for duty when the Company is ordered out.

Each Sergeant shall report to the Adjutant in writing, not later than June 14, 1897, the names and addresses of such as are to act as guides for his company during the coming year.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander.

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

THE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH
ANNUAL RECORD
OF THE
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
OF MASSACHUSETTS.
1897-98.

THE VICTORIAN DIAMOND FESTIVAL.

At a meeting of the Company held at its armory on the evening of June 14, 1897, it was unanimously voted to parade as escort to the sailors and marines from H. M. S. "Pallas" and the veterans of the British Army and Navy attending the Victorian Diamond Festival to be held in Mechanic Building, on June 21, 1897. In accordance with this vote the following general order was issued:—

ARMORY OF THE A. & H. A. CO., OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, June 16, 1897.

General Orders No. 2.

In accordance with a vote of the Company passed at a meeting held in the Armory on Monday evening, June 14, 1897, "that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts tender an escort to the veterans of the British Army and Navy attending the Victorian Diamond Festival to be held in Mechanics Building," it is hereby ordered:—

I.—The Company will assemble in the Armory in full-dress uniform, with white gloves, on Monday, June 21, 1897. Helmet cords will not be worn by members parading in the ranks of the Infantry wing.

II.—Members of the Company not otherwise specified will report in the lower hall, fully armed and equipped, at 3.00 P. M.

III.—The Sergeants, the Sergeant Major, and Band Guide will report to the Adjutant in the committee room at 3.00 P. M.

IV.—The Commissioned Staff and Flankers to the Commander will report to the Commander at 3.30 P. M.

V.—The Honorary Staff will report to Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, Chief of Staff, in the library room at 3.30 P. M. Past Commanders are invited to parade on the Staff of the Commander.

VI.—The Non-Commissioned Staff, General Guides, Color Bearers, Markers, Orderly, Band and Field Music, will report to the Adjutant at 3.30 P. M.

VII.—Col. Joseph B. Parsons is hereby detailed to command the "veteran" company, which will be placed in the rear of the Infantry.

VIII.—Lieut. Frank C. Brownell and Sergt. J. Harry Hartley are hereby detailed to meet the officer commanding the landing party from H. M. S. "Pallas," and will report to the Commander at 3.00 P. M. for instructions.

IX.—Sergeants, under the direction of 1st and 2d Lieutenants, will have their companies formed in the lower hall by 3.45 P. M. Battalion line will be formed on South Market Street at 4.00 P. M.

X.—The Company will be dismissed after the banquet at Mechanic Building, previous to which the Company muskets, sabres, and equipments will be taken in charge by the Quartermaster.

XI.—The Commander desires that members having Continental uniforms will wear them, and parade in the color company; and that all members participating shall pay strict attention to the orders of the day, and will observe that military discipline and decorum which is essential and becoming to us as soldiers and members of the most ancient and honorable military body on this continent.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander*.

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

In compliance with the preceding order the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company assembled at its armory promptly at the hour named.

By half past three o'clock, the time when the public supposed that the notable parade would start, people began to gather in crowds on the sidewalks on State Street and around Faneuil Hall. At the foot of State Street about ninety blue jackets and a detail of marines, in red coats and white helmets, were landing from barges. Lieut. F. C. Brownell and Sergt. J. H. Hartley, of the Artillery Company, were present to meet them. The battalion from the ship was in command of Lieut. P. A. Bateman-Champin, and Lieuts. Nelson and Alford.

After a period of waiting Sergt. Hartley was despatched to Faneuil Hall to notify the Artillery Company that the sailors and marines had landed from the ship and were ready to take up the line of march. By the time the Command arrived the streets were crowded. The Artillery was under the command of Col. J. Payson Bradley, who had with him First Lieut. Edward P. Cramm, Second Lieut. Lewis A. Blackinton, Adjt. Ferdinand M. Trifet. They numbered about two hundred and fifty men and made a very fine appearance.*

The Artillery Company drew up at the foot of the street, facing north, the Commander's Staff on the right of the line, and the British troops marched past to the tune of "God Save the Queen." After the march past the Artillery Company took position of escort, and with the band and a squad of mounted police under Sergeant Stone at the head, the procession moved up State Street—a curious and agreeable reminder of a famous scene in State Street a century and a quarter ago.

* The lists of members parading on the occasion of the Victorian Diamond Festival, June 21, 1897, could not be found among the papers of the late Adjutant Trifet, who passed away before these records were compiled.

To the armory of the National Lancers on Bulfinch Street the glittering line moved, while thousands of people applauded. At the armory one hundred and twenty-five of the rank and file of the British Navy and Army Veteran Association were waiting, in command of these officers: Capt. Hugh McDevitt (62d regiment), Lieut. John Black (87th), Lieut. Charles Adams, Jr. (101st), and Adjt. George K. Speir (Scots Fusilier Guards).

There were two Scottish pipers with the venerable command, and six carriages, five of which contained especially notable survivors, including John W. Gillion, a veteran of Waterloo (June 18, 1815). In the sixth carriage sat Col. Henry Walker, Past Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Captain Humphrage, and the captain of marines of H. M. S. "Pallas."

At about half past four o'clock, after the Artillery Company and the blue-jackets had arrived at the armory, the complete and remarkable procession moved on the parade of the day—through Bowdoin Street to the State House, thence to Beacon Street, to Arlington, to Commonwealth Avenue, to Dartmouth, to Huntington Avenue to the Mechanic Building.

The street procession was distinctly a fine thing to look upon, as almost continual handclapping and cheering from thousands of men and women along the route of march attested. It was not long, and it was full of color pleasing to the eye, and it moved quickly, in appropriate military manner.

The make-up of the line was something out of the ordinary in Boston,—armed blue-jackets, with marines from a British warship, and medalled survivors of British army and navy engagements, escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. This circumstance, made accessible to all by a clear sky and warm air, was thoroughly appreciated by the people of the city. They thronged in the streets, and let loose more enthusiasm than is usually manifested over a street parade. There was curiosity to see armed seamen from an English ship, and, by the tenor of exclamations along the sidewalks, an inclination to compare them with the seamen of the United States who marched through the city at the dedication of the Shaw monument. But the chief characteristic of the sightseers yesterday afternoon was the readiness of Americans to join with those of British sympathies in celebrating the cause of it all—the jubilee spirit. This characteristic cropped out every little while along the route.

A group of Britishers, or men or women who once "owed allegiance," would cheer her Majesty's sailors as they tramped by, and a group of Americans standing near would applaud both. So there was general good nature among all the spectators, and the men of H. M. S. "Pallas" cannot truthfully say, when they have reached a home port, that the people of Boston did not give them a thoroughly hospitable reception.

The finest sight of the procession was on the march down Beacon Hill to Charles Street, at five o'clock. The sidewalks were lined, two files deep, with a cheering, orderly crowd. There must have been five thousand spectators between Park and Charles streets. And the picture they made, with the glittering, colored line marching past them, was something that those who saw it will not soon forget.

Arriving at the Mechanic Building the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company stacked arms in the outer hall, and then, with colors flying and headed by the Salem Cadet Band, marched into the Banquet Hall, which was most appropriately decorated for the occasion. Their entrance was the signal for a most enthusiastic demonstration, the vast audience rising and amidst the waving of flags cheering them again and again.

Mr. George B. Perry presided over the gathering, and had near him as guests of the Victoria Diamond Festival Association, his Excellency Gov. Roger Wolcott, his Honor Mayor Quincy, the Hon. Winslow Warren, collector of the port of Boston; Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., Toastmaster of the occasion; Sir Dominic E. Colnaghi, H. M. consul-general at Boston; Vice-Consul W. H. Stuart, Captain Humphrage, of H. M. S. "Pallas," the sailors and marines of which attended the banquet in a body; the Hon. Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P., the Rev. George C. Lorimer, Dr. William Everett, Mr. Louis H. Ross, president of the Scots' Charitable Society; President Michael T. Callahan, of the Charitable Irish Society; President Edwin Willcock, of the British Charitable Society; Colonel Kingscote, R. A., and Col. J. Payson Bradley, of the A. and H. A. Co.

President Perry, in his opening remarks, expressed the gratification he felt at the attendance of that immense audience gathered to express that loyalty which had grown with the growth of their beloved Queen, and would last far beyond her years, because of the beautiful example she had set. He congratulated them on the fact that the festival had brought together, as never before in the city of Boston, the Americans of British birth, and the Americans of old British birth—the genuine type of Americans. In spite of the failure of so-called arbitration treaties, there was a living chord connecting the two nations which would always respond in the sweetest strains of harmony. Americans in loving their republic were only venerating a grander type of the old commonwealth form of government in Great Britain. They were thus glad to see the two principles meeting together, in a celebration like this.

The speaking at the banquet was throughout of a high order. The splendid voice of Gen. Curtis Guild was heard to excellent effect in the various toasts which he proposed. The lesson of the day was emphasized by all the orators called upon, though each made to its development a special contribution of his own.

TOASTS.

The list of toasts was as follows:—

- President of the United States.* Hon. Winslow Warren.
 Children's Chorus, "Star Spangled Banner."
 Band, "Hail Columbia."
The Queen. Proposed by Sir Dominic E. Colnaghi, H. M. Consul-General.
 Children's Chorus, "Victoria, Hail!"
 Children's Chorus, "God Save the Queen."
 Band, Finale to Weber's "Jubilee Overture." Conductor, Joseph B. Claus, formerly bandmaster of the 6th Warwickshire Regiment.
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His Excellency Governor Wolcott.
 Band, "Hail to the Chief."
City of Boston. His Honor Mayor Quincy.
 Band, "Home Sweet Home."
 1 *Brothers-in-Arms.* Colonel Kingscote, R. A., Captain Graves, Berkshire Regiment.
 Children's Chorus, "The Loyalist Cavalier."
 Band, "British Grenadiers."
 2 *Navy.* Captain Humphrage, of H. M. S. "Pallas."
 Children's Chorus, "Rule Britannia."
The Empire and Colonies. Hon. Nicholas Flood Davin.
Our Old Home and the New. Rev. George C. Lorimer.
The Universities:—
 1 *Harvard University.* Prof. R. S. Thayer.
 2 *Cambridge University, England.* Dr. William Everett.
The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Col. J. Payson Bradley.
Benevolent Societies:—
 1 *The Scots Charitable Society.* Louis H. Ross, Esq.
 2 *The Charitable Irish Society.* Pres. Michael T. Callahan.
 3 *The British Charitable Society.* Pres. Edwin Willcock.

General Guild in his introduction to the toast, "THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY," was most happy in his allusions to the visit of the Corps to England last summer, saying:—

Since the standard of William of Normandy floated above Harold's jewelled warrior flag at Senlac, no foreign flag for eight centuries waved in victory on English soil. Last year, for the first time, a foreign flag was borne by armed men through the streets of London in a triumph not of war but of peace.

Never was happier harbinger of the dawn of universal peace than that day when the stars and stripes were borne in American hands with English escort through the trophy hall at Windsor. Not since Henry met with Francis on the field of the cloth of gold have two nations met in a more gracious greeting than on that day at Windsor when the American flag dropped to the "Present" before the Queen of England, when the Queen of England bent with the grace of youth to the American flag.

The color-sergeant who bore that flag in peaceful triumph responds to-day as commanding officer of the organization whose fortunate mission it was to knit anew the bond between two kindred peoples.

I give you THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS, and I call upon its Commander, Col. J. Payson Bradley, to respond.

Colonel Bradley in responding said:—

In behalf of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, their Commander most joyfully responds to every sentiment of the toast just uttered, and would with clarion voice proclaim, so that it might be heard in England's capital to-night, the thought and wish that are in all our hearts, God bless Victoria, the Queen.

It is seldom given to any military organization to achieve in one short week the conquest of an empire, yet this proud distinction is ours, for on leaving England's shores our glorious banner bore upon its silken folds the victories of Liverpool, London, Finsbury, Aldershot, Marlborough House, Windsor Castle. Ours was a mission of peace, of brotherly love and good will toward the mother land, and on this mission we established the fact that peace hath her victory even more renowned than war.

As long as memory shall last can we ever forget the mighty shout that went up from the tens of thousands of sturdy Britons when we first set foot on English soil? How our hearts' thrill with joy when we recall the whole-souled welcome of our soldier friends of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and we hear again the echos of the cheers which greeted the kindly sentiment expressed toward us and our native land by that knightly soldier and most gracious gentleman, the Earl of Denbigh. Again we stand on the hill at Aldershot and see pass by that splendid body of troops led by our good friend, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught.

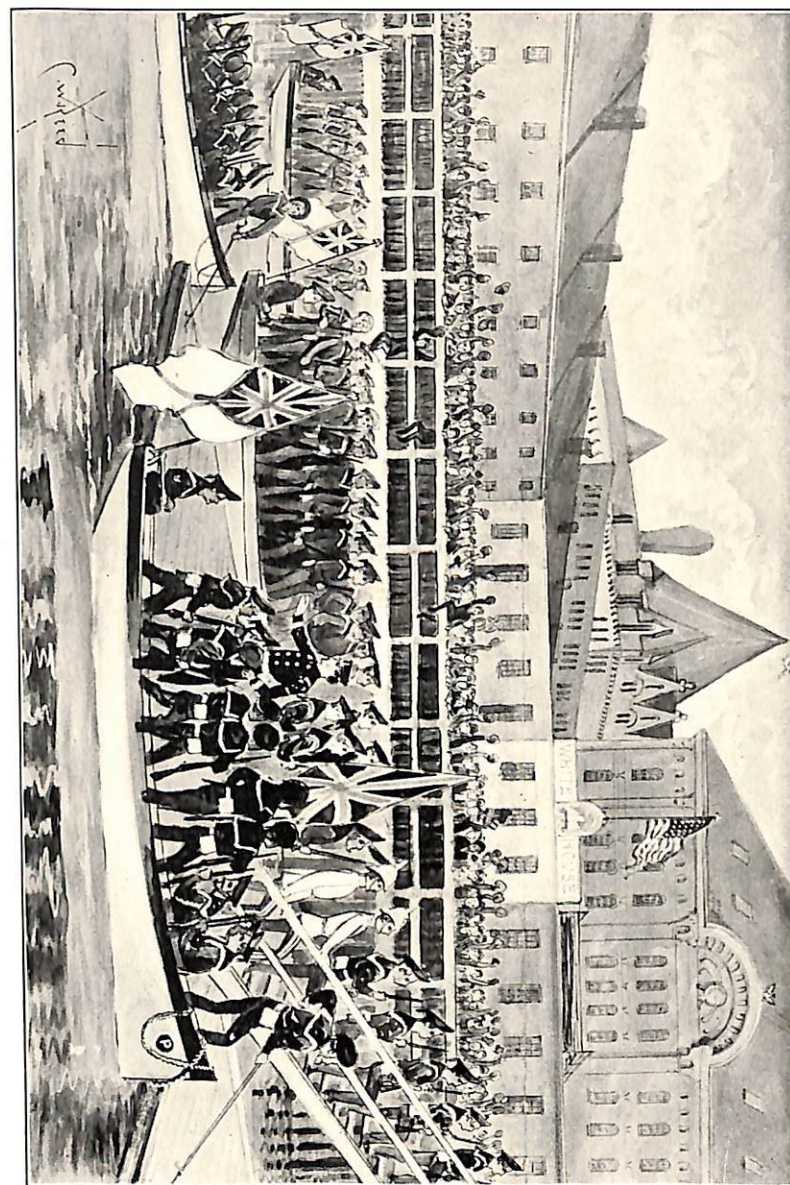
We recall once more the noble words of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when referring to himself as the Queen's "senior subject," he stepped forth and in her name thanked the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts for coming to them on their mission of peace, which should be for the everlasting good of the two great kindred nations.

Indeed, Mr. Toastmaster, as you have stated, it was our privilege to walk again "the field of the cloth of gold" at Windsor Castle, and to receive from her most gracious majesty the password which unlocked every English heart and put into our hands the latchstring of every English home; and through all these scenes of splendor and grandeur went that starry flag, our country's banner, respected and honored by Queen and people.

And now, fellow-soldiers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Americans of the Americans as we are, let us all stand and give to England's Queen, our friend and gracious hostess of one year ago, three hearty Yankee cheers.

To you, veterans of England, we extend a soldier's greeting, and thus, through you, honor the Queen whom you have so faithfully served. And to you who on land and sea now uphold the honor of England, let your trust be faithfully kept until that time when the two great English speaking nations shall join hands in an everlasting covenant, which shall extend throughout all the world, and we shall hear the herald angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Landing of Sailors and Marines from H. M. S. "Pallas," at the foot of State Street, June 21, 1897.



Early in August the following letter was received by the Company from her Majesty's Consul-General, Sir Dominic E. Colnaghi:—

BRITISH CONSULATE, BOSTON, Aug. 4, 1897.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Faneuil Hall.*

SIR: Under instructions received from her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, by command of the Queen, I have the honour to convey to you the personal acknowledgments of her Majesty for the courteous and friendly part taken by yourself and the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, in the celebration in this city on the 21st of June, of the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne.

The Queen was especially gratified that the Ancient and Honorable Company should have afforded an escort to the sailors and marines of H. M. S. "Pallas" on their progress through the streets of Boston, amidst the cordial greetings of its citizens.

I have the honour to be, sir, Your obedient servant,

D. E. COLNAGHI, *Consul-General.*

FALL FIELD DAY.

ARMORY OF THE A. & H. A. CO., FANEUIL HALL,
BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 16, 1897.

Major-Gen. SAMUEL DALTON,

Adjutant-General of Massachusetts.

General,—I have the honor to request through your department permission for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts to enter the State of New York, armed and equipped, on Monday, Oct. 4, 1897, the occasion being the celebration of their annual Fall Field Day.

The Command will proceed as far as Buffalo, stopping over one night at Syracuse, and returning to Boston on Thursday, Oct. 7, 1897.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commander A. & H. A. Co. of Massachusetts.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
BOSTON, Sept. 22, 1897.

Special Orders, No. 114.

(Extract.)

I. Permission is granted the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, Col. J. Payson Bradley, Captain commanding, to leave the Commonwealth, armed and equipped, on a visit to Buffalo, N. Y., in observance of its Fall Field Day Parade, between Oct. 4 and 7, 1897.

* * * * *

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

Commanding Officer,

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

SAMUEL DALTON,

Adjutant-General.

Official.

WM. C. CAPELL,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, ALBANY, Sept. 20, 1897.

Special Orders, No. 131.

(Extract.)

II. Permission to enter the State of New York, under arms, for the purpose of visiting the City of Buffalo, between Oct. 4 and 7, 1897, is hereby granted the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
C. WHITNEY TILLINGHAST, 2d,
Adjutant-General.

Official
J. F. HAUELY,
Assistant Adjutant General.

*To the Commanding Officer,
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.*

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.
Official.
WM. C. CAPELL,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE FALL FIELD DAY PARADE.

ARMORY OF THE A. & H. A. CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, Sept. 24, 1897.

General Orders No. 3.

As in accordance with Article V., Paragraph I., of its Rules and Regulations, this Company will parade on Monday, Oct. 4, to celebrate its two hundred and sixtieth Fall Field Day, it is hereby ordered:—

I.—The Company will assemble in the armory in full-dress uniform, with white gloves, on Monday, Oct. 4, 1897. Helmet cords will be worn in the Artillery but not in the Infantry.

II.—Members of the Company, not otherwise specified, will report, fully armed and equipped, at 7.30 A. M.

III.—The Staff (except the Sergeant-Major), Flankers to the Commander, and Orderly will report to the Commander in the library room of the armory at 8.00 A. M.

IV.—The Sergeant-Major, Sergeants, and Band Guide will report to the Adjutant in the committee room at 7.15 A. M.

V.—The Honorary Staff will report to Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, Chief of Staff, in the library room at 8.00 A. M. All Past Commanders, members of the Committee of Arrangements, and the Finance Committee are invited to parade on the Honorary Staff of the Commander.

VI.—The General Guides, Color Bearers, Markers, Band and Field Music will report to the Adjutant at 8.00 A. M.

VII.—Battalion line will be formed promptly at 8.30 A. M. Sergeants will previously form their respective companies, the Infantry wing, under the direction of the First Lieutenant, in Faneuil Hall; the Artillery wing, under the direction of the Second Lieutenant, in the armory. The Sergeants will deliver to the Adjutant on the train, on blanks furnished by him, a complete roster of the members actually parading in their respective Companies, retaining a copy of the same.

VIII.—Col. Joseph B. Parsons is hereby detailed to command the "veteran" company which will be placed in rear of the Infantry. No member will be allowed to parade in the "veteran" company without a certificate from the Surgeon, or one of the Assistant Surgeons, that he is incapacitated from carrying a rifle.

IX.—Lieut. Frank H. Mudge, Lieut. Thomas Savage, Lieut. Fred I. Clayton, and Capt. John C. Potter are hereby detailed as officers of the day, to act successively on Oct. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and each will report to the Commander for instructions at 8.00 A. M. on the day he is to be on duty.

X.—Sergt. Albert L. Richardson and Mr. Charles A. Meserve are hereby detailed as Color Guards, and will report to the Color Sergeant at 7.45 A. M.

XI.—The badges of the Society of the Cincinnati, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic, Army or Army Corps, indicating actual service in the field, the Company's badge, and badges authorized by the State may be worn on the left breast of the dress coat. No medal, badge, ribbon, flowers, or decoration other than those herein named will be worn.

XII.—Members who are or have been connected with other military organizations may at all parades wear their respective uniforms; and no member shall wear any insignia of office to which he is not entitled by virtue of a commission or warrant. Members may wear the Continental uniform in the Infantry wing, and London sabres may be carried in the Artillery wing. Fatigue caps will be carried on the left rear button of the coat on all occasions when full dress is worn, except on arrival at Buffalo, when they will not be allowed.

The Commander earnestly requests all members participating in this tour of duty to wear their uniforms and appear in the ranks. Those so appearing will be first provided for at entertainments which may be given to or received by the Company during its coming tour of duty.

By order of

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander.

The Two Hundred and Sixtieth Fall Field Day was celebrated this year by the longest continuous railroad trip the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company ever made from home in the autumn. From Boston to Buffalo is a distance of five hundred miles, but the journey between Massachusetts Bay and Lake Erie by way of the Boston & Albany and New York Central railroads is made through a fertile country of great manufacturing interest and agricultural beauty; and the scenery is varied and charming. The weather was clear and cool throughout the four days of the trip, save on the last, when a copious rain fell, laying the dust during the long ride homeward. The tour of duty included a stop at Syracuse, N. Y., where the Company was handsomely received by the Forty-first Unattached Company, N. Y. N. G., and spent the night of Monday, Oct. 4, leaving just before noon, next day, for Buffalo. In the latter city the Company remained from Tuesday evening until Thursday morning. The reception tendered the Ancients by the military men and citizens of Buffalo was one of the finest the organization was ever accorded upon a Fall Field Day. The Seventy-fourth and Sixty-fifth regiments, headed by an excellent band, received the Company upon arrival and escorted it on parade through the city. The procession was reviewed by Mayor Jewett and other city officials as it marched past City Hall, and the applause of the spectators along the streets was warm and hearty to a marked degree. Many prominent buildings in the city were gayly decorated with flags and bunting. Wednesday was spent in visiting various parts of Buffalo and an excursion to Niagara Falls and Lewiston. The seven-mile ride from Niagara through the Gorge to Lewiston by the electric railway, including a near view of the old and new suspension bridges, the wonderful rapids and whirlpool and distant prospects of the historic Queenstown Heights (crowned by Gen. Brock's monument) and the adjacent Canadian villages, was one long to be remembered. The command returned to Buffalo about five o'clock. In the evening the

banquet was served, the Company entertaining sixty-one guests representative of the State, the city, the army, the navy, and the learned professions. The speeches were unusually interesting and eloquent, and the closest attention was paid to the speakers until the addresses were finished, at a late hour of the night. Early next morning the corps started for home, and at half past nine o'clock, that evening, all arrived in Boston safe and sound after a most successful and entertaining trip.

MONDAY, Oct. 4.

When the Company assembled in full dress uniform at the armory in Faneuil Hall, soon after seven o'clock this morning, the sun shone and the skies promised continued fair weather. The air was cool and bracing, and the prospect of a propitious start for Syracuse and Buffalo, as far as weather went, was excellent. An hour and a half later, as the command, numbering about three hundred, marched through State, Washington, and Summer streets, to the spirited music of the Salem Cadet Band, thousands of citizens turned out to cheer them on. Commander Bradley had, as his Chief of Staff, Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, of the Fourth Regiment, Maryland National Guard; Surgeon, F. W. Graves; Assistant Surgeons, J. E. Kinney, L. E. Morgan, and Horace E. Marion; Paymaster, Lieut. Emery Grover; Assistant Paymaster, Lieut. George H. Allen; Quartermaster, Sergt. John H. Peak; Commissary, Capt. Geo. E. Hall; Sergeant Major, Major Henry G. Jordan; Quartermaster Sergeant, Sergt. William L. Willey; Hospital Steward, Fred H. Putnam; Commissary Sergeant, Capt. Warren S. Davis.

The veteran company was commanded by Col. Joseph L. Parsons, and the officer of the day was Lieut. Frank H. Mudge.

Parading on the honorary staff were Past Commanders Walker, Hedges, and Olys, together with the Chaplain, Rev. S. H. Roblin, I. K. Stetson, E. G. Allen, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and Joseph L. White. As the Company passed along Summer and Kingston streets, biograph pictures were taken to advantage. At half past nine o'clock all the men had settled themselves comfortably in the fine day coaches of the Boston & Albany Railroad, at the Kneeland Street station. A few minutes later the long train started westward, cheered and greeted with the affectionate farewells of hundreds. Worcester was reached in an hour, and Past Commander Col. Henry E. Smith, of that city, boarded the train there. Before noon Springfield was announced and the Connecticut River crossed. Away westward sped the fast train toward the Berkshire Hills, the autumn foliage upon which presented never ending vistas of woodland beauty. A short stop was made at Pittsfield. Here the Company was joined by the venerable Gen. Charles M. Welden, formerly of the 31st Mass. Regiment, who in spite of his seventy-six years takes a lively interest in military affairs, and particularly in his old friends of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery

Company. Gen. Welden was persuaded to accompany the command to Syracuse, and thence to Buffalo, making the whole trip on invitation of the Company.

The run through the western part of Massachusetts to the New York line was an agreeable ride, the scenery of this hilly region giving pleasing variety to the view. At three o'clock the Hudson River Valley was in sight, and all that old and historic ground in the vicinity of Albany aroused the interest of the men as they sped on toward the capital of the Empire State. The train crossed the long bridge and came to a standstill amid the bustling activity of the Albany depot, at half past three o'clock. Here, among the citizens who gathered about the train, were several military men, old personal friends of individual Ancients, who had an interest in the Company, and came to pay their respects to Commander Bradley and the men. A few minutes only were spent in Albany, as the train was somewhat behind time. As the cars sped along westward leaving the capital behind, attention was given to the regular wants of the men, and sandwich boxes were distributed. These things having vanished, cigars were lighted, and, in the reveries of the smoke, our men passed through the winding Mohawk Valley, and gave themselves up to thoughts of Indian warfare, council fires, and the pipes of peace, in the old time when the Six Nations held this section of country in their powerful grasp. Then came to mind most naturally, as the panorama unfolded, such names as Herkimer, Fort Stamoix, Cherry Valley, and Wyoming. Perhaps no part of the Middle States presents a fairer view to the eye of the traveller than does this section of New York.

Both agriculture and manufacturing are carried on extensively and prosperously between Albany and Buffalo, and stock raising is a famous resource of the farmers of Oneida, Montgomery, Onondaga, Seneca, and Ontario counties. Hops are grown in great quantities in Wayne, Monroe, and Genesee, and other counties traversed by the Erie Canal.

It was five o'clock when Utica was reached. Night was fast falling and our men began to realize that a ride of one hundred and fifty miles in the State of New York covered only a short section of the State's length from east to west. Still behind time in Utica, the train men realized that quick work would be necessary to get the Ancients into Syracuse by seven o'clock. Again the train started westward and was soon going at a forty-five-mile clip, a rate well kept up until the saline city of Central New York was reached. It was now very dark, and as the train moved slowly through the streets of Syracuse, red and green and blue lights were burned n welcome to the visitors by the thousands of people who lined the thoroughfares. The arrival of the train is thus described by one of the journals of Syracuse:—

"The train rolled into the station here on the north track. The Commander and his staff, and the past commanders, together with a few private guests,

occupied a Wagner car at the rear. As the men left the cars they formed in line on the platform and were critically watched by a couple of hundred of Syracuse fair dames, besides several hundred of the other sex. It was the general opinion that a finer looking body of men never exhibited themselves in Syracuse. In civilian clothes their superiors in appearance could hardly be found; in neat and becoming uniform they appeared like soldiers who had spent years in athletic training and drilling. A large number of the members of the Company wore the London uniforms, those used upon the visit to London last year. They were of navy blue cloth with red facings and brass shoulder pieces, light blue trousers with wide red stripes. A conspicuous costume was that of the National Lancers of Boston, adapted from the costume worn by the Dutch Uhlans. It consisted of a red cutaway coat with light blue trousers, and a white-plumed helmet. Revolutionary times were recalled by the presence of the Continentals of Worcester in their quaint and becoming uniforms—a blue swallowtail coat with buff trousers and vest, lace collars and cuffs and the regulation hats. The men who wear these are usually regarded as exceptionally 'swell.'

The police had some trouble in keeping the surging crowds back so that the Ancients could form their line. But the men soon fell in and a march was begun from the depot through Washington, Clinton, and Genesee streets,—fine thoroughfares of the city,—to the "Yates," the best hotel in Syracuse, where the Ancients bivouacked that night. The Forty-first separate company, N. G. N. Y., under Col. John G. Butler, furnished an escort of honor. They were headed by the Forty-eighth separate company's band of Oswego. Of course the mayor was on hand with a committee of influential citizens to welcome the Bostonians, and of course the military music intensified the enthusiasm of the crowds, and ladies waved handkerchiefs and gloves and clapped their hands as the solid men of Boston bore themselves erectly in rhythmic march to their headquarters. The Yates was alight from cellar to roof, and cheer after cheer arose as the men filed into the lobby through the Montgomery Street entrance. Under the excellent management of Messrs Averill & Gregory, of the hotel, and Capt. Fottler, of the Company, the men were quickly registered and assigned to their rooms. Preparations for supper were soon made. An hour later the dining-room of the Yates presented an animated picture. Every man had a hungry eagerness to sit down and discuss the appetizing bill of fare. Just here occurred one of those pretty incidents which, unlooked for and unforeseen, so often touch the finer feelings of the soldiers of this remarkable old organization and prove that the Ancients discover friends wherever they go. A fine looking lady, laden with an enormous bouquet, stood hesitating a moment with a bevy of friends in the entrance to the dining-room. She at length gracefully passed the flowers to an attendant, requesting him to carry them across the hall to Col. Bradley, with a note of explanation. This done, Col. Bradley gallantly arose and at once rapped for order. "Gentlemen," said he, "I desire to read the following note which has just been placed in my hand with this magnificent basket of flowers":—

To the Honorable Commander and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:

GENTLEMEN: Will you kindly accept the accompanying basket of flowers in memory of my father, Capt. Parker H. Pierce, who had the honor of commanding your distinguished corps in 1830?

Allow me, as his daughter, to send you a greeting.

Hoping your visit to our city will be a most delightful one, and that your illustrious Company may long continue to exist,

I remain, very cordially,

JENNIE McCARTHY.

"Now, I want you to give to the daughter of our former Commander three hearty Boston cheers!" said Col. Bradley.

Needless to say the cheers were given and with such fervor that Mrs. McCarthy bowed again and again in token of her appreciation.

Just as the Company became seated for supper, the Commander called for attention and said, "This is no time for speech making, but we have with us the youngest mayor of the United States, — Mayor McGuire, of Syracuse." [Applause.]

Three hearty cheers were given for the Mayor, to which he responded by the following address: —

WELCOME TO THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.

Col. Bradley and Gentlemen, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company: In behalf of the citizens of Syracuse, whose executive I have the honor to be, I bid you welcome to our city. It gives me great pleasure to observe that during my mayoral term this present moment is the proudest moment I have yet experienced, — the moment of my greeting this magnificent organization. [Loud applause.]

For nearly three weeks, the people of Syracuse — this beautiful city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, have awaited your coming with feelings of profound joy and interest. We have read of you; your fame has gone before you, and Syracuse felt signally honored when we learned that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company would stop over here and be subject to our hospitality for one night. As your Colonel has said, this is no time for speech making, and I thank you one and all for your kindly attention. The gates of the city are open to you. We trust you will stay long with us, and we are determined, one and all of us, — every one of the one hundred and thirty thousand men, women, and children, — to give you a reception which you will not forget. [Applause.]

The COMMANDER. — I want to introduce to you the Captain of our escort, John J. Butler. [Loud applause.]

CAPT. BUTLER.

Gentlemen and Comrades, — Sit right down and fill yourselves up. That is all I have to say. God bless you all. May you live as long as you want to. [Laughter and applause.]

Other preliminaries were unnecessary. The men fell to work upon the following menu, and an hour and a half elapsed before the entire Company had been catered to.

...DINNER...

Blue Points on Half Shell.	Little Neck Clams.	Cream Victoria.	Consommé, Vermicelli.
	Radishes, Tomatoes, and Cucumbers.		
	Celery and Young Onions.		
Sweet Pickles.	German Relish.	Indian Chutney Sauce.	Mushroom Catsup.
	Chow Chow.	Chili Sauce.	Queen Olives.
	Worcestershire Sauce.	Cucumber Pickles.	Tomato Catsup.
	Tabasco Sauce.	Salted Peanuts.	
Boiled Lake Trout, Lobster Sauce.			Baked Bonito, à l'Italienne.
	Pommes, Nouvelle.	Pommes, Lyonnaise.	
Boiled Fresh Beef, Horseradish Sauce.			Ox Tongue with Jelly.
	Sweetbreads, Braisée, Demi Glacé.	Kidney Sauté au Madeira.	
Fricassee of Chicken on Toast.			Fried Soft Shell Crabs, Tartar Sauce.
	Peach Fritters, Wine Sauce.		
Ribs of Prime Beef.			Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
	Lamb, Mint Sauce.		
	Cardinal Punch.		
Mashed Potatoes.	Boiled Potatoes.		Boiled Sweet Potatoes.
Green Corn on the Cob.	New Green Peas.		Fried Eggplant.
	Roast Suckling Pig, à la Yates Hotel Farm.		
Chicken Salad.	Lettuce.		Beet Salad.
	Lafayette Pudding, Marshal Sauce.		
Mince Pie.	Apple Pie.		Pumpkin Pie.
Macaroons.	Gateau Glacé au Orange.		Cocoanut Kisses.
Citron Cake.	Mousse au Pistachio.		Assorted Cakes.
	Confectionery.		Sherry Wine Jelly.
Vanilla Ice Cream.			Chocolate Ice Cream.
	Bananas, Apples, Grapes, Pears, and Peaches.		
	Mixed Nuts.		Raisins.
	Roquefort, Gorgonzola, Edam, Swiss, Cream, and American Cheese.		Crackers.
	Demi Tasse Iced Tea.		
	The Milk, Cream, Butter, and Vegetables served are from the Yates Hotel Farm.		
	The Drinking Water used at the Yates is distilled and frozen on the premises,		
	and certified to as being absolutely free from microbes.		

After dinner the men accepted invitations from different clubs and other places of amusements. Many went to the Century Club, which held open house in their honor. A reception and banquet was given by the local alumni chapter of Zeta Psi to Col. Henry Walker at the home of R. M. Atwater, Brown, '65, in James Street, and was a brilliant and successful affair.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5.

Late on Tuesday morning the men arose after a fine rest. Breakfast was leisurely taken and a band concert was given by the Salem Cadet Band, in the rotunda of the Yates. Meanwhile drives and promenades

about the city were taken by groups of Ancients, generally under escort of local friends and volunteer pilots who seemed set upon a general scheme of cordial hospitality to the visitors. A white silk flag, with crimson border and crimson Greek cross, displayed from parlor C, in the Yates, indicated the quarters of the Ancients' medical staff. The corridors of the hotel were thronged all the morning with the Ancients and their friends.

So passed the morning hours away, until eleven o'clock, when the Company, headed by its band, marched to the train and started to complete the run to Buffalo. The trip was made without incident. A brief stop was made for lunch at Rochester, and Lake Erie came into view soon after three o'clock. Fine weather was had throughout the day and a cool breeze was blowing as the Company left the train at Buffalo.

ARRIVAL AT BUFFALO.

Here a very large and enthusiastic concourse of people greeted them, and the local militia, represented by the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments, acted as escort to the Ancients. At the station were Col. Fox, Gen. Welch, Gen. Doyle, Gen. Edgar B. Jewett, Leroy Parker, Dr. Wright, Horace Noble, and Cyrus K. Remington, formerly of Boston. Mayor Jewett was present, too, to welcome the visitors. Marching line was formed and a parade was had through Delaware Avenue and the principal streets of the city, ending at the Hotel Iroquois about five o'clock. This fine hotel, one of the best in western New York, amply accommodated the command, and the men felt thoroughly at home in it while they remained in Buffalo. In a remarkably short time the men were assigned to their rooms and supper was served at six o'clock. Later in the evening a concert was given on the hotel balcony by the Company's band, and groups of the Ancients were the recipients of many social attentions by their military friends resident in Buffalo. Several of the larger business blocks were handsomely decorated with flags and electric lights in recognition of the presence of the Bostonians. The following orders were posted on the Company's bulletin board in the hotel:—

HEADQUARTERS A. & H. A. CO., OF MASSACHUSETTS,
"IROQUOIS," BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1897.

General Orders No. 4.

Members are excused until Wednesday morning, Oct. 6.

At 12.15 P. M. assembly will be sounded. Line formed at 12.30 P. M. and march to depot to take train for Niagara Falls and Lewiston via Gorge Route.

Return at 4.30 P. M. Arrive in Buffalo at 5.10 P. M.

Members will parade in fatigue uniforms and without arms.

Band will report to the Adjutant at 12.10 P. M. Fatigue uniform.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander.

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS A. & H. A. CO., OF MASSACHUSETTS,
"IROQUOIS," BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1897.

General Orders No. 5.

I.—The members of the Company are hereby ordered to assemble in Parlors F, G, and H, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 6, at 7 P. M.

Full dress uniforms (with exception of dress hats) will be worn.

Banquet at eight o'clock.

II.—Lieut. F. C. Brownell is hereby detailed as Officer of the Day, Thursday, Oct. 7. He will report to the Commander at 8 A. M.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander.

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6.

One might spend a week in Buffalo and pass each day in entertaining sight seeing. Aside from its prominence as a shipping point and railroad centre, the city has large manufacturing interests, and as the Canadian shore of the Niagara River is in plain view and every foot of ground in the vicinity has a record in military history, our men were highly entertained wherever they went. The military barracks, the great breweries, the collection of canal boats, the electric power works, and many other things in which Buffalo people take pride were pointed out to the visitors, and many were driven through the charming residential streets of the city. Early in the afternoon a special train was taken by the command to Niagara Falls. This proved to be the most interesting event of the whole trip. The day was cool and somewhat cloudy, but no one missed the excursion to the falls, twenty miles away. The great cataract, the several suspension bridges, the hotels, public parks, the Niagara rapids and whirlpool, all proved of interest to the Company. Electric cars were taken at Niagara for a run down the river gorge to Lewiston, seven miles below. The ride on the open cars along the very brink of the raging waters was a thrilling thing to many who passed under the towering cliffs and around the sharp curves of this remarkable piece of railroad. Brock's monument on Queenstown Heights on the Canadian side was an object of general interest, as was the dilapidated remnant of the original suspension bridge which crossed the chasm just below the monument. The cold winds of October served to shorten the stay of the visitors at Lewiston, and after viewing Lake Ontario for a while the men got into the cars again and returned to Niagara. Here several hours were passed visiting the many points from which fine views of the falls may be had. Returning to Buffalo at an early hour preparations were made for the banquet in the evening,—always the striking feature of the Ancients' Fall Field Day celebration. Prior to the dinner the officers of the Company gave a reception in the hotel parlors to its guests, civic and military. Among the number were

Mayor Jewett of Buffalo, Gen. Doyle, commanding the third brigade of the State National Guard, with the Commanders of the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments; Col. Smith, U. S. A., Commanding Fort Porter, and many others prominent in State and nation.

THE BANQUET.

The dining-room of the Hotel Iroquois, at eight o'clock, was brilliant with flowers and flags. Covers were laid for four hundred persons. Among the Company's guests were: Mayor Jewett, Hon. Robert C. Titus, Hon. D. N. Lockwood, Gen. James E. Curtiss, Gen. Samuel M. Welch, Hon. Alfred Lyth, Hon. Chas. F. Bishop, Gen. Peter C. Doyle, Rev. F. J. Wrigley, Hon. James A. Roberts, Col. J. H. Horton, Col. George C. Fox, Horace A. Noble, Leroy Parker, Col. C. O. Shepard, William C. Warren, Col. Alfred T. Smith, Charles Higby, J. N. Scatcherd, R. B. Adam, Major George J. Haffa, Judge Thomas S. King, Capt. J. M. Brinker, Harry Parry, Sheldon T. Viele, Mayor Alfred C. Hastings, of Niagara Falls, Harry Hamlin, Henry C. French, F. C. Atherton, Edward S. Warren, Frank H. Severance, Major Albert H. Briggs, A. A. Heard, T. S. Timpson, Frank A. Babcock, Robert W. Day, Charles W. Cushman, Edward H. Butler, William J. Conners, Augustus F. Scheu, George E. Matthews, James F. Nuno, Col. William H. Chapin, W. N. Graves, Major William T. Parsons, J. H. Prescott, Jr., Howard H. Baker, Charles A. White, Robert L. Fryer, Major T. W. Symons, Gen. John C. Graves, Hon. Thomas V. Welch, of Niagara Falls, Capt. J. B. Guthrie, George B. Hayes, Erastus C. Knight, William H. Underwood, James Chalmers, Alfred W. Thorn, Col. Edmund C. Cottle, Col. Albert J. Myer, Justice T. C. White, Col. Francis G. Ward, Capt. MacFarland, Charles R. Huntley, and Daniel H. Turner.

The menu card was particularly rich and pleasing. The outer cover contained a fine steel engraved portrait of the Commander, Col. Bradley, with a red initial letter for the title of the Company and the date of the banquet.

—••• MENU. •••—			
	Bluepoints.	Celery.	
<i>Varies.</i>	Ox Tail, Clair.	<i>Varies.</i>	
	Haut Sauternes.	Cruse and Fils Freres.	
<i>Cucumbers.</i>	Filet of Whitefish, Normandie.	Potatoes, Maitre d'Hotel.	
	Tenderloin of Beef Pique, Champignons.	Shredded String Beans.	
<i>Cauliflower, Gratin.</i>	Vol-au-Vent of Chicken, Toulouse.	Moët & Chandon White Seal.	
	Sorbet Tricolor.		
	Mallard Duck, Currant Jelly, aux Cresson.	Lettuce and Tomatoes Mayonnaise.	
<i>Hominy Frit.</i>	Pudding Diplomat, Sauce Maraschino.	Assorted Cakes.	
<i>Jelly Macedoine.</i>	Fromage de Brie and Roquefort.		
	Fruit.	Coffee.	

The Commander called for order while the Chaplain asked the Divine blessing as follows:—

THE CHAPLAIN. Almighty God, as Thy providence has covered the years, so may Thy blessing fill this hour. Amen.

Then the Company busied itself with the bountiful spread set out by the hotel purveyors, and an hour and a half was devoted to the banquet. It was half-past ten o'clock before any attempt was made to begin the speeches, then the Commander humorously alluded to the duties of the morrow, saying:—

Commander BRADLEY. Gentlemen, give me your attention one moment. First of all, the Committee will see that all waiters leave the banquet-room at once. While the waiters are going out I have an announcement to make, merely a repetition of the order which is in the rotunda below, but I want all to take notice that the reveille will be sounded to-morrow morning at five o'clock. [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, is not that early enough for you? [Cries of "No, no."] And breakfast at six o'clock. ["Ah!"] Baggage will be at baggage-room at half-past six. [Cries of "Oh" and "Good."] (Fireworks may be dispensed with, gentlemen.) Assembly at seven o'clock. Line will be formed at 7.15 to take the special train which leaves at eight o'clock precisely. [Applause.] The men who are not there to take the train will have the privilege of paying their own fares or walking back to Boston. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, gentlemen, I hope the hall has been cleared of the waiters and that you will give your attention to our guests this evening. At times, when off duty, you have the right to abuse your Commander all that your hearts desire, but to-night I hold you to your duty to listen to our guests and be attentive. [Cries of "We will."] You will notice we have here a list of the toasts. On the back of this card are a few verses with which we are all familiar. I hope that most of you will have this in your hand. It will be almost impossible for any of you to rise here, as we are quite crowded.

THE COMMANDER.

Your Honor, Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen, — It gives us great pleasure to assemble in the Queen City and act the part of hosts to such a distinguished body of her citizens as are gathered here as our guests this evening. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, from our very hearts we give you all a true soldier's welcome. During the last few years it has become a custom to extend our annual outings beyond the confines of the "Old Bay State," and it has been our good fortune to be received by the soldiery and citizens of our eastern and southern cities with true American hospitality. Last year we crossed the Atlantic, and were greeted by our comrades of the mother country, The Honourable Artillery of London, as well as by the whole English people, with open arms. [Applause.] Nothing could have been more spontaneous or hearty, and from the royal reception at Windsor

Castle by Her Majesty, and at Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales, down to the kindly salute of the humblest citizen, we received that whole-souled treatment which goes to prove the old saying that "blood is thicker than water." It was indeed our privilege, gentlemen, to walk again "the field of the cloth of gold," proudly bearing with us through castle, court, and camp that starry flag, — our country's banner, — respected and honored by queen and people alike. *[Applause.]*

Emboldened by our conquests along the Atlantic seaboard and across the waters, our committee this year decided, like brave and true soldiers as they are, that the Company should venture, for the first time during the two hundred and fifty odd years of its existence, into the interior of our own vast empire. So bidding our wives, children, and sweethearts good-bye, like good generals we "burned our bridges behind us" and turned our faces toward the Great West in search of that far-famed and beautiful city which sits like a queen beside the shores of Lake Erie, guarding with the royal sceptre of its position and the power of its citizens, the eastern gateway of the Great Lakes. Our journey westward has been a pleasant one, yet we must confess that yesterday, while resting in the good city of Syracuse and enjoying the hospitality of its citizens, they told us such strange stories about the marvellous city on the shores of the inland sea and of its mighty men of law, commerce, and manufacturing that for awhile our hearts failed us; but taking new courage, like Columbus of old, we pushed on determined to make the greatest discovery of our lives or perish in the attempt. *[Applause.]* Well, gentlemen, the discovery has been made, and, like the Queen of Sheba, we can truly say, "the half has not been told." You can imagine our surprise at the splendid reception given us yesterday, on our arrival, by your soldiery and citizens, and how our hearts thrilled within us as we beheld on every hand "Old Glory," that flag which the brave Perry on the waters of your own lake ran to the mast-head of his flagship alongside of that immortal signal, "Don't give up the ship." *[Applause.]*

Buffalo is indeed a beautiful city, and, as true Americans, we glory with you in its present greatness, and the hope of even better things to come. We bring with us Massachusetts' greetings to your State and municipality, and as Boston and Buffalo are bound together with double bands of steel, so let our closer knowledge of each other bind all our hearts in a stronger, purer, and nobler love for our common country, that we may ever sing, from our very heart of hearts *[with the band leading, the audience joined in singing "America"]*, —

"My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.
"Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King."

And now, gentlemen, although we are invaders and hold you for the present, we hope, as willing prisoners, what further proof need we show of our good brotherly intention towards you, except to repeat that which is in all our hearts, Welcome, thrice welcome to the Fall Field Day Festival of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. *[Loud applause and cheers, the whole company rising.]*

I am going to ask our friends here to-night, as reveille sounds at five o'clock, to be as brief as possible in their answers to the toasts. Last year we invaded the sunny South, and, Mr. Mayor, we always make it a point to capture something wherever we go, — something that is good and lasting, — and we found in the Fourth Maryland Regiment a lieutenant colonel, a true soldier and orator, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you as toastmaster my chief of staff, Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee. *[Enthusiastic cheers.]*

Lieut.-Col. SUPPLEE. A man would be more than human who would not be touched by such kindly greeting; but this is not the time for my speech. I think it is only fair to say, as we seem to have introduced somewhat of an innovation to-day in making me your toastmaster, that, at the request of our handsome, distinguished, and eloquent Col. Bradley, I hastily jotted down these sentiments; and as no speaker who is to address you this evening has had more than two or three hours' notice, you will not have a labored expression resulting from a study of the subjects, but what you shall have will come warm and limpid from their hearts. *[Applause.]*

The first toast is, —

"*The President of the United States*: Sovereign and yet subject, supreme but still servant of the people. May his administration, so auspiciously inaugurated add the most lustrous page to American history."

The COMMANDER. Hon. Daniel N. Lockwood, of Buffalo, a lover of America, will address you. *[Applause.]*

HON. DANIEL N. LOCKWOOD.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — I must confess that I was somewhat surprised late this afternoon when I was called upon and asked to respond to the toast which has just been given. It seemed strange to me that I, a Democrat, should be called upon to respond to a toast of this character; but, after a little reflection, I have reached a satisfactory reason, at least in my own mind. I suppose that the gentlemen who were called into consultation by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, those residing here, were unable to find any one in the Republican party whom they could safely trust to respond to this toast. *[Laughter and applause.]*

There are at least twice the number of your Company who would have been delighted to respond to it, but it would have created so much jealousy that it could not be permitted even under such non-partisan circumstances. *[Laughter.]* But I assure you, gentlemen, that it affords me very great pleasure at this time to

respond to your invitation and to the toast which has been presented. The office of President of the United States is greater, far greater, is more powerful, far more powerful, than that of any emperor or king on earth. [Applause.] The President receives his position, not by right of birth or by inheritance; he is chosen from the great body of free American citizens for the reason that he has as a citizen, in his public and private life, demonstrated his fitness and ability to command the ship of state and rule the affairs of the country, and a majority of his fellow-citizens have made the selection through that Gibraltar of American liberty, the ballot-box [applause]; that he and he alone shall command under the Constitution and legislative authorities of this, the one great self-governing nation of the world. He is a sovereign as president; he is a subject as citizen; supreme as executive; servant of the people as their representative in seeing that their laws are faithfully obeyed and executed and that the honor and integrity of the nation, the liberty and rights of the nation's citizens, are respected and maintained in every quarter of the world.

The President's daily life is not one of luxurious ease. The wants, reasonable and unreasonable, of those by whom he has been elected to serve are many, — and many Democrats [laughter], — and the American public are not backward in making their wants known. The President fully realizes, I suspect, before he has been in office many days, that though in effect sovereign and supreme, yet, as a matter of daily life and work, he is a servant, and a hard-worked servant, of the people. The electors of the United States in November, 1896, named as their choice for the office of President a distinguished citizen of the State of Ohio, William McKinley. [Warm applause.] His public life was well known. As a representative in Congress and as governor of his State he had advocated, with great force and ability, questions of national importance; questions which affected the personal welfare of every citizen of the country. From a personal acquaintance with Major McKinley of more than twenty years, and from a careful reading of his public speeches, I candidly believe that he has always spoken and acted of his public speeches, I candidly believe that he has always spoken and acted from a sincere conviction and with an honest purpose. [Applause.] If any man in this country ever advocated and believed in a tariff based upon the principles of protection, sincerely and honestly, and without other motive than the welfare of his country, I believe that that man was and is Major McKinley. [Applause.] Personally, I cannot and do not endorse his views on that subject, but to doubt his sincerity I never have. Time alone can settle this question. This country is the home of liberty in its broadest and fullest sense. It is the home of inventive genius; it is the home where industry and labor alone is king; it is the home of law and order, and upon one common ground all true citizens, Democrats and Republicans, can stand. The prosperity of our country, the welfare and honor of every citizen, every man, woman, and child, throughout the length and breadth of the country, is the one great desideratum. [Applause.]

It is added as a part of this toast that the administration of President McKinley "may add the most lustrous page to American history." This is an ambition certainly worthy of a Cæsar. It is possible that it may be accomplished by the modern Napoleon [laughter and applause]; but, my fellow citizens, it is a difficult task for any President to add to the brilliant pages which have already been written in the history of this country. [Applause.] This country has passed from one stage of prosperity and one stage of advancement to another until we stand

to-day in the position of the proudest nation upon earth, with a nation so governed that it makes no difference what may be your opinion or what may be mine, when the elections are past and the decree of the ballot has settled the right to the presidency of the United States, we all say Amen and God speed to the administration which is in power. [Applause.]

Just glance back in your recollection over the pages of history that were written during the presidency of that man who seemed to have been selected by the Almighty power, Abraham Lincoln. After passing through years, — not so many as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has passed through, — but after passing through the hardest battles and the most trying crises, there came a crowning period in the history of that administration in which a chapter or a page was written in the annals of this country which will go down to all the ages as one of the greatest that ever has been written in any country, by any man, or in any nation on earth. The peace proclamation of Abraham Lincoln will never cease in its effect upon the hearts and liberties and the rights of the American people, or the toiling, liberty-loving people of the world. [Applause.] Could I by a wish produce, or aid in causing during this administration, a more brilliant chapter to be added to our country's history than has yet been written, it would be a pleasure never to be forgotten. But, my fellow citizens, this country to-day can ask for but one chapter, and there is but one subject, as it seems to me, upon which such a history can be written, and that is in the cause of a common humanity to lift the burden from the shoulders of those who have been struggling and toiling for an existence for the last few years. [Applause.] If by any act of the Administration, if by any act of any man, prosperity — true prosperity, prosperity not founded upon or brought about by the misery of others, can be brought to this country; if again the homes of our country can be made happy and prosperous through the exertions and through the will and energy of our own people, then there will be a chance to add to the history of our country one chapter which will be sweet to every heart and ear with the music of happy homes and a contented people. [Applause.]

But I believe I was limited to five minutes. I think in six you said, Mr. Commander, I would be called down, and in seven I would be thrown out of the window, and I fear I am pretty near that point now. I do not know, Mr. Toastmaster, that there is anything more that you could expect of me. I desire simply to add one thought, and that is, that this ancient and honorable body, with its history commingled with the history of our country, commingled with the history of not only one State but of many States of this Union, as they go from here must carry back with them the recollection that here, in the city of Buffalo, we too have furnished to the people of this country a President who stamped upon the history of this nation the truth that honesty and public service were entitled to credit throughout the length and breadth of the land; that we have given from this city a President who had the power, who had the courage, and who had the will to resist whatever was bad for his country, to resist whatever was pernicious in legislation, and who never sanctioned vicious or bad legislation because it had the sanction of age or precedent; who had the true democratic courage to give to the country an honest administration, and to demand and receive the respect of the honest men of the whole country. [Loud applause.] I thank you, Gentlemen, and I trust that it may be my pleasure to meet you again at some

future time, and that when I meet you a chapter may have been written in the history of our country which may be brighter than any that has ever yet been written, and that that chapter may add new strength to the patriotism and spirit of all Americans, the love of liberty and the love of fair play all over the land. [*Loud applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. Our next regular toast is, —

The Army and Navy: Their valor won us our liberty and has preserved our Union. They will ever be our safeguards for the future.

"The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

[*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, many years ago, it seems to us who are old enough to remember back thirty years, the old Army of the Potomac was fighting its way to Richmond, and among others was a man who was leading the famous corps of which I had the honor to be a very humble part. That man was Gen. Hancock, at the head of the Second Army Corps. [*Applause.*] We remember well at Gettysburg, also at the "bloody angle" what work they did, and how many of our comrades went down never to rise again. Among those who led the Second Army Corps was our comrade, Gen. James E. Curtiss. [*Loud applause.*]

Three cheers were given for Gen. Curtiss as he arose to speak.

GENERAL CURTISS.

Mr. Toastmaster, — Unlike the honorable gentleman who has just taken his seat, I am here as a Republican. [*Laughter and applause.*] He stated that possibly he was the only democrat in Buffalo who might be found to respond to that toast. There are a thousand Republicans in this city who might better respond to this toast than myself. In 1863 Gen. Hancock asked me to fill a place in the entrenchments. I did so. Late this afternoon Col. Bradley asked me to fill a breach here to-night and respond to the toast, "The Army and Navy." Leaving home and a sick bed at half-past seven, without preparation and without a moment's notice, I am here to respond to the toast, "The Army and Navy."

I know very little about the Navy. I am not web-footed and I have never been afloat except upon the waters of the Niagara River. [*Laughter and cries, "Your friends have."*] But in 1861-62 when Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers, almost before the echoes from the guns on Sumter had died away, the loyal sons of the North came down from the hill tops, swarmed up from the valleys, the lights in the forges went out, the fields were deserted, the doors of the work shops were closed, the whole land became one vast military camp, the wall of partition was broken down, and men seemed to live again in the heroic age when all were for the State and none for party. And thus was formed that grand old Union Army, an army whose sufferings have never been matched since the days of the old martyrs, whose heroism, whose patriotism, whose love of flag and country never have been equalled since wars began. At times victory refused to perch upon its banners; thousands and tens of thousands of its comrades were

languishing in Southern prisons; news came from home of distress in the family, mob law, and draft riots; but these men, turning a deaf ear to everything but the stern duties before them, went on until their banners floated in triumph over the capital city of the foe. [*Applause.*] It was an army that knew no law but loyalty, had no thought but obedience, — an army that fought over more territory than most of the armies of the old world ever marched over, an army that was bathed in blood, consecrated in tears, and hallowed in prayer, — an army whose memory will remain green in the hearts of a grateful people so long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds annalled, — an army whose history is written upon the bright scroll of honor, and that scroll is lodged in the highest niche of the temple of fame, and we say to the world, "There stands its bright record. Match it if you can." [*Loud applause.*]

The Navy! What can I say of the Navy? I know of no more fitting response to the sentiment of that toast than to repeat the words of George H. Bowker in describing the scene on board the Cumberland, when the rebel ram Merrimac came down the James to destroy our wooden navy: —

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried.
Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
"What thing is that, I say?"
"A long-shore meeting-house adrift
Is standing down the bay."

A frown came over Morris' face;
The strange, dark craft he knew.
"That is the iron Merrimac,
Manned by a rebel crew!"

"So shot your guns, and point them straight;
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this: or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly."

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared.
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked, — everything but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang,
Our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her sides we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage thatch.
And round her leaped and danced!

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes
Were crumbled up like snow!

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame!

She heeded not; no gun she fired,
Straight on our bow she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore!

Once more she backward drew a pace,
Once more our side she rent;
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent!

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foeman lay abeam;
Her opened port-holes maddened us;
We fired, with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast,
We knew our time was brief.
"Ho! man the pumps!" But they who worked,
And fought not, wept with grief.

"Oh, keep us but an hour afloat;
Oh, give us only time
To mete unto yon rebel crew
The measure of their crime!"

From captain down to powder boy
No hand was idle then;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned;
And up from the sick bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay.

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling, with failing breath,
To keep their shipmates at the post,
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes, —
As men-of-war's-men should —
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar-deck! save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men;
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again!"

We turned; we did not like to go;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood;
"Another turn, men, — so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As, rushing on, from wave to wave,
The whirling bombshell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port."

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflowed;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed,
A thousand gurgling watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more.
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned to me. There, thank God! the flag
Still flutters at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh, let that ensign fly;
The noblest constellation set
Against our northern sky.

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave;
A monument that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave.

Col. Hedges called for three cheers for Gen. Curtiss, which were given with a will.

The TOASTMASTER. The third regular toast: —

The State of New York: The Empire State, standing at the head of the galaxy of the great Commonwealths of the American Union. Her majestic rivers, noble lakes, and metropolitan cities are the pride of America. May peace and prosperity be abiding guests in all her vast domain.

The COMMANDER. To respond to this toast I will call upon a citizen of Buffalo, who, I am glad to say, proves the assertion so often made, that an honest man is the noblest work of God. In this case, I introduce to you a man whose books are all square, — Hon. James A. Roberts, Comptroller of the State of New York. [*Applause.*]

HON. JAMES A. ROBERTS.

Gentlemen, — On every occasion and at any place I regard it as a distinguished honor to be asked to respond to a toast to that State which alone of the forty-five has by common consent received the imperial honor. But, when I am asked to cover so large a subject, I think I should know it before I read it on the list of toasts as I take my seat at the dinner. [*Laughter.*]

As the representative here to-night of the State of New York permit me, gentlemen, to bid you most hearty and cordial welcome to our Empire State. We regard the visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as a distinguished honor conferred upon us. Your name and your fame have long been household words to us. We are glad to have had the opportunity to look you in the face and to say to you as had been said of another subject to-night, that the half has never been told us. I am glad again of an opportunity (because I never expect to speak to so many Massachusetts men again) to correct an impression which has prevailed in our sister Commonwealth as to the part which New York bore in the struggle of the Revolution. My old college chum has lived in Massachusetts since our graduation and almost every month he has sent me a clipping from some newspaper which stated that the number of troops contributed by New York in the war of the Revolution was some seventeen or eighteen thousand, while the number furnished by Massachusetts was between sixty and seventy thousand. Gen. Knox, the First Secretary of War, in his report to Congress, gave New York credit for furnishing 17,781 troops, while Massachusetts had furnished something over twenty thousand. Massachusetts, as you might well expect her to do, always willing to honor the heroic deeds of her sons, took early steps to ascertain how many troops she had actually employed in that war, and she produced the result which I gave a moment ago, of between sixty and seventy thousand. After I was elected comptroller, by virtue of that office I became custodian of the Revolutionary records of the State and I started to put a great mass of old documents and files, that had been forgotten by everybody living to-day, into systematic order for reference. In the course of that work and under the able assistance of a talented gentleman who sits here at this table to-night, Col. Shepard [*applause*], I have been able to show that New York in the Revolutionary struggle — and it has been shown from muster and pay rolls — sent into that conflict nearly forty-two thousand men, and that she is second among all the States of the Union — second only to Massachusetts in the number of men furnished, and I believe that in honest, patriotic endeavor she was equal to any one of those States. [*Loud applause.*] But while we may have those little rivalries between sister States, this little imaginary line which separates Massachusetts from New York is lost sight of in the fact that we have one common country and that we are under one common flag. [*Applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. Fourth regular toast:—

The State of Massachusetts: Great in all that distinguishes the leading American Commonwealths; in commerce and manufacture excelling, proud of her great seat of learning, may her future history be as luminous as her past is lustrous with the deeds of her statesmen and soldiers. [Applause.]

The COMMANDER Gentlemen, two weeks ago, I was in hopes that his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts, would be here to respond to this toast, but, gentlemen of the Ancients, you know that the press of duty has been so hard upon him of late that when we left home he was almost a sick man; and he has written a most beautiful letter, sending his regrets to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company through the Commander, that he was not able to go with us and be with us at this banquet to-night. But Massachusetts, when its Chief Executive is prevented from being at the forefront of the battle, has plenty of men to step to the front and take the place made vacant temporarily. We have Berkshire Hills, which our good President has been visiting to regain health and get a little pleasure, and out into the sea we have Cape Cod, the place on which the Pilgrims first landed. Cape Cod raises strong, stalwart men, and we have here to-night, from that section, a worthy representative of the old Commonwealth, and it gives me great pleasure to present to you Senator William A. Morse, a private of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Applause.]

SENATOR MORSE.

Mr. Commander,—I should have been most exceedingly pleased if you had kept me very private to-night. [Laughter.] I had much rather on this day of our Lord be a sick governor than a well senator. [Laughter.] I ought to be pleased, Mr. Toastmaster, to respond on this most auspicious occasion, for, although the invitation is more of modern than of ancient origin, it comes in a somewhat unique way. Ordinarily, when a man attempts to sing the praises of the State where he resides, he is requested to hire a hall or give his hearers a rest, or offered some other advice equally uninspiring and disheartening to the speaker. But here I find myself called upon to deliver a few sentences on the State which honors me with an abiding place, and I propose to take advantage of this somewhat unusual opportunity, and if you will pardon the expression, work it for all that it is worth. [Applause.] And yet, Mr. Toastmaster, I find myself somewhat confused and helpless. I do not mind saying, confidentially, that since Monday last I have been suffering and bewildered by an unexpected and rapid change of life. [Laughter.] On Monday morning, for the first time, before a somewhat awe-stricken household, I dedicated myself to the God of battles, and in the usual way well known to this corps, I consecrated myself as many times as I deemed it prudent. [Great laughter.] I departed my civil existence and took eternal allegiance in this body militant to assist our Commander in his delightful war policy of changing grim visaged war to delightful entertainment. I have

discovered, in the last few days, that I have been somewhat imposed upon. I have been told to look to the right and to the left and to keep in the middle of the road, and, Mr. Toastmaster, it is not calculated to awaken in me those soft and pleasing sentiments that a man should entertain when speaking of his parent State in a far-off country. But, Mr. Toastmaster, I have run the whole gamut of my recollection and I find myself so confused that I think perhaps I would be deserving of the rebuke that Sheridan administered to his son Thomas who once failed in an undertaking much like mine, and in a state of despair said to his father, "I think I will get a large placard, put it on my forehead, and on it place the words 'To Let.'" "Well," said his father, "Thomas, there is one word you must put on if you would be truthful, and that is the word 'Unfurnished.'" [Laughter.] But, Mr. Toastmaster, seriously speaking, I would indeed be most happy if I could take home the remembrance to-night that I had woven, even in a homely fashion, the story and legend of Massachusetts, so that hearers and guests might say that the glories of our own Commonwealth have never been too often recounted. Webster, in his most famous sentence, said, "Massachusetts needs no eulogy, there she stands; there she will stand. Concord, Bunker Hill, and Lexington, there they are and there will remain forever."

The strength of Massachusetts is revealed in the fact that her people know no section nor have no greater love than for their Commonwealth. Go where you will in Massachusetts and you will find her people say, Where we live is consecrated ground. I know no happier way to illustrate the feeling of Massachusetts than to quote to you that witty couplet of Holmes when he says that—

"The sweetest soil beneath the skies
Is the soil we first mix in terrestrial pies." [Laughter.]

Mr. Toastmaster, I am not, as your Commander has well said, prepared to speak at length on the glory of Massachusetts, but could we cross our fair Commonwealth as Virgil's man did the Elysian Fields, we would feel enabled, I am sure, in mind, coming to our vision, emerging from the long ago, those strong and able founders of our State. On the hills of Berkshire which we saw only yesterday in all the beauty of their autumnal splendor there would come to our vision the river gods, those noble men as steady in courage and as high in honor as those hills on which they looked with uplifted eyes with pride and satisfaction. We would go to the old counties, the great counties of Worcester and of Middlesex and we would see to-day, as we do see still, the husbandman gathering his crops and the Merrimac setting in motion the whirling spindles and factory wheels; and beyond as we listened there would fall on our ears the sound and to our vision would come the sight of the embattled farmers, the spirit of '76,—those grand sons and sires who taught us the lesson that there can be no patriotism in the man unless it is instilled in the boy. I may be pardoned if I go further and say that in all the romances of danger and peril I would ask you to go to the sea-washed shores of the Commonwealth where lived those brave mariners who have mastered all the ocean. At my island home in Martha's Vineyard I look out on the Sound and far-reaching cape to see the smoke of steamers and the sails of ships freighted with their commerce; and turning from that view, I look round about me and I see on all sides the homes of the men who standing behind the wooden walls of the old Constitution made her iron sides. [Applause.]

I see, Mr. Toastmaster, the homes of those men who have borne the flag of the Commonwealth wherever ship has sailed; those men who, under burning suns, across Indian seas, have gone south beneath the Southern Cross; those men who have pursued an unchanging course and have gone so far into the frozen north that the compass has refused to serve them; the men who first saw the dawn of the kindling light in the east and last saw the setting sun in the west. And when we speak of Massachusetts we must speak of men like these, and when we speak of men like these we speak of men we honor, for from their loins have sprung the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Loud applause.*]

And now, sir, having unburdened myself of this somewhat lofty dream, I wish to descend with such grace as I can and make the rest of it as easy for you as possible. I should be a recreant and ungallant son of Massachusetts if even on an occasion like this I should not say a word for her women. It is said that the patriotic ladies of Briton became so enthusiastic at Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar that they wore a garter, and on the clasp was an inscription in those memorable words, "England expects on this day that every man shall do his duty." [*Laughter.*] I know not now whether the ladies of Massachusetts carry those patriotic inscriptions concealed in those unheard-of places [*laughter*], but that they are loyal to State, I do know. That they are the recipients of their husbands' incomes with untroubled hearts and consciences; that they are charming in the retirement of their homes, and when they venture abroad there are no ladies more sumptuously upholstered than are the ladies of Massachusetts. [*Prolonged laughter.*]

And now I feel my task is about complete. I shall take back to Massachusetts all the pleasing memories and gifts, perhaps omitting to-day's copy of the *Express*. [*Applause and laughter.*] I hope, sir, to be able to take that to-morrow, for I have hopes that twenty-four hours' gentlemanly behavior in this town will entitle us to the courtesy and respect which England and America have both hitherto been pleased to accord to us. [*Loud applause.*] I might go farther, Mr. Mayor, if I thought it would meet with your approval, and even leave behind those mythical freight cars full of fictitious empty bottles that you might in your leisure moments cork up those misguided wits who turn real humor into falsehood and cause every reader to drop the paper, filled with disgust. [*Applause and cries of "Good," "Good."*]

And now, Mr. Toastmaster, my task is quite complete. I thank you for your kind entertainment. You have given us your friendship, and friendship is the wine of life. We will go back to Massachusetts with renewed zeal, bearing Buffalo ever tenderly in mind, and so far as I can speak for Massachusetts will look forward in pleasurable anticipation to the time when she can receive you with that boundless hospitality with which she will always receive you within the limits of her ever hospitable borders. [*Loud applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. The fifth regular toast: —

The City of Buffalo: The metropolis of Western New York, the home of manufacture, Queen City of the Lakes, centre of railroad transportation, the convention city of America. Her perfectly-paved, clean-swept streets, superb public buildings, and splendid commercial structures never fail to impress the stranger within her gates.

The COMMANDER. I feel glad to call upon a gentleman to respond to this toast, a resident, to be sure, of Buffalo, yet not a native, but one who when a very young man, instead of going west to seek an Eldorado on the Pacific, came from his native State of Michigan, a forty-niner, and landed in the city of Buffalo, knowing that here was a chance for honest men who toil, as well as in the mines of California, and I have the great pleasure of presenting one who has not only toiled for the city, but as a young man was a soldier in the Army of the Republic, and had the extreme pleasure this year of being Mayor of Buffalo, when that great body met in this noble city in such a successful encampment. I introduce to you his Honor Mayor Edgar B. Jewett. [*Loud applause.*]

MAYOR JEWETT.

Mr. Toastmaster, Col. Bradley, and Gentlemen, — It gives me great pleasure to welcome this august body of warriors to the city of Buffalo. I can only repeat to-night what I said in a recent letter to your accomplished Commander: "If you come to Buffalo we will give you a most cordial reception. The town shall belong to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. It shall be theirs and theirs alone as long as they choose to tarry with us." [*Applause.*]

Now, my friends, you have been here for two days. I must leave it to you whether our promises have been fulfilled. [*Cries of "Yes," "Yes."*] If there have been any errors or omissions on our part, I trust they will be forgiven, and ascribed, as they should be, to the head and not to the heart.

Our people have long and eagerly awaited your coming. So much had they heard about the Ancient and Honorables, the oldest military organization in America, the pride of Boston, and the envy of Gotham [*laughter*], — that they were fairly consumed with curiosity. And as you marched up the streets yesterday, in your multi-colored uniforms and to the inspiring music of your excellent band, I am sure they never saw anything quite so stunning, so magnificent, and so picturesque. And it will be many years before the like of it is ever seen again upon the streets of Buffalo. [*Applause.*]

We are greatly flattered that you made Buffalo the mecca of your pilgrimage of 1897. It was a compliment to the second city of the Empire State, which will long be held in grateful remembrance. We are greatly honored by your visit and your presence here among us. The only thing that gives us sorrow is that your stay is to be so short.

On your return to Boston, take with you, I beg of you, the kindest greetings of the citizens of Buffalo to the citizens of your noble and enterprising city. We are one in race, in faith, and in true patriotism. Your visit opens the way for a closer union, both socially and commercially, between these two great centres of population. Let us make the most of this opportunity. In these days of quick travel and instantaneous transmission of thought, we are not far apart. Let us know our fellow citizens of Boston as brethren in the fullest sense of the word, and work together for the increase of commerce, the advancement of citizenship, the promotion of good-fellowship, the greatness of the nation, and the glory of the Stars and Stripes! [*Applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. Sixth regular toast:—

The City of Boston: Home of culture and of the progressive New England spirit. By the irresistible gravity of her attraction she holds the affection of her loyal sons, though scattered into every State of the Union. Proud of her Revolutionary memories, she grasps with one hand the historic past and reaches forth to a future where even greater honors await her.

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, I am just in receipt of the following dispatch:—

COL. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 6, 1897.
*Commander Ancient and Honorable
Artillery Company, at Banquet, Buffalo, N. Y.:*

I regret very much that pressure of business here prevented my joining trip to Buffalo and being present at dinner to-night. I should have enjoyed the opportunity of expressing to officials and people of Buffalo the good will which is felt for their city here. May the business and social ties which already unite Buffalo and Boston be strengthened by the visit of the Ancients.

JOSIAH QUINCY, Mayor. [Applause.]

Mayor Quincy is a private in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Applause.]

We have with us a past commander of this corps, a native of the city of Boston, educated in her schools and in the great university which is so close to her, my predecessor, who, as Commander during our visit to England, brought renown to the Company, Col. Henry Walker. [Loud applause.]

COL. HENRY WALKER.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen,—We all regret that his Honor Mayor Quincy, the chief executive of the city of Boston, is not here to respond to the toast. He could speak not only from his own experience, but with the records of two ancestors behind him who occupied the same high position.

It seems almost superfluous for any single member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to attempt here to answer for the city of Boston, for here at these tables are seated nearly three hundred of her children, drawn from every walk in life and from all professions, fit representatives of her teachings and of the training she gives to all within her gates. They represent the principles which have made her glory. They are the product of her schools, which she guards with jealous care, carrying out the Puritan idea that intelligence is a firm basis of a prosperous state, and that ignorance and good citizenship cannot exist together,—an idea which has dotted the hills and valleys of the Commonwealth with school-houses. They represent her conscience, which, typified by the hundreds of church spires rising heavenward within her boundaries, teach to all that divine law should guide the intellect, and that a good conscience should be the criterion of everyday life. They represent her material progress and her artistic development, her patriotism and her love of liberty, which were never wanting in

colonial days, which on Lexington Common first gave its blood to the cause of independence, and which, but a few years since, first offered the lives of its children to preserve what the fathers founded.

We cannot bring here Boston, with her splendid buildings, her charitable, industrial, and religious institutions, her art galleries, her suburbs, unsurpassed in the beauty of nature and art combined, her half a million of happy, prosperous people, but we show you her sons, two hundred of them here to-night,—men, the safety of any State; men who have aided in making all these things, and, by a reflex action, have been made by them what they are. Judge of them, and from them judge of her.

We come to you believing that we are joint owners with you in this fair city and in your State, not by a legal title, although Massachusetts did at one time claim a large part of central New York under original royal charter which was bounded westward by the setting sun alone; a claim, with characteristic modesty, being wise in her day and generation and never taking anything out of her reach, she gave up when compelled so to do. We have a higher title. Hardly had the Puritan settled on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, a wilderness, when with a courage that never failed, with a devotion, a persistency, and an energy that never faltered, he started on his conquering course inland and westward. He planted his cabin here and there by the little stream or at the foothills, and went abroad to his daily labor to explore the lonely primeval forest, and returned at night too often to find that cabin in flames, and to hear the savage war whoop sounding the death knell of his wife and children. But still, nothing daunted, he pressed onward through the lovely Deerfield Valley and over the Berkshire Hills to your great river, there to meet at Albany another wave of civilization coming up from its mouth. Together, hand in hand, they swept westward to the great lakes, scattering the blessings of civilization, planting everywhere the seeds of this mighty Empire State, and enriching their growth by the principles of the men of Manhattan and of Plymouth Rock and Massachusetts Bay. So I claim we stand here not as strangers, but as kinsmen having a vested right in your great Empire State.

From the time we left the forest clad hills of Berkshire and crossed your great river into your State until this moment, and I know they will last until we leave it, there has been naught but words of welcome and words of cheer for us, and we all feel that it was well that we came to Buffalo, to your furthest limit, to that place which in the old colonial times stood on the very front of civilization, an outpost of the colonies. Our visit tells us this: the welcome that we are receiving and have received all along our lengthy journey through your borders, proves that within the limits of this great State there is not one spot of soil upon which a Massachusetts man cannot stand with pride and pleasure, and with the knowledge that he will receive a warm and hearty greeting. [Applause.]

As we came through the beautiful Mohawk Valley, with its fertile farms yielding richest harvest at the "tickle of the hoe," with its great cities crowded with prosperous happy multitudes one after the other joining in warm welcome to us, we felt proud of them as part of our heritage. In the French and Indian wars that valley was a valley of glory and often a valley of death; and as I thought of the men of both our States who shared in both that glory and that death, of the men who later fought side by side through eight years and won their way to independ-

ence, and of those who in our time on a hundred battle fields mingled their blood in heroic sacrifice to preserve an united country, I felt a pride and a gladness that the descendant of the Puritan had a just claim to a share in your history by a title so glorious.

To the Indian tribes whose homes were in the Mohawk Valley our people are greatly indebted for existence. No historian has given them sufficient credit for their work in preventing the French idea of a continental empire from being established by shutting in the narrow strip of ocean shore held by the English colonists by a cordon of forts. Had they sided with the Canadian tribes beneath the French flag, the struggle in which Great Britain finally triumphed would have been longer, fiercer, and more doubtful in its outcome. Ranging themselves beneath the Red Cross of England they stood a barrier through which the French and their Indian allies could not break; they protected the English settlements, and did much to cripple and finally crush the power of France which bade fair to reach from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

As one gazes on your mighty cataract, the Indian home of the thunder god, with above and below the seething rapids, the rolling, turbulent torrents foaming and dashing on with power irresistible, carrying destruction to all in their path and then losing themselves in the quiet waters of the lake, a highway for peaceful commerce, bearing on its bosom countless vessels to carry the overflowing granaries of the West from the new world to the old, bearing plenty and happiness to the needy millions of other lands, one sees in them types of our national life with its strong party antagonisms, its political struggles and bitterness, its divergent interests and sectional strifes. We all have our discordant and belligerent interests; we all have our idea of right and wrong; we have contests between us as States and individuals, but out of that great seething mass of our public life, and no public life is worth having that is not a seething mass, because when it becomes stagnant you might as well throw it away, out of that agitated mass runs the current of our history, like the waters of your river, until it finally flows out into the great broad ocean of the peaceful civil life of our people. And so I believe it will always be. So it was in '61 when you, men of New York, stood shoulder to shoulder and elbow to elbow with us of Massachusetts, when we marched forth united and unanimous to the music of the Union, and poured out blood like water in defence of what the fathers had given us. We forgot all differences, remembering only that we were one race, one country, one flag, and, thank God, by the exertions of the men of your State and of Massachusetts, and of other loyal States, by their blood shed on many battlefields we have still one country and one flag. [Applause.]

As we go back to Massachusetts we shall carry with us to our homes, individually and collectively, the warmest recollections and loving thoughts of Buffalo and its citizens. We leave with you, as we part, our tenderest, our most loving, our best wishes for the health, prosperity, and happiness of every man, woman, and child within your borders, and the health and prosperity of your great Queen City of the Lakes. [Loud applause.]

The TOASTMASTER. Seventh toast:—

The National Guard: The citizen soldier has in all our wars demonstrated that he is *par excellence*, the typical soldier of the Republic. As a link between the glory of the past and the hope of the future, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery

Company extends its hearty greetings to our comrades of the Guard, from whose ranks must come the future officers of the great volunteer army of the Republic, whenever its services shall be needed.

The COMMANDER. When we marched up yesterday from the railroad station and saw drawn up in line your two regiments, the Sixty-fifth under Gen. Sam Welch and the Seventy-fourth under Col. Fox, every member of the Ancients was filled with pride to observe that Buffalo was so thoughtful as to give us such a magnificent escort as we saw before us. [Loud applause.] I think I am not exaggerating when I say it was the largest in numbers of any escort the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company ever received in any one single city. [Applause.] And to respond to the toast it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the officer who commanded that escort, the colonel of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, Gen. Samuel M. Welch, Jr. [Loud applause.]

GEN. SAMUEL M. WELCH, Jr.

Col. Bradley and Mr. Toastmaster:—When I received the orders from my brigade commander, to represent the one hundred and fifteen thousand men who constitute the National Guard of our United States, I truly wished that the task had fallen upon abler shoulders, and the duty of responding to the beautiful sentiment which follows this toast could have been entrusted to a more fluent tongue than I possess.

The motto of my regiment is "Deeds, not words." Words do not help the National Guard unless given in the shape of command or instruction, and therefore I have never been taught to speak. Standing here to-night in this presence, however, it has occurred to me that we have many people here who sometimes ponder and ask themselves, Why does the National Guard exist? We have gentlemen here who have held office and filled distinguished stations with great credit to themselves and honor to the public. We have gentlemen here who are holding office and also holding it with great credit, and we have gentlemen here to-night who expect to hold office [laughter], and all these gentlemen, I can certify to you the chaplain would say, if he knew them all, practice upright and sober lives, yet they are all law breakers to-night. Which one of them has in his equipment a cartridge box containing forty cartridges, and with balls of the calibre of thirty-eight and a half? Which one of you, I would like to know, can match my friend, Col. Bradley, in that beautiful and ancient weapon known as the esponton? Who of you ever carried a hanger in his life? And yet every one of you gentlemen is violating a statute of the United States which you will find in the edition of the statutes published in 1878; and it is just as much a law of the United States as the Raines law is a law of New York to-day. It occurred to me, gentlemen, that I might dwell upon these things because a great many of you do not know why the National Guard exists, or know what we are for. You see us parade on the street, and we do not parade more than we have to, and you say, "Well, there is a lot of tin soldiers! What are they walking up and down for, stopping street cars and keeping us from getting home?" And, then again, late at night or early in the morning, you may see two or three companies all loaded

up in campaign uniform and you say, "That is the Sixty-fifth or the Seventy-fourth Regiment called out to suppress a riot." But you don't recall at the time that every one of you between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is supposed to be a member of the enrolled militia and you are only reported in the Adjutant General's report as being effective for duty because in the State of New York, in the State of Massachusetts, and in every other State of the Union, there is a certain number of men who for certain reasons, which I will not discuss now, have seen fit to put on uniforms and try to do their duty as soldiers, and they save the rest of their fellow citizens.

Your toast says to-night: "The citizen soldier has in all wars demonstrated that he is, *par excellence*, the typical soldier of the Republic." To-night I wear on my arm a badge of mourning, and every National Guardsman who is here should wear it. For whom are we wearing it? For Frederick Townsend, a member of one of the oldest families in the State, a man who went into the old militia as a boy in 1851. He served as Adjutant-General from 1857 to 1860, and then when the war broke out he left Albany as the colonel of a regiment. His service in the militia and the National Guard had taught him enough so that he was enabled to go to the front and fight the battles of the Union. He went to the front and he was soon commissioned into the regular army and became a major. General officers were scarce in those days, and it was not long before Major Townsend commanded a regular brigade in the Army of the Cumberland. He fought all through the war. He was at Stone River, Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Nashville, and all the bloody battles in the West, and after the war came to his peaceful home with nothing to attend to whatever, but he was called again, and in 1879, Gov. Cornell appointed him Adjutant-General of the State. He found a paper force of thirty-three thousand, and a hostile Governor, who thought a thousand men was enough to supply the State of New York. Gen. Townsend soon convinced his Commander-in-Chief that one thousand men were not enough and that thirty-three thousand were too many. Gen. Townsend reduced the force, under the authority of the Governor, to fifteen thousand enlisted men. Gen. Townsend next established the State camp, and he retired from office with honor, and to-day we wear mourning for the first Adjutant-General who gave the National Guard in this State the start which it needed. [Applause.]

Now, I come to another typical citizen, a boy who was born and brought up in Massachusetts, a Harvard graduate, a member of the First Corps of Cadets, a man who went out of Boston, commanding the best battery that ever left the State, a man fighting with fixed prolonge over a mile. You know what that means. That man, when he was discharged, after faithful service of years, came to the State of New York and established himself as a lawyer. He became in turn Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment. His regiment became the first regiment in the State, and he was recognized by Gov. Hill as the fittest man to fill the office of Adjutant-General, with nothing except his eminent fitness to recommend him for that position. He was offered it, he accepted it and for almost nine years, until his untimely death on the 17th of December, 1894, he worked for the National Guard of this State, and whatever position we have to-day in the National Guard of this country, — and I say it as one of the colonels in the National Guard, — we owe to the untiring, undying, intrepid, fearless efforts of Gen. Townsend and Gen. Josiah Porter, two typical

citizens. [Loud applause.] Gen. Porter's body lies in your beautiful cemetery at Mount Auburn, moistened by the tears of the National Guard of the State of New York, who recognize him as the best Adjutant-General we ever had. [Applause.] Massachusetts gave him to us and Massachusetts has taken him back. We are thankful to Massachusetts for giving him to us. We are sorry that his untimely death robbed us of his splendid ability.

Gentlemen, I have almost covered my time. I only have to say this, — that we do not know, in the National Guard, we never know, where duty will call us. And this condition amounts to exactly this: If we are good soldiers, and we try to be good soldiers, and all humanity is subject to failure, and we make just as many in the National Guard as in business, — but our effort is to make ourselves perfect soldiers. Our effort is to instruct the younger men of the country that there are certain duties which they owe to the country which gives them their living and the opportunity to be more happy, more prosperous and more successful than in any other country, and that there is a certain amount of civic duty devolving upon them; that when they come into the National Guard, that means hours in the armory, neglect of social engagements, and the giving up of many pleasures, but it means making a perfect soldier, and we trust and labor that every man in the organization may be a perfect soldier so that he will be in the position of Gen. Chandler, who cried out to the colonel who applied to him for his position, during a battle: "No matter where it is, go in any place. You will find mighty good fighting all along the whole line." [Loud applause.]

The COMMANDER. I want to say that Gen. Porter was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and its adjutant, I think, in 1856. [Applause.]

The TOASTMASTER. Eighth regular toast: —

The Grand Army of the Republic: When the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance they gallantly threw into the scales on the side of the Union their ready sword; and we owe all we hold dear of our reunited country to the springing valor of the men of 1861. Let history record that there is one republic that is not ungrateful." [Applause.]

The COMMANDER. As we are all well acquainted with the Grand Army of the Republic, and Buffalo needs no words from me in regard to what the little bronze badge means which I have in common with many men in your command the honor of wearing, — more valuable to us than the richest diamond badge that can be presented or won in any other country in the world, — it gives me great pleasure to announce to the Comrades that the Senior Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. resides in the city of Buffalo, and I have now the honor of presenting Gen. Alfred Lyth. [Loud applause.]

GEN. LYTH.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Citizens, and Comrades, — The principles of the Grand Army of the Republic are fraternity, charity, and loyalty. Its fraternity is daily demonstrated at the meetings of the

Posts of the organization. In Boston in the year 1891, and in Buffalo in 1897, a few weeks ago, we had practical demonstrations of its fraternity. The hearty grasp of fellowship of the comrades who a few decades ago were on the battle-fields of our country, and the reunions of those comrades, fully illustrated to those who witnessed them that the fraternity of those brave boys who were at the front from 1861 to 1865 was a fraternity that no other organization ever equalled. Its charity you have illustrated by its official reports from year to year, and its loyalty no living person ever questioned. [*Applause.*]

"When the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance they gallantly threw into the scales on the side of the Union their ready swords; and we owe all we hold dear of our reunited country to the springing valor of the men of 1861." I repeat the words of a comrade who a short time ago at a gathering similar to this uttered the sentiment, "Blessed is the country whose defenders are patriots." Who of those days can ever forget the thrill that convulsed the nation, those days of '61 when the flag of Sumter was fired upon? With stern and steady resolve the youth of the land with quick and springing valor answered the call and the Grand Army of the Republic was inaugurated. "Let history record that there is one republic that is not ungrateful." The record of the men of 1861-65 has been written and is now passing down to future ages, — written in the blood of heroes and who doubts that two hundred and sixty years hence the citizens of this grand republic will gratefully revert to the patriotism of the Ancient and Honorable, the Grand Army of the Republic? [*Applause.*]

"They feared not death, — men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on;
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And the Union their guidon."

The Grand Army of the Republic! Gentlemen, the response to that toast has been taken from me by the words uttered in response to the toast "The Army and Navy" by our friend and comrade Gen. Curtiss, and I refer you for its history to his remarks upon the deeds of valor that were recorded of the Grand Army of the Republic during the dark days of the Rebellion. I thank you for the honor of being called upon to respond for the Grand Army of the Republic. [*Applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. Next regular toast:—

The Press: The lever that moves the world should always rest upon the fulcrum of truth. May liberty, not license, ever control its invincible, and temper with moderation its irresistible, power.

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, I want to thank you for the careful attention you have accorded the speakers. There are one or two toasts left, and if you want the pleasure of listening to the eloquent gentlemen who are present, you will remain right in your seats. To respond to this toast to the Press I will call upon our Chaplain. As you know, our list has been made up to-day, and your Commander has been hard at work so that we should make no failure to-night in our banquet, either at the table or in the speeches after the banquet. But when I came to look at the sentiment which was given by our Toastmaster, — The Press and

"its irresistible power," I said, "Who under heaven is able to meet the power of the press?" and in a moment I thought of our Chaplain, a man of truth and veracity, a man whom we have learned to love and honor, a man who I think can well respond, if any man in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is able to respond, in a fitting manner to the sentiment of the press, that great power which when wielded for the good of the people and the elevation of the nation, lifts the nation higher and brings the people to the highest conception, the ideal conception of what the press should be. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you to respond to this toast, our Chaplain, Rev. S. H. Roblin. [*Cheers.*]

REV. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D.

Mr. Commander, Mr. Toastmaster, and Gentlemen. — It is understood by all the members of this Honorable Company that obedience to orders is a superior virtue. As Chaplain, I should consider myself a bad example did I not obey the command of my superior officer; but I must confess, gentlemen, that I did not jump with alacrity to obey when I was detailed to speak to this toast to-night. For consider how little practical knowledge a clergyman possesses of the affairs and *modus operandi* of the Press. Yet, despite my lack of knowledge there are some things even about a great newspaper which are as clear to me as day; for example, the greatest newspaper cannot afford to speak unjustly or untruthfully of individuals or organizations, and to do so is to take an advantage entirely dishonorable and reprehensible. [*Applause.*] To hold to justice and to truth is an absolute requirement of greatness and, in the long run, of success.

A special recommendation I have in mind, and that is, the decapitation of the professional funny man of the press. [*Cheers.*] I am a lover of wit, and humor, and legitimate sarcasm: the wit that sparkles, the humor that glows, and the sarcasm that prunes away excrescences. But may the good Lord deliver us from the professional so-called wit whose sarcasm descends to ribaldry, and whose paragraphs of attempted mirth teem with misrepresentation and garrulous verbosity. [*Prolonged cheers.*]

Do I understand that I represent the Press? Then, sir, let me put aside certain considerations which otherwise would embarrass my utterance, and say at once that the Press, sensible of the history and *personnel* of this honorable command, has sought at home and abroad to represent it truly to the people. It was owing to the history, the association, and *personnel* of this Company that Great Britain welcomed it to the heart of her kingdom and permitted it to march under arms with Old Glory to the fore, not only upon the streets of the world's most populous city but also to the (to them) sacred precincts of Windsor Castle into the presence of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. [*Great applause.*] The *Thunderer* and all the great papers of the realm viewed this occasion with greatest interest, and devoted columns to complimentary descriptions and strong commendation. The foremost papers of the world detected in this experience the taking of a long step toward the parliament of man and the federation of the world, the cementing in peace the nations of the earth in a republic of God. The Press realizes more and more the service of this honorable command.

And on the occasion of this Field-day Outing the great papers of New England and the Empire State have bid you God speed. The intelligent by thousands and tens of thousands have welcomed you to the cities of Syracuse and Buffalo, and especially in this city have great things been done in honor of its guests. I represent the Press? Then, sir, I wish to apologize for one blot which appears on the page which we are scanning. The description which appeared in the columns of one of our papers this morning, of your command, ought never to have been written, and in the name of all true newspaper men I apologize. It was done by a would-be funny man, and the humiliation and deep regret are ours. [*Sensation and cheers.*] I recognize the greatness of the Press, its marvellous resources and its tremendous power. No one can be more conscious than I of its mighty resources and how telling is its opposition. But while I recognize all this I do not fear it, and propose to speak the truth as I understand the truth on all occasions, and especially now. [*Applause.*]

Pardon, at this juncture, a word to the Press, for while I am chosen to represent it, I personally choose to represent the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I am Chaplain now, and no matter who may come and who may go, I shall claim a permanent place in this body, for I feel knit to it by hooks of steel. [*Cries of "Good" and cheers.*] Let me give the Press to understand that this Company holds the honor of Massachusetts too sacredly to bandy it about as a band of degenerates, dissipators, and wine bibbers. There are many men here who have never tasted liquor. The Commander is Superintendent of a large Sunday school in Boston. Its members are foremost in the professions, in commerce, finance, etc., while the whole body is a link of incomparable value between the citizen and the soldier. I know these men, and have come to honor and love them for their worth. I demand, then, fairness on the part of the Press, and I believe that demand will be respected. [*Applause.*]

To the Press, then, gentlemen, with its marvellous resources and wonderful achievements, may its course grow brighter and brainier and truer through the years, until man shall come to love and fear its integrity, while beholding its power in all the earth being exerted for liberty, rectitude, and righteousness in the interest of mankind. [*Cheers upon cheers and deafening applause.*]

The TOASTMASTER. The next toast is, —

The Judiciary: The triumph of American civilization is the government of law. Incorruptibility, integrity, and deep erudition have ever distinguished our jurisprudence.

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, as soldiers we are always ready to stand for the right in defence of State and Nation, but we all must bow to the civil law, and to-night it gives us great pleasure to bow before the Supreme Court in the presence of its honored representative, Justice Robert C. Titus. [*Applause.*]

JUDGE ROBERT C. TITUS.

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.—It seems amid the clash of sabres, the noise of musketry, and the thunder of cannon that the judiciary is somewhat

out of place in this gathering. I have observed, and I wish to make a complaint of it, that the judiciary and the clergy are placed at the bottom of the toast list. [*Laughter.*] I believe that the gentleman who arranged this program will live to regret the arrangement. [*Laughter.*] I venture to say that it will not be long before he will be petitioning the judiciary for some legal favor, and I can say with greater assurance that later on he will be calling upon the clergy for relief. [*Laughter and applause.*] While I do not pretend that the clergy and the judiciary should at all times be placed at the head of the list, yet in times of peace, when war has subsided, when you gallant gentlemen have fought your battles and won your victories, it is then that you and your fellow citizens appeal to the judiciary to hold in even poise the scales of justice for all. [*Applause.*]

This is a subject, my friends, — well, I may say that I am not prepared to make a speech. I was sitting in court about three o'clock to-day and my distinguished friend, Gen. Doyle, came in and interrupted the proceedings of the Court and said that, "inasmuch as I was once a member of the military organizations of this country, and of this State and this city, I had been drafted into the service again," and I asked him what was wanted. He said I was requested to come over here to-night and talk. I was trying a law suit. I hesitated. I had made up my mind I could not come, and then replied, "General, I will be with you." [*Applause.*] Two lawyers were struggling before me making speeches — and I may say by way of parenthesis that judges never talk, they let the lawyers talk — and I gathered myself together after the surprise and said, "Gentlemen, this case must be finished at once. I have an important duty to perform. I have been trying this case two or three days. You must get together at once." I gave them five minutes and went into my room and when I returned they had settled the case and got out of court. [*Laughter.*] The invitation at least relieved me of a great embarrassment, and I believe that the parties received as exact justice in the settlement as I could possibly have given. [*Laughter and applause.*]

It will be within the subject exactly if I mention one little incident with reference to Boston. I was born here. My parents came from the East, and I read in my genealogy that the good ship "Hopewell" landed on the coast of Massachusetts in 1635. What you have to-day in Boston as relics of the past, as stories of its history, of its sufferings, of its heroism, of its greatness, is the heritage of us all. I enjoy it as much as you do. And after an absence of three years from that good old town, a few weeks ago I had occasion to visit it again, and I noticed that the spirit which is pervading the western and southern part of this country has taken hold of Boston. Utilization seems to be the motto all over this country. In one of those historic churches where our forefathers knelt and appealed to the god of war a hundred years ago is a railroad office. Under that old Common which has stood unentrenched upon by the sacrilegious hand of capital, a corporation has seized a portion and a railroad is running through it, and it may not — and I am not speaking too seriously now — it may not be many years before Cornhill or Tremont Street may be called Sullivan Place or Sullivan Avenue. [*Laughter.*] I may say to you, gentlemen of the Ancients, as your organization is made up of men of Boston, stand by your ancient churches, your ancient landmarks. Let no hand of sacrilege strike from off the list the old monuments of your history's greatness and glory.

But I am off my subject again. I was to talk about the judiciary. It is a sub-

ject that has been so much talked about that nothing is left for a member of it to say but to repeat what some one else has said. I may say this, the wisest men that this country has given us, the greatest writers on American history in England and France, have given the judiciary the credit for the stability of the government, for its permanency and its strength, and have said that if American institutions are to be handed down to future generations it will be because of the wise judicial system which was adopted by the forefathers of this country. [Applause.] Even as good a Tory as Lord Salisbury but a short time ago said of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it was the *par excellence* of judicial systems of any country. [Applause.] I do not know what more can be said. This is a superficial view, but through its ramifications it affects you, it affects all of us. You are interested in seeing that your liberties are preserved, that your property is not ruthlessly taken from you without due process of law. To whom do you go? Not to the warrior, not to the legislator, but to him who carries the scale in his hands and dispenses justice between all mankind. [Applause.]

While the judiciary has been and is great, and has created a history for this country, I am not one of those who believe that it is either politic or wise that the judiciary of this country should assume the jurisdiction and authority vested in the Legislature. I do not believe — and I know I disagree with many — that judges should issue from their chambers injunctions that cover an entire community, every social and commercial relation, without a hearing, and then for the violation of an order made under those circumstances commit a possibly innocent man for contempt of court and send him to jail without a trial by a jury of his peers, as provided by the Constitution of this country. [Applause.] Within the last few years has grown up in this country a system of judicial legislation which must eventually be checked, either by constitutional amendment or by legislative enactment. The executive, the legislative, and the judiciary powers of this government are distinctly defined and limitations placed upon them by that grand old charter, the Constitution of the United States, and while we may say to-day that these innovations, these usurpations, are justified, yet, to-morrow you may be the subject of these vicious practices which I regard as unlawful, unauthorized, and assumed powers by the courts of this country. The stability of this country, organized as it is, depends upon confining within the proper limits the powers which by the charter we have delegated to each, — the legislative, the executive, and the judicial branches; and the moment one of these trespasses upon the rights of the citizen, or usurps the functions of the other we are taking one fatal step towards that day, — and I pray God it may never come, — when this country shall sink in ruin. It is the duty, in my judgment, of every man when any department of government encroaches upon the right of any citizen, or encroaches upon or usurps the powers of another, to rise and protest against it and prevent its repetition in the future. I believe now, and I have no doubt you agree with me, that the judiciary of this country is its salvation, and so long as we can maintain it and the other co-ordinate branches of this government independent and unimpaired, reserving to each the power which the Constitution has conferred and limiting it to that, we may transmit the institutions which were handed down to us unimpaired to our sons and to our grandsons and their children. But permit it otherwise, let one department of government trespass upon the rights or

the province of another, and that moment you have taken a step which will eventually result in ruin.

Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely for the honor you have done me in asking me to speak upon this subject before you to-night. I wish to explain to you the gratification which the citizens of Buffalo feel that you have come among us, that you have visited us, and if any viper in a newspaper office has written aught that should not have been written, do not charge it to the citizens of Buffalo. We extend to you all a cordial greeting, a heartfelt welcome. [Loud applause.]

THE TOASTMASTER. The next regular toast is: —

The Clergy: "The foundations of our faith, the preservation of our morals, and the hope of future reward will be safe if we ever follow trustfully their teachings."

The COMMANDER. I wish to say to the clergy — and might say it to the judiciary — that the Ancients are always mindful of truth and justice, and we carry them within our hearts and want them to go with us, and therefore it was the intention on the part of the Commander to place them just where they are in the lists of toasts. We want to carry with us what the clergy and the judiciary may say to us, and to have it sink down into our hearts and suppress that commercial spirit which is always uppermost in our minds. And now it gives me great pleasure to introduce, to respond to this toast, a soldier, who marches under the banner of Emmanuel for the conquest of the world, and the establishment of the kingdom of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. I call to respond to this toast Rev. C. F. Wrigley, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Buffalo. [Applause.]

REV. F. J. WRIGLEY.

I want to congratulate the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on being the most long-suffering congregation that I have ever seen. Undoubtedly your Colonel was perfectly right; undoubtedly the intention of the Toastmaster was that we who represent the law and the gospel should be last heard in order that our admonitions should be remembered. When you get into troubles you go to the law and when the lawyers get through with you you come to the gospel. A gentleman was asked where the phrase "The quality of mercy" was manufactured. He said he did not know, but he thought by a man in Boston who eternally disgraced himself by going to New York. [Laughter.] And while speaking of New York I want to say a word as the devil's advocate. I do not suppose the press would accept me as its advocate, for very often the press tramples on my pet ideas, but I think the papers made their mistake, perhaps, in doing what Howells did, — they went to New York for the news, and in printing it said some things which the Ancients did not like. I think I ought to say, as a preacher of peace, and in order to bring matters to a peaceful conclusion that we will try not to do it again, especially since we have seen you and understand you and know what you are. That the quality of mercy may not be strained, I am

going to try and do what my congregation says is absolutely impossible for me — that is, to wind up in just five minutes.

As to the toast, the Clergy, I may say that we do not expect that you will always follow trustfully their teachings. People want to know in the first place your authority, where you belong, who ordained you, then how much you know, and whether you know as much as they. What the clergy are trying to do in the interest of America is to preach the gospel of truth, and we expect men to go with us as far as we preach truth, and we do not expect them to believe anything that they cannot reasonably believe. Some men think the Church is asking them to believe a great many things which are contrary to reason, and which they must accept without question. The Church asks men to believe just exactly what they will find in themselves and nothing more. The revelation of Almighty God is in nature and men can find nature in themselves. Human nature is the grandest possible revelation of Almighty God, and the clergy, when they have succeeded in developing all of the truth and the honesty and the justice in a man, have succeeded in making it possible for him to believe all that God has made known, and all that the Church asks him to believe; and man's belief, or rather his power to believe or to accept the great truths of Revelation, is always in direct proportion to the development of his real manhood. People sometimes worry over the miracles, and wonder how they can believe in them, but it ought to be sufficient for such people to know that when a man is fully developed, morally, ethically, and spiritually as well as intellectually, that miracles become not only possible but probable, and that the way to solve the intellectual difficulties connected with them is to develop manhood. The Church of God does not ask any man to forsake his common sense in order to believe what she teaches him, but being a divine teacher and holding God's highest revelation, she simply asks that the man sanctify his common sense in order that he may grasp under higher development of his manhood, that which he now imagines to be opposed to his common sense. We must also remember that the teaching of the Church catholic is entirely different from the teaching of the intellectual idiosyncrasies of some religious leader, who imagines that he is discovering some new revelation. Some men seem to think that being a Christian is the same thing as being a fool. Now, being a Christian is an entirely different thing from being a fool. That is precisely where the Church stands to-day. We claim that being a Christian is diametrically opposed to being a fool. A man who believes in righteousness and sobriety can believe the things we ask him to believe. In other words, as your Commander has said, we are all soldiers and believe that real Christianity is the development of real manhood, and when we have succeeded in developing in the man real manhood, we expect he will be a Christian and nothing but that. You must remember this, that the foundations of the Church are precisely the foundations of every other institution that we know of. The eternal foundations rest on exactly the same principles that everything great in this world rests upon. The family is not a formal relation; its relations are organic. A man is born into it and all the responsibilities rest on him whether he accepts them or not. The state, again, is the development of the family and is an organism. The man must accept his relations to the state whether he will or not. These relations are not formal, but organic. The Church likewise represents the crystallization of the moral and spiritual forces of the world. It is not and cannot be a man-made

institution. It is not a formal or mechanical institution. It is like the family and the state, an organism. A man is born into it and must accept the laws of life, and thought, and action, which it imposes on him. He must accept them whether he will or not, and by denying them he does not rid himself of them, for the Church is greater than the man, greater than the family, greater than the nation, and as lasting as the eternal God.

What the Church is trying to do is to get the man to use the revelation which he understands, to help him up to the comprehension of the revelation which he now thinks he cannot grasp. [*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. It is fitting that the last regular toast should be that which we all have very close to our hearts; for, after all, all the toasts bear towards one centre and that is our common country. To respond to this toast I did not seek in the north or in the south, or in the east or in the west for a man, but going near to the centre, right on Mason and Dixon's line, where the stars and stripes and the stars and bars crossed alternately during the Civil War, I have called a man to respond to the toast "Our Country," and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you to-night Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, my Chief of Staff. [*Loud applause.*]

RESPONSE OF LIEUT.-COL. J. FRANK SUPPLEE.

Long John Wentworth weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was waiting on his sweetheart who weighed two hundred pounds. They were occupying the same chair, and she was sitting on his lap. The Court had been in session a somewhat prolonged time when she turned to him and said sweetly, "Johnny dear, are you tired?" "No, pet; I was tired an hour ago, but I am numb now and can stand anything." [*Laughter.*]

I believe that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and our distinguished guests, after four hours of oratory, are in that state now that they can stand any infliction from me. There came to the Monumental City, a year ago, a band of men whose approach had been heralded by every paper in the land. We threw open our hearts and homes to the Ancients, and the recollection of Maryland to-day is full of your gallant bearing, your magnificent conduct, and the splendor not only of your appearance but of your intellect and of your patriotism. [*Applause.*] You may say as the Roman conqueror did, "I came, I saw, I conquered." So you came conquering, but not satisfied with that you must bear away with you some hostage to recollect your trip. It was your pleasure to place upon my wrist the chains, but they are the glittering chains of friendship. [*Applause.*] I stand before you to-night a willing captive, and in the name of old Maryland, the centre of the Union, as has been said, I am commissioned by the officers of my regiment to convey to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company our greetings, with the assurance that the most pleasurable recollection of our military and social life is your visit, and the wishes that every Fall Field Day may be brighter and brighter like the pathway of the just, a shining light unto the perfect day of success. [*Applause.*] I love the metropolis from which you came. I admire its spirit. I can even appreciate the sentiment of the girl,

who, looking at a mile stone, "1 M. from Boston," said, "'I'm from Boston,'—that is what that means." [Laughter.]

If you ask me the secret of New England's power, I will answer that it was written in the cabin of the "Mayflower," when it was declared that when they landed at Plymouth, the laws should be just and equal to all men; and this organization, if I read it properly in the light of your history, is the grandest exposition of that thought.

But we have come on our peaceful mission down through the Berkshire Hills and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley to this prosperous city on the lake. The last time we made this journey the scenery was beautiful on its carpet of living green. To-day we come in the early frosts of autumn, which have made a panoply of purple and crimson and gold, and the leaves are more beautiful in their death than they ever were in their life. And so it is with the flowers. When crushed they give forth their sweetest perfume. We can add nothing to the glory of the Empire State. It would be a useless task to attempt it. It would be like endeavoring to gild pure gold or perfume the violet. We come on this mission to enjoy ourselves, and as one of your number I say that, of all the organizations to which I belong,—and my wife says, I am the great American "jiner,"—of all of them I value my membership in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company more than I do that in any organization under God's sun. [Applause.]

I spoke of the "Mayflower," but she was not the only "Argosy" that bore the pilgrims to these shores. Up the Hudson sailed a band of explorers who settled the land. They did not filch the soil as was done by your forefathers, but they paid thirty-six shillings for the fair land of Manhattan, and at the game of toss-penny they won it back the next day. Is it any wonder the commercial spirit should govern? Is it any wonder that all roads should lead to Gotham or Buffalo?

The States lately in rebellion have forgotten there was a Mason and Dixon's line. You may think, as you remember the dear ones who sleep to-night in the Southland, that they died in vain. I tell you, no. Whether in honored or unhonored graves the winds of early autumn may sing their requiem, and as the waves beat upon the shore they give forth the great diapason of mournful music for the dead. They died that the nation should be truer and purer, and as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, so may it be said that the blood of the heroic men of the North was shed to give us a greater appreciation of our common country. Do not say, therefore, that they died in vain, for after all this republic will even be greater than dreamed of by our ancestors. But what is the danger of the future? The law will take care of anarchy. If it raises its head, it will be crushed. But it is the spirit of selfishness that wealth produces among us. It is the almighty dollar we worship, crowding out the New England spirit, and the love of the Empire State, for the old Dutch spirit goes to the wall with the old Puritan spirit, and we become a nation of buyers and sellers, and patriotism dies. And what is the lesson of the hour? It is the spirit of fraternity. The banker and the merchant, the millionaire and the lawyer, the professional man and the soldier, marched in the streets of Baltimore when you were there, and you showed us that fraternity is what we shall have to cultivate in the future.

In your northern New England climate, when the rigors of winter have passed, the first bird that flies northward and reaches you in the joyous life of spring is the Baltimore Oriole. Her sable and gold remind you of the Southland and her

song is as the music of the tropical forest. Our "Orioles" flew northward not long ago and came back without the pennant that had been at the masthead for several years. [Laughter.] We will loan you that pennant, but we will keep the Temple Cup,—the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. [Laughter.] Remember that there has come north from fair Maryland a man to join your ranks. He has come believing that it is an honor to be with you, and what you have done upon this trip can never be effaced from his memory. Never have I received such evidences of appreciation, of friendship, and of heart to heart manhood as I have had crowded into these three days. I shall take back recollections of it that will smooth over the defeats of politics, that will allay the anxieties of business and the disappointments of social life, because I was permitted to march near the head of the most gallant and representative organization of New England. [Applause.]

The Commander then presented the last speaker of the evening, Col. Charles O. Shepard, Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., who told a series of witty and humorous stories. Then the Commander thanked the company for the close attention given to the speakers during the evening, and with three ringing cheers as an expression of good will to the Buffalo friends, the speeches came to an end at a quarter to two o'clock A. M. The following order indicated what was desired of members on Thursday:—

HEADQUARTERS A. & H. A. CO., OF MASSACHUSETTS,
"IROQUOIS," BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1897.

General Orders No. 6.

The Company is hereby ordered to report at 7 A. M., Thursday, Oct. 7.

Reveille will be sounded at 5 o'clock.

Breakfast will be ready at 6 o'clock.

Line will be formed at 7.15 o'clock.

Special train will leave Exchange Street station at *precisely* 8 o'clock.

Baggage must be in the hands of the Quartermaster before 6.30 A. M., Thursday.

By order of

F. M. TRIFET,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander.*

THURSDAY, Oct. 7.

Rain was falling quite heavily when the Ancients arose on the last day of their stay in western New York. But every one was astir early, and soon after eight, having had a substantial breakfast, the Company bade adieu to its friends at the Hotel Iroquois and started on the homeward trip. By nine o'clock the train was speeding eastward, and at noon Syracuse was reached. Here Chaplain Roblin with regret left the Company amid the cheers of all, to take another route home. Just before leaving Syracuse three hundred well filled little lunch boxes were put aboard the train,—a provision thoughtfully arranged for by the Fall Field Day Committee, and in each box one contribution was labelled like this:—

Compliments of
AVERILL & GREGORY,
THE YATES,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

To A. & H. A. CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS.
260th Annual Field Day, Oct. 7, 1897.

And in referring to this lunch mention may be made of a pleasing incident during the ride to Buffalo on Tuesday.

Before leaving Syracuse a lunch had been ordered for the Company, to be used on the train, on the run from Syracuse to Buffalo. By some means it missed the special and reached Buffalo an hour after the Company arrived. At the suggestion of Adjutant Trifet it was decided to give the unused lunch to charity, and on Thursday the three hundred and odd packages were sent to the bootblacks and the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, accompanied by a letter from Commander Bradley, expressing the sympathy of the Company with the efforts being made to ameliorate the conditions of the needy.

This kindness was later handsomely acknowledged by grateful letters to the Commander.

The homeward journey was without remarkable features. Every one was pretty well tired out with the festivities, though all were cheerful. As the train approached Springfield, Commander Bradley went into each of the passenger coaches and made a little speech of thanks to the men, in substance as follows:—

THE COMMANDER.

"Gentlemen,— We are now approaching home, and in behalf of the commissioned officers of the Company and myself, I thank you one and all for the excellent manner in which you have conducted your soldierly duties on this trip to Buffalo. We are proud of you, gentlemen, and the success of the trip is due to the fact that every man, from the Commander down, has tried to do his duty, having in view the honor of the Company as a whole, and therefore in congratulating yourselves you are complimenting the officers who have striven hard to make this a success. We will march to the Armory escorting the colors in columns of four, by the most direct route."

When the train came to a standstill at Worcester, a party of gentlemen from Boston, headed by Col. A. M. Ferris and Postmaster Col. H. A. Thomas, entered the Wagner car occupied by the Commander and his Staff, bearing a huge floral design upon the middle of which was a floral picture of a charging buffalo. This extraordinary token of regard and welcome home was placed in the end of the car, where it was inspected and admired by every one present. Soon afterwards Commander Bradley and Col. Ferris called for attention, and then Col. Thomas spoke as follows:—

COL. HENRY A. THOMAS.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Ancients,— We have with us a small party of gentlemen from Boston, members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, who feel that they have been somewhat negligent in not accompanying you on your trip to Buffalo. We have read the accounts of your stay in that city. We are proud of the showing you have made there. We know that the speeches that were made were a fitting tribute to the Ancients and well represented the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We know that it is pleasant for you to meet some of your comrades at this time on your return, and thinking you would not regard it amiss, we have gotten up this floral design, trying to represent a buffalo [*laughter*] in the midst of some charming scenery, and we hope you will accept it as a small tribute of respect and friendship which we owe to you as fellow members of the Ancients. [*Applause.*] We are not officials from the city of Boston and we have no warrant to give you the freedom of the city, but we welcome you back and you will take everything you want. We trust you had a good time and we are only sorry we could not participate. We tender you our hearty good will and we will present, in behalf of our friends in Boston, this floral tribute, wishing you God speed in every undertaking. [*Applause.*]

Col. FERRIS. I simply desire to remark that that animal is supposed to represent a buffalo. [*Laughter.*]

The COMMANDER. We know better. [*Laughter.*]

In accepting the gift Commander Bradley said:—

Col. Thomas and friends,— Who have been so kind to meet us upon our return from that which all the Company say has been an exceedingly successful trip, I desire to say that we have been to Buffalo and seen the animal himself and can assure you that he is much more beautiful on his native heath than he is even when surrounded by the beautiful flowers which you have presented, although this design is a very good representation of the animal in the tame state as you have seen him. But we have seen him otherwise, and we can say that the Mayor of Buffalo is a mighty good fellow. The trip to Buffalo has been a success and the Commonwealth has been well represented by Senator Morse, the old sea dog from the Cape district. He covered himself all over with glory. And the City of Boston was well represented, especially by a speech by Col. Walker in a most eloquent vein. We have had a good time and I am proud of the Company from the first lieutenant down to the lowest statured man in the command. [*Applause.*]

Col. Thomas then led in three cheers for the Ancients, after which three cheers were given for the delegation who presented the floral tribute.

The train arrived in Boston soon after nine o'clock and the march was made at once to the armory.

Upon arriving at the armory, the Commander thus addressed the Company:—

Gentlemen,— Just one word before we are dismissed. As I said on the cars I now repeat, that I thank you for the true gentlemanly conduct you have maintained on the entire trip and for the fact that you brought back into the old hall the

colors we took out a few days ago and to which you have added new lustre in the city of Buffalo. [*Applause.*]

And now I desire to thank our comrade, Col. Thomas, and those who escorted us to the hall for their company and also for the very beautiful present of the floral emblem representing a buffalo rampant. [*Applause and laughter.*]

Col. THOMAS. I know you are all tired, Mr. Commander, but I desire to say that we are proud of the record you have made in Buffalo, and we welcome you back to Boston, knowing, as the Commander has said, that you have added new lustre to this ancient organization. Whatever may be said of the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, we know that they are all true men and good representatives of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. [*Applause.*] What we have done to-night has been instigated by your comrade and member, Mr. Purmort, and we simply accompanied him to Worcester and are very glad to be of this simple service. We know you bore the brunt of the fight and we are sorry we were not with you. We are proud of the Ancients; we know that you well represented the Company and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and in saying this we know we do only justice to your record. We bid you good night, and we hope you will have the good sleep to-night which you richly deserve. [*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. A word from the Adjutant.

The ADJUTANT. Gentlemen, I do not wish to detain you long. My farewell address will consist of only two words. Personally, I wish to say, simply, Thank you.

The Company then dispersed.

At the first meeting of the Company after its return from Buffalo, N. Y., the following resolution was adopted and copies forwarded to each of the organizations named:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts be presented to Brig.-Gen. P. C. Doyle, Col. Samuel M. Welch, Jr., commanding 65th Regiment, N. G. N. Y.; Col. Geo. C. Fox, commanding 74th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., of Buffalo, N. Y.; also, Capt. John G. Butler, commanding 41st Separate Company, N. G. N. Y., of Syracuse, N. Y., and the officers and men under their respective commands, for the very generous military and fraternal courtesies extended to the Company during the late trip to Western New York, and that the Commander be authorized to sign and forward this resolution.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

PARADING ON FALL FIELD DAY, OCT. 4, 1897, AS REPORTED BY
THE ADJUTANT.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander.*

Lieut. EDWARD P. CRAMM	First Lieutenant.
Lieut. LOUIS A. BLACKINTON	Second Lieutenant.
Lieut. FERDINAND M. TRIFET	Adjutant.

STAFF.

Lieut.-Col. J. FRANK SUPPLEE, *Chief of Staff.*
Lieut. JOHN H. PEAK, *Quartermaster.*
Capt. GEORGE E. HALL, *Commissary.*
Lieut. EMERY GROVER, *Paymaster.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
Dr. F. W. GRAVES, *Surgeon.*
Dr. J. E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D., *Chaplain.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Past Commanders.

Capt. A. A. FOLSOM.	Col. HENRY WALKER.
Lieut.-Col. HENRY E. SMITH.	Capt. JACOB FOTTLER.
Col. SYDNEY M. HEDGES.	Capt. THOMAS J. OLYS.

Fall Field Day Committee.

ELBRIDGE G. ALLEN.	Capt. JACOB FOTTLER.
RINALDO B. RICHARDSON.	Lieut. JOHN E. COTTER.
	Lieut. EDWARD SULLIVAN.

HONORARY STAFF—*Continued.*

Col. C. A. LEIGHTON.	Lieut. FRANK C. BROWNELL.
Col. I. K. STETSON.	Capt. A. L. SMITH.
Sergt. J. HARRY HARTLEY.	Sergt. ARTHUR FULLER.
Lieut. FRANK H. MUDGE.	Capt. JOHN C. POTTER.
Lieut. THOMAS SAVAGE.	Lieut. FRED O. CLAYTON.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Major H. G. JORDAN, *Sergeant-Major.*
Capt. WARREN S. DAVIS, *Commissary Sergeant.*
Sergt. WILLIAM L. WILLEY, *Quartermaster Sergeant.*
FREDERICK H. PUTNAM, *Hospital Steward.*

Band Guide.

A. A. GLEASON.

Flankers to the Commander.

Capt. WILLIAM L. STEDMAN. Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT.

'Orderly to Commander.

Sergt. E. G. FOSTER.

Markers.

Sergt. EDWIN WARNER. WILLIAM B. HOLMES.

Special Detail at Boston Depot and on Train.

Sergt. FRED J. HUTCHINSON. WILLIAM A. HARDY.
SAMUEL A. NEILL. ROBERT R. FEARS.

INFANTRY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

CHARLES E. HOWE, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. E. E. Wells, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Captain J. Henry Brown, <i>Left Guide.</i>
E. P. Longley.	John White.
S. W. Brackett.	Thomas W. Flood.
Sergt. Frank Huckins.	J. B. Smith.
Lieut. W. H. Marsh.	Lieut. T. J. Tute.
W. A. Battey.	Lieut. O. P. Richardson.
F. S. Waterman.	Sergt. Joseph H. Brown.
	Capt. E. A. Hammond.

SECOND COMPANY.

J. OTIS MCFADDEN, *Sergeant.*

G. H. W. Bates, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Frank P. Stone, <i>Left Guide.</i>
Cyrus J. Hatch.	Boardman J. Parker.
Charles W. Parker.	Robert Buren.
James W. McIndoe.	Sergt. John R. Newman.
John French Johnson.	Thomas H. Harding.
C. D. B. Fiske.	Sergt. J. Chancellor Crafts.
Sergt. Thomas M. Denham.	John H. Woodman.

THIRD COMPANY.

EUGENE A. HOLTON, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Charles S. Damrell, <i>Right Guide.</i>	J. T. Dyer, <i>Left Guide.</i>
Sergt. J. A. Davis.	G. W. Bowker.
Sergt. H. H. Litchfield.	F. W. Richards.
T. A. Boyd.	J. G. Young, Jr.
M. W. Buren.	John G. Warner.
C. E. Legg.	Charles M. Pear.
D. B. Badger.	J. W. Sawyer.

FOURTH COMPANY.

HENRY W. TOMBS, *Sergeant.*

Joseph Hubbard, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Sergt. W. M. Maynard, <i>Left Guide.</i>
O. H. Brock.	F. D. Hicks.
William N. McKenna.	James W. Robinson.
George Gannon.	John T. B. Gorman.
Frank H. Dowell.	G. B. Ketchum.
William Oswald.	W. F. Skilton.
Henry Kavanagh.	Augustus Andrews.

FIFTH COMPANY.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, *Sergeant.*

H. H. Newcomb, <i>Right Guide.</i>	N. P. Hayes, <i>Left Guide.</i>
H. A. Blackmer.	E. H. Doane.
S. A. Brownell.	Thomas Hersom.
A. C. Wheaton.	James M. Dexter.
W. A. Lockhart.	J. S. Williams.
F. H. McLaughlin.	W. H. Lee.
A. Cunio.	G. H. Wilson.

SIXTH COMPANY.

WILLIAM S. BEST, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. J. M. Usher, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Sergt. F. W. Hilton, <i>Left Guide.</i>
William L. Miller.	William H. Ellis.
C. C. Blanchard.	James Ellis.
George H. Innis, <i>National Color Bearer.</i>	Capt. W. S. Sampson, <i>State Color Bearer.</i>
Sergt. A. L. Richardson.	Charles M. Meserve.
Edward H. Wiggin.	William H. Thomas.
A. N. Webb.	C. A. Woolley.
D. C. Makepeace.	Sergt. J. Bensemoil.
Sergt. Arthur E. Leach.	T. H. Bivan.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Col. JOSEPH B. PARSONS, *Sergeant.*

Lieut.-Col. A. L. Richardson, <i>Right Guide.</i>	F. T. Rose, <i>Left Guide.</i>
G. F. Walker.	Sergt. H. F. Wade.
G. W. Wilkinson.	J. E. Daniell.
Capt. W. E. Riker.	G. F. Jackson.
R. W. Bates.	F. H. Adams.
Col. D. L. Jewell.	Lieut. Elmer A. Messinger.
Sergt. L. M. Maxham.	A. C. Titus.
	Major H. P. Williams.

ARTILLERY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

HOWARD H. HAMILTON, *Sergeant*.

William A. Mason, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Sergt. N. B. Basch, <i>Left Guide</i> .
George Cassell.	Sergt.-Major H. W. Patterson.
M. McIntire.	George L. Smith.
Francis E. Page.	J. M. Frye.
A. G. Durgin.	F. W. Tirrell.
J. W. Greenalch.	Stephen Gale.
C. E. Coombs.	Chas. H. Fox.

SECOND COMPANY.

M. J. GRODJINSKI, *Sergeant*.

Isaac A. Steele, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Sergt. W. B. Lucas, <i>Left Guide</i> .
F. W. Homans.	C. H. Boynton.
Lieut. S. B. Clapp.	T. W. Evans.
J. B. Cherry.	F. W. A. Bergengren.
W. Jackson.	F. B. K. Marter.
J. H. Appleton.	C. N. Wood.
Lieut. J. A. Plummer.	T. C. Ashley.

THIRD COMPANY.

EUGENE S. TAYLOR, *Sergeant*.

Peter Morrison, <i>Right Guide</i> .	O. M. Douglas, <i>Left Guide</i> .
W. J. Hugill.	A. W. Bryne.
E. W. Jones.	John P. Hazlet.
W. B. Parazina.	C. T. Witt.
Frank Ferdinand.	John A. Emery.
Sergt. E. E. Snow.	E. O. Bartels.
Hugh L. Stalker.	William A. Morse.

First Lieutenant,
Lieut. EDWARD P. CRAMM.

Commander,
Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY.

Second Lieutenant,
Lieut. LOUIS A. BLACKKINTON.

Adjutant,
Lieut. FERDINAND M. TRIFET.

Commissioned Officers A. & H. A. Co., 1897-98.



SMOKE TALKS.

During the season of 1897-98 there was given a series of six smoke talks under the direction of a committee, consisting of the four commissioned officers of the Company. From the very first these were well attended, and before they closed, on the 19th of April, they became crowded; this being brought about, not only from the first-class entertainments that were provided, but also from the fact that a very active military spirit was manifest in the Company, accompanied by a tidal wave of patriotism, which was general throughout the whole country, engendered by the attitude of Spain towards the United States (caused by her protest against Spain's treatment of her colonies in the West Indies). This finally culminated in the blowing up of the United States battleship "Maine" in the harbor of Havana on the night of Feb. 15, 1898, and the declaration of war two months later.

FIRST SMOKE TALK.

The first smoke talk of the season was held at the Quincy House, Nov. 18, the Commander presiding, and nearly three hundred members and guests of the Company being present. The function was most delightful in every feature. The menu presented was dainty. The speaking was of more than ordinary interest, and the musical features, which brought the affair to a close near the midnight hour, was admirably selected and rendered.

Following a half hour spent in the parlors of the hotel, came the dinner, grace having first been said by the Company's chaplain, the Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, D.D. The guests of the evening were Col. William M. Olin, Secretary of State, Mr. B. F. Keith, and Mr. E. F. Albee. Other guests present were Lieuts. Nostrum and Dana, of the First Massachusetts Regiment of Heavy Artillery.

The Commander complimented the Company on its attendance. He also spoke of the early history of the Company and the part it took in the "*Indian Wars of the Massachusetts Bay Colony*," which was the subject for the evening, and closed by introducing a member of the Company, Mr. Atwood, of Taunton, a lineal descendant of Capt. Church, in whose company were a number of the Ancients, and a member of which company killed King Philip and ended the Indian War of that period. Comrade Atwood read a paper on "The Death of King Philip," which was most interesting and well received.

Secretary of State Col. Olin was the next speaker. He expressed his pleasure at being present with the Company, and continued the "Indian" subject by presenting and explaining cuts of the early seals of

the Bay Colony and the latest design recently selected by him as the proper seal for the Commonwealth. He told of the trouble he had in getting an Indian of the proper type, and explained the method of his final selection, which had taken three years to accomplish.

SEAL OF



The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The next speaker was Mr. B. F. Keith, who said he did not believe that there had been an American citizen who had gone abroad and returned a better American than himself. Mr. Keith continued in a very pleasant vein, and closed by inviting the entire Company to visit him at his theatre later in the season, where he might, from his own platform, touch on such incidents as might seem desirable. His address was a surprise to those present, and was received with rounds of applause.

The Rev. Mr. Roblin was the next speaker, and addressed his comrades as "soldier citizens and citizen soldiers." He spoke of Mr. Keith's invitation, and said that he, too, would invite his comrades to visit his entertainment, where he thought they might hear something of advantage to them.

Senator Morse closed the speaking in a spirited address.

Following the speaking, Mr. Wilford Russell, of London, sang, in a most acceptable manner, the aria from "*La Traviata*," following it by several encores. The final selection was by Herr Van Biene, who played delightfully several selections on the 'cello, which were enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Fitzgibbons officiated at the piano much to the gratification of those present, nearly every member staying until the musical numbers were completed.

SECOND SMOKE TALK.

The second smoke talk was held at the Quincy House on the evening of Dec. 28, and took the form of a Christmas greeting, the Commander presiding at the festive board. The great dining hall was garlanded in living green. The mistletoe and holly lovingly intermingled. It hung in immense wreaths in the windows and festooned in heavy waves along the wall.

The specially invited guests were Hon. Joseph O. Burdett and Congressman William E. Barrett. The latter sent a letter expressing his deep regret that an anniversary in his family prevented his presence.

There were also present as guests of members of the Company, Capt. J. P. Nowell, of the First Heavy Artillery; Mr. George Newhall, of Detroit, Mich.; Dr. Wm. Cram, of Boston.

The subject for the evening was "*Colonial Wars*," and was opened by Mr. Burdett, who, in a most interesting way, spoke of the hardy New Englander in those stirring times, and also of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, whose members took an active part in the early struggles of the colony. Mr. Burdett was followed by other gentlemen present.

At the conclusion of the discussion, Sergt. Joseph S. White sang, as only he can sing it, "My Native Land," and for encore rendered several Christmas songs, the Company joining in the refrains; and just before "taps" were sounded, that old, old song was sung — the song that never dies — "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot."

Every Ancient agreed that never was there a jollier Christmas smoke talk than that of December, 1897.

THIRD SMOKE TALK.

The third smoke, like its predecessors, was held at the Quincy House on the evening of Jan. 20, the Commander in the chair. The subject for the evening, "*The Citizen Soldier of the Republic: His Duties as a Citizen and Soldier*," brought out a very large company, who gave close attention to the interesting talks of the speakers.

The guests of the evening were Gen. Wm. A. Bancroft, commanding the Second Brigade, M. V. M.; Lieut.-Col. Edmands, commanding the First Corps of Cadets; Capt. Milliken, of the King's Royal Rifles, England; Rev. Oliver Roberts, historian of the Company, and Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, D.D., chaplain. Gen. Bancroft, who was suddenly called away by a special messenger, had only time to say before leaving that he was very glad to see so important a subject brought forward for discussion by the oldest military organization in the State.

Col. Edmands received a warm reception, and responded to the enthusiastic welcome feelingly. Relative to the question of the citizen soldier, he urged more active work on the part of all military organizations in the State. He paid tribute to the efforts of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in this direction. He looked upon the organization as the preserver of military history, and added that he was proud to see that the present administration was inclined to place the Company on a still more active basis among the militia of the State.

The other guests spoke much in the same vein. Historian Roberts gave a résumé of the history of the Company. Chaplain Roblin delivered a vigorous address, and said he was strongly in favor of the United States stepping in and quelling the Cuban war.

The exercises were brought to a close by stirring patriotic selections rendered by the Salem Cadet Band Orchestra.

SERVICE BEFORE THE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

JANUARY, 1898,

At the Second Universalist Church. Sermon by the Chaplain
of the Company, Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

O GLADSOME LIGHT Sullivan

THE GREAT CHOIR.

HYMN 609.

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go!
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Triumphant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod,
We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng:
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

PSALM.

TRIO—"GRATIS AGIMUS" Rossin
Miss JANET SPENCER, Mr. T. E. JOHNSON, and Mr. U. S. KERR.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

BASS SOLO—"PRO PECCATIS," FROM Stabat Mater
Mr. U. S. KERR.

PRAYER.

COME UNTO ME G. W. Chadwick
THE GREAT CHOIR.

HYMN 133.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our Father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SERMON—"THE GOOD FIGHT."
Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D., Chaplain.

OFFERTORY.

KING ALL GLORIOUS Barnby
THE GREAT CHOIR.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN POSTLUDE.

FOURTH SMOKE TALK AND CELEBRATION OF
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The fourth smoke talk of the series was held at the Quincy House on the afternoon of Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday). The meeting was one of the largest ever held around the banquet board, outside of the anniversaries of the Company. No more intensely patriotic gathering of the soldier citizen could be assembled than was that in the great double dining halls of the Quincy House. There were three hundred and sixty-five members who had served their country and the Commonwealth in the army and navy, the militia, and in the ranks of peace, and that they were just bubbling over with patriotic fervor was amply demonstrated before the afternoon waned and they were dismissed to their homes. Old Faneuil Hall was not forgotten amid the sentiments to the immortal Washington.

At one o'clock a reception was held in the parlors of the hotel, and promptly at quarter of two the Commander, who presided, rapped to order at the table and called upon the Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, D. D., to invoke the Divine grace.

The Chaplain's invocation bore reference to the existing trouble that confronted the nation.

The Commander was flanked on his right and left by all the commissioned officers of the Company, as well as nearly all the past commanders living.

At the close of the banquet Mr. A. H. Houghton sang most acceptably "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The Chairman, with prefatory reference to the day they celebrated, and to Washington, whom they honored as one who demonstrated not only unique military genius but also showed himself to be a statesman, introduced as the first speaker, Rev. Dr. Roblin, who was received with cheers, and spoke in part as follows:—

No one could stand up and say that there ever was an American, or European, or Asiatic, or African who excelled George Washington as father of his country. Up to 1861 there was no peer in America of this wonderful man, but it seems to me that on the 14th of April, 1865, there was exalted to a place beside him in heaven a man who was the peer of Washington himself, in the person of Abraham Lincoln. I believe that both are looking down upon this people with loving interest, and I cannot conceive of any calamity befalling this nation that does not wreathe their countenances in sorrow. I have always been a disciple of peace, and, brethren, I want to say that what I am going to prophesy now is in the interest of peace and not in the interest of war.

You find a man in a company of laborers, and let it be understood that he has no backbone, no muscular power, and they can cuff him, and he will be cuffed about and held in no respect. But let it be found that he has backbone, that he has muscular power, and the ability to back it up—that hands are to be kept off, and nobody will touch him. The backbone of a nation is its army and

navy, and its muscular power is its intellectual acumen; and so I say these things in the interest of peace. It is hardly necessary for me to say anything to you of that terrible catastrophe that we have just had at our very doors — the blowing up of the U. S. battleship "Maine" in the harbor of Havana; and yet I am speaking to men of sanity and men of heart. We all know that when we read of that great disaster we come to conclusions, though our heads are bowed down in sorrow. I make no prophesy, but I am willing to stand by this: that the twentieth century will not have opened before we shall have found that we must have a larger army and a stronger navy, that we be not brought into disrepute among nations as having no backbone and no muscular power.

In the name of Washington, in the name of Lincoln, in the name of those heroes who suffered on the battlefields of the Civil War, in the name of those heroes we have to-day to mourn, in the name of Christianity, I say the time is now ripe for sounding the note of caution, that we shall stand, instead of at the mercy of foreign countries, absolutely invincible to foreign attack.

Enthusiastic applause followed the Chaplain's speech. "America," accompanied by the Salem Cadet Band, was then sung by all present.

Past-Commander Hichborn was then called upon, and, in responding, said that he had read in the papers what our committee had been doing with reference to the preservation of old Faneuil Hall, and he wanted to say that our committee was all right and he hoped that every member of the Company would back them up in their good work. He congratulated the Company on its large attendance, and said "that he was proud of an organization that had stood for two hundred and sixty years, which had sent two hundred men across the water and had come back with all honor to itself; and I want to say, Mr. Commander, that years and years after we shall all have been forgotten, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will come marching up State Street just the same as ever before."

At this point in the exercises a cable despatch was handed the Commander, who rose and said: "Two years ago the Royal family and the people of England vied with each other in the welcome extended to this Company in the city of London as guests of our brothers of the Honourable Artillery Company — and now, when the news of the appalling disaster to the 'Maine' has reached them, our comrades have sent us their further evidence of the love they bear us." He then read this message from over the sea: —

LONDON, ENG., Feb. 21, 1898.

COMMANDING OFFICER,
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,
Boston, Mass.:

Members of Honourable Artillery Company wish to convey to their comrades in Boston, and the whole of your great nation, their deep sympathy in the great calamity that has befallen you by the untimely death of so many of your gallant officers and seamen, by the sad disaster while on duty.

By order of Court,

W. H. HILLMAN, *Chairman.*

As the last word was spoken, the whole company rose as one man and poured out their pent-up feelings in cheers for their London comrades. Past-Commander Allen moved that the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company be requested to respond in fitting terms to this cablegram, and said: "Touching as it does a matter of such deep interest to the whole people, this telegram should not be confined to our own midst. It should go to the nation." He therefore moved that a copy be sent to the President of the United States. The motion was unanimously approved, and, later in the day, the Commander cabled the following reply: —

W. H. HILLMAN,

BOSTON, Feb. 22, 1898.

Chairman, Court of Assistants,
Armory House, Finsbury, London:

Assembled in honor of the birthday of Washington, our hearts are touched by your loving words of sympathy. God bless our brothers and comrades of the Honourable Artillery Company. Have sent copy of your message to the President, at Washington.

J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander,*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

At the close of Past-Commander Allen's remarks somebody started "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and the entire company joined in the singing.

The Commander thanked the gentleman who had so delicately touched the keynote of response. He said there was also a letter to read regarding Faneuil Hall. He assured the members of the Company that the good work for its preservation had started, and would not stop until the old hall was safe. "The united American people," he said, "would never forgive the city of Boston if it should lose their loved shrine of American liberty, Faneuil Hall." He then read this communication from his Excellency the Governor: —

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 15, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commanding A. and H. A. Company:

My Dear Sir, — I have noted with much interest the present discussion of a matter which I have long thought should receive careful and favorable consideration by the officials of the city of Boston, namely, the reduction to the lowest possible point of the fire risk in Faneuil Hall. The destruction of this historic building would be a calamity, not only to the city and Commonwealth, but to the United States of America, as it has an interest to all Americans, shared in equal degree by perhaps no more than one other building in the entire country. Work recently done in the State House has shown the possibility of rendering such a building practically fireproof, at an expense which, in my opinion, would be trifling in comparison with the irreparable loss which would be caused by its destruction.

Very truly yours,

ROGER WOLCOTT.

Past-Commander Olys and Sergt. Frank Huckins spoke for the preservation of old Faneuil Hall.

The chairman then called upon Past-Commander Col. Henry Walker, who apostrophized the memory of Washington, and referring to the great disaster at Havana, he said he was reminded of the monument to the heroes of Sparta on the plains of Marathon. On it was no name, only the simple inscription, "Go tell it in the streets of Sparta — these men died in obedience to her laws." So in the harbor of Havana, on that grand battleship "Maine," of its 250 brave men who went down with her, write the simple epitaph: "Go tell the people of America they died in obedience to her laws."

So at such a gathering as this there was something more than the grasp of the hand in that brotherhood which they all loved. If they were to go away and forget the principles of Washington, of Lincoln, and of the men who went down in the "Maine," then these meetings were useless indeed; but if they would let the lives of the fathers who suffered at Valley Forge, the heroism of those who fell in the Civil War and of these men who went down in the "Maine," be to them an inspiration to be carried away with them and never forgotten, then these meetings become of value not to be measured by words. He was glad to hear that cablegram read; glad that it came as it did. It showed that one touch of nature made the whole world akin.

"If there is anything that has shown the power of this people it is the superb aplomb and equipoise of Capt. Sigsbee, the President of the United States, and our own Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long. This Government, great in itself, great in its seventy millions of people — this Government, from Capt. Sigsbee up to the President of the United States, has refused to be led away by all the froth and sensational falsehood published about it. When a nation is great enough and broad enough to stand up and say, 'Wait for the facts,' then is it great indeed. If it shall prove an accident, then we may bow our heads in sorrow and accept our loss; but if it shall prove that it was not an accident, but that it was the act of a foreign enemy to the Republic, then let this Government stand up and say, 'We demand reparation, and we will have it.' Peace with honor, but never peace with dishonor."

"The Star Spangled Banner" was started, and everybody joined in the refrain.

Other gentlemen called upon to speak were Major L. N. Duchesney and Lieut. C. C. Adams of the Company; also the Hon. Samuel Roads, of Marblehead, who eloquently responded with a tribute to his townsmen, who saved the American army of the Revolution at Long Island, and, under Col. Glover, were known as the "amphibious regiment."

Gen. Charles C. Frye was the last speaker. He paid tribute to the Massachusetts militia, and said that he believed there was a time when forbearance should cease in this matter of the "Maine." He pledged himself as the next recruit for the Ancients amid great cheering.

FIFTH SMOKE TALK AND CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY.

Monday evening, March 14, the members of the Company, with their guests, assembled at the Quincy House to celebrate the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the organization of the ancient corps. The scene was a martial one, most of the members being in uniform, as were also the military guests. The popular themes of the evening were the discussions of the war cloud which seemed to be hovering over the country, and the preservation of Faneuil Hall. The Commander presided and was handsomely supported by a large delegation of his brother officers from the Governor's staff, as follows: Gen. Appleton, Cols. Capelle, Frye, Morgan, Robbins, Billings, and Jewett. Gov. Wolcott, who had been invited, was forced at the last moment to send his regrets. Other guests were Col. Fred G. King, Lieut. Nostrum, Lieut. Dana, Lieut. L. F. Bennick, Lieut. David Bragdon, and Commissioner Edgcomb of New Brunswick.

The chairman, in his introductory remarks, referred to the day on which Gov. Winthrop granted the charter to the Company, March 13, 1638, upon the application of its founder, Capt. Robert Keyne, and said: "From that day to this the history of the Company has been that of an honorable military life. As an institution it has existed longer in this land than any other, excepting the Christian Church and the public school; and it is as willing to do its duty by its country now as when its founders received the charter from Gov. Winthrop." Referring to President McKinley as "the man in whose keeping the world's destinies seem to be," the chairman read a letter from the President's secretary, conveying the thanks of the executive to the Company for its transmittal to him of expressions of sympathy sent by the Honourable Artillery Company of London, on the occasion of the loss of the battleship "Maine."

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1898.

My Dear Sir, — At the request of the President I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d instant, embodying copy of a dispatch of sympathy from London, and to thank you for your thoughtfulness in bringing it to his attention.

Very truly yours,

JOHN ADDISON PORTER,

Secretary to the President.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

*Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,
Boston, Mass.*

The President was toasted and given a salute of cheers.

Gen. Appleton was then introduced, who said in part: "It is the business men coming together that means the nation's strength." Referring to the hope as expressed by the Commander, for the formation of an active artillery organization, he said, "If the Commonwealth would give you a charter, what better organization could there be than a light battery formed within your ranks, armed with the latest improved breech-loading field guns, and backed up by the moral and financial support of the veteran Company?"

Col. Frye, on being introduced, was heartily received, and said:—

Lacking two days, it is four weeks ago that the destruction of the *Maine* was flashed to our people.

People left their business and asked themselves, Are we prepared for war?

Then came the appropriation of \$50,000,000 for national defences. Now, let us have some hard facts.

Thirteen years ago the so-called Endicott Board asked for \$126,000,000 for the protection of our coast. If Congress had accepted this report we should have been in a position, not only to have met the attacks of Spain, but of any first-class power in the world. But nothing was done.

The time to prepare for war is during profound peace; and when the war clouds have rolled away, as they will, either through a successful war or by Spain's backing down, I hope the mistakes of the past will not be repeated.

According to the Endicott Board, Boston should have been protected by forty-three high power guns and a hundred and forty-two mortars. . . . The conditions of our defences to-day I shall not mention for reasons you will all appreciate.

. . . I sincerely hope, gentlemen, you will raise an active force without delay, or give your support to some organization that will prove worthy of you in the Massachusetts Militia.

Lieut. Thomas Savage, in speaking, said: "The history of the Ancients is identical with the history of New England, and in its ranks there has never been found a traitor or a man afraid to meet the country's call."

The other speakers of the evening were Past-Commanders Folsom and Hichborn; Lieuts. E. P. Cramm, L. A. Blackington, and Adj. F. M. Trifet. The speeches were interspersed with instrumental music by the Salem Cadet Band Orchestra, while Sergt. L. White and H. Hall sang several appropriate songs.

It was a very enthusiastic meeting, and it was the consensus of opinion that if an effort was made to form one or two batteries of artillery for active service, there would be no lack of men to man the guns.

THE SIXTH SMOKE TALK AND CELEBRATION OF PATRIOTS' DAY.

LEXINGTON, April 19, 1775.

BALTIMORE, April 19, 1861.

— — — April 19, 1898.

Four hundred men, all on their feet, in grand chorus assembled, singing the "Star Spangled Banner," led by Sergt. Joseph L. White, who sang the words of Keyes's stirring lyric with such thrill in his tones that he seemed inspired, was the tableau presented in the crowded dining-halls of the Quincy House at the last smoke talk of the season, which was so arranged as to come on the afternoon of Patriots' Day. Never before had so many Ancients responded, for actual return of the tickets showed that there were four hundred members present at the table. Every Ancient there was enthusiastically responsive.

When Col. Thomas prophesied that if, by any accident, the coming struggle should be prolonged, they would find Mother England united with her Anglo-Saxon daughter, her sons fighting shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the Union in behalf of the oppressed in Cuba, the great company went wild with enthusiasm. The roar of applause and the cheers precluded all speaking for a number of minutes.

The Commander presided, and had beside him, as the specially invited guests of the Company, Hon. Hosea M. Knowlton, Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Col. Henry A. Thomas, Postmaster of Boston; Lieut. E. M. Weaver, of the Second Artillery, U. S. A.; Capt. Walter E. Lombard, of the First Heavy Artillery, M. V. M., and Senator W. A. Morse.

On the right and left of the guests at the head table sat the following Past-Commanders of the Company: Major Merrill, Capt. Allen, Capt. Folsom, Major Follett, Col. Walker, Capt. Smith, Col. Hedges, Capt. Fottler, Capt. Hichborn, and Capt. Olys.

Gen. Samuel H. Leonard, the veteran commander of the old Thirteenth Massachusetts, was given a special place at the table before the rest were seated.

At the close of the feast, the Commander prefaced the after-dinner speaking by an allusion to the patriotic memories of Lexington, April 19, 1775; Baltimore, April 19, 1861, and — — — April 19, 1898, and closed by introducing Col. Henry A. Thomas.

Col. Thomas, rising to respond to the toast, "The President of the United States," was received with cheers, and said:—

It was Governor Greenhalge who first gave the name, Patriots' Day, to the 19th of April, and Massachusetts alone celebrates it. He thanked God that the fathers had done their duty. Whatever may happen from the important events transpiring in Washington, we are assured that every American will do his duty. They need no cannon to rouse their patriotism, for once let loose it will spread

from Boston Common to the Pacific Slope. Once war is declared it will find a united people and one country behind the flag. They had their Washington and Lincoln, and to-day, if we are not to have peace, we will have honorable war, and when it is over the laurel crown will rest just as deservedly on the brow of the grand man whom the people have put in the chair at Washington, William McKinley. Gentlemen, we can safely place our cause under the ruling of Almighty God.

Attorney-General Knowlton received a cordial welcome when he rose to respond to the toast, "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and in the course of his remarks said:—

To-day we are at the prime of our great strength. We are the trustees of the liberty of America. We are able to command freedom for the men of this hemisphere, and we no longer have the right to say, like Cain, we are not our brother's keeper. Great power brings great responsibilities. We no longer have the moral right to shut ourselves from the rest of the continent by a Chinese wall and say, "This side is freedom, that side may be slavery." This great nation, second to none in the world, can no longer say that butchery and oppression and inhumanity within our sight have no demand upon us. It is idle to say that the affairs of our neighbors are not our concern. We are not strong enough to compel good behavior throughout the world—we may be some day; but we are strong enough to stop inhumanity on this continent, and if greed or gain, fear of loss, consideration of selfishness, restrain us, we have no right to celebrate this day. Almost within our sight, one of the fairest islands in the world for more than a generation has been the scene of unspeakable inhumanities. A nation from across the sea, once great, has treated the people of that fair island in a way that would put even Turkey to blush. In times of so-called peace it has oppressed and robbed them; in times of war it has starved and murdered them. The whole sum of the offence of its people has been that they claimed the divine right of self-government that led our fathers to take up arms one hundred and twenty-three years ago; only the claim of these people is infinitely more justified by the misconduct and tyranny of their foreign rulers.

The demands of patriotism are the demands of conscience. We can never discharge our duty to humanity till we have done what we can, and all we can, to stop suffering and oppression. The patriot does not seek war for war's sake. He rather goes to the length of argument, of suasion, of arbitration, before resorting to it; but if he can do his duty and obey his conscience in no other way, he does not feel the evils of war. The conscience of the nation has this day decreed that Cuba shall be free from Spanish tyranny. The condition of things there, to use the graphic words of President McKinley, has become insufferable. We pray that the disasters of the war may not fall upon this fair land of ours, but as we are inspired by the high deeds this day commemorates, we pray for that patriotism and the courage to face the duty this country owes to the cause of liberty and humanity.

The demonstration that greeted Lieut. E. M. Weaver, of the United States army, almost took that officer off his feet when he was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Army." He paid a high compliment to the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and also to the citizens in hav-

ing such a fine regiment that could step from the armory and man the guns of the forts in defence of the city.

Captain Lombard spoke for "The M. V. M.," and assured all present that whatever came it was ready to do its duty.

Col. S. M. Hedges, who had just returned from London, told of the royal manner in which he and his comrades were received by the parent organization. He said that it was not improbable that the Honourable Artillery Company of London would visit Boston in 1900, as its members were just longing for the opportunity. He said he should propose, at no distant date, that an invitation be sent to London asking the Company to come to Boston and participate in their June parade of that year. This, he said, would give the company two years to prepare, and he had not the slightest doubt they would come two hundred strong.

Major Duchesney, of the First Battalion Light Artillery, in an interesting manner told the story of the passage of the old Sixth Massachusetts, of which he was a member, through the streets of Baltimore on its way to Washington, April 19, 1861, and though he did not want war, for he knew what war was, as did many around him, still, if the call should come he was ready, and he knew his light battery were to a man ready to respond to the call of the President.

After brief remarks by Colonel Walker the line of march was taken up for

KEITH'S THEATRE,

where, by invitation of Mr. B. F. Keith, given to the Company at the first smoke talk of the season, the entire Company witnessed the evening performance. The corps filled the whole of the first balcony. The boxes were very prettily draped in red, white, and blue, and the seal of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was hung on each side of the proscenium and handsomely draped in the national colors.

Mr. Keith himself received his guests in the foyer, and was introduced to each member as they marched in.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

At the opening of the new year, 1898, the strained relations between the United States and Spain, growing out of the conduct of the war which the latter country was waging against the inhabitants of Cuba, attracted the earnest attention of every true patriot and friend of humanity in America, and this feeling, as entertained by the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, found full expression in the speeches delivered at their smoke talks, which have already been referred to.

At the first regular meeting in April, the Company, true to its ancient tradition, put itself on record by unanimously voting to send the following letter to the President of the United States:—

ARMORY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY CO.,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS., April 5th, 1898.

TO THE PRESIDENT, *Washington, D. C.*:

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, in regular meeting assembled, tenders to the President its warmest thanks for his earnest efforts to insure peace between the United States and Spain, and yields to him its unqualified support in the courageous and conservative policy adopted by him, which, unaffected by party considerations, or personal passions or wishes, while preserving the dignity and honor of his high position and of the country, has steadily labored for peace between the two peoples. While earnestly hoping that war may be averted, yet should national honor or safety demand it, as the last resort, the members of the Company, as its members have done for more than two centuries and a half, pledge their unfaltering support to the government until peace, with that safety assured, and that honor untarnished, shall be proclaimed. Very respectfully submitted,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander A. & H. A. Co., of Massachusetts.

Two days later, the following answer was received:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 6, 1898.

My dear Sir,—At the request of the President I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, tendering to him the assurance of the sympathy and support of your Company, the contents of which afford him much satisfaction.

Permit me to convey to you, and through you to the members of your historic organization, an expression of the President's cordial thanks for this generous message of confidence and encouragement. Very truly yours,

JOHN ADDISON PORTER, *Secretary to the President.*

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
*Commanding Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,
Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.*

Members of the A. & H. A. Co., of Massachusetts, who entered the U. S. V. service during the Spanish-American War.



Maj. PERLIE A. DYAR,
1st Mass. H. A., U. S. V.

Lieut.-Col. EDWIN W. P. BAILEY,
8th Mass. Inf., U. S. V.

Capt. FRED McDONALD,
5th Mass. Inf., U. S. V.

Col. EMBURY P. CLARK,
2d Mass. Inf., U. S. V.

Capt. HENRY L. KINCAIDE,
5th Mass. Inf., U. S. V.

Paymaster RUFUS COFFIN,
U. S. N.

Lieut. ALBERT A. GLEASON,
1st Mass. H. A., U. S. V.

In a quiet way, the Commander of the Company immediately took steps to ascertain how many members of the corps would volunteer for active service in a battery of heavy artillery for coast defense, in case war was declared between the two nations. The result was most satisfactory, for within ten days a hundred and twenty-five men, of suitable military age, had volunteered, and pledged themselves in writing to respond at once if called upon. Of this number, seventy-three had seen service in the army or navy of the United States or the militia of the Commonwealth.

On the declaration of war, the Company at its next regular meeting voted unanimously to tender its services to the Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth.

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, May 5, 1898.

His Excellency ROGER WOLCOTT,
*Governor and Commander-in-Chief,
State House, Boston, Mass.*

Dear Sir,—At a regular meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, held Monday evening, May 2, 1898, it was unanimously voted: "That the Commander of the Company be authorized and instructed to tender its services to the Commander-in-Chief for such military duties as the exigencies of the public service may in his opinion demand." In accordance with the above vote, I hereby tender the services of the Company to your Excellency for the purpose herein stated.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander A. & H. A. Co. of Massachusetts.

The next day the following communication was received from his Excellency, the Governor:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, May 6, 1898.

Colonel J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
*Commanding A. & H. A. Co., of Massachusetts,
Faneuil Hall, Boston.*

My dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of May 5th, and thank you cordially for the tender of services made by you on behalf of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which will be placed upon file for future reference.

I am, very truly yours,

ROGER WOLCOTT.

In the first and second call for volunteers by the National Government, preference was given to the members of the active militia of the different States. In the case of Massachusetts this did not exhaust its

entire active militia, but among those who responded to the call were seven members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, as follows: Col. Embury P. Clark, commanding the 2d Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V., the first regiment to leave the State, and one of the few U. S. V. regiments that saw active service in Cuba, being present and suffering severely in killed and wounded in the engagements in front of Santiago, which ultimately caused the surrender of that city to the United States forces; Major Perlie A. Dyar and Lieut. Albert A. Gleason, of the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, U. S. V., which was hastily ordered into the forts along the coast to repel an anticipated attack of the Spanish fleet under Cervera; Lieut.-Col. Edwin W. P. Bailey, of the 8th Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V., which was placed in camp in the South, and was later ordered to Havana, Cuba; Capt. Henry L. Kincaide and Capt. Fred McDonald, of the 5th Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V., which was held in readiness in camps at the South; Maj. W. C. Wyman, Ottumwa, Iowa, Captain U. S. V.; Paymaster Rufus Coffin, of the United States Navy, who served on board the fleet operating in the West Indies. A member of the Company, Mr. Edward H. Hoyt, although not mustered into the United States service served in the electrical volunteer force, which was employed in the hazardous and difficult work of placing the submarine mines in the harbors of our cities along the coast. Other members of the Company served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief and as field and line officers of that part of the militia which was not called into the service of the United States.

The speedy termination of the war following the victory at Santiago, and the occupation of Porto Rico by United States forces, brought to a close further enlistments, and returned to the Commonwealth her brave citizens who had so gallantly volunteered in the service of the Nation.

INVITATION TO HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, remembering the whole-souled welcome which the Honourable Artillery Company had given it in London in 1896, had long hoped for an opportunity to extend its thanks in a more expressive way than by mere words. In the spring of 1898 this hope took expression in a formal invitation to the Honourable Artillery Company to visit Boston in 1900. The invitation follows:—

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS
TO THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

FRATERNAL GREETING:

WHEREAS, in the year 1896, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts did make a pilgrimage to London to visit the parent organization from which it sprung, a visit which has become memorable, not merely for the exchange of fraternal salutations and greetings which it induced, but as well for the expression of the ties of fellowship and common interest which forms the eternal bond of Englishmen and Americans, voicing the mutual regard and just pride of each in the excellencies of the other, promoting in no small degree the feeling of brotherhood which has found new expression since the beginning of the Spanish-American war; and

WHEREAS, that visit did greatly impress upon us the sense of appreciation of the abundant and magnificent hospitality showered upon us by our English comrades in arms, leaving us their debtors in all that makes for good fellowship, kindness, and fraternal esteem; linking us to them, not merely because of their personal efforts in this gracious reception, but as a demonstration of English interest and regard for the American people;

Resolved, that we do hereby extend to the Honourable Artillery Company of London, a most hearty and enthusiastic invitation to make an American pilgrimage in the year 1900, in such form and numbers and at such a time in the year as shall best suit them, to our beloved city of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that we may make more tangible and perfect expression of our feeling of appreciation for the splendid courtesies of 1896 in London,—pledging in advance a reception and entertainment, and a hospitality which we can only fittingly describe by saying, that it shall in all respects reflect the spirit and heartiness of that which made our London pilgrimage so memorable in the annals of this command.

[Col.] J. PAYSON BRADLEY, <i>Commander</i> ,	} <i>Committee.</i>
EDWARD P. CRÄMM, <i>First Lieutenant</i> ,	
LOUIS A. BLACKINTON, <i>Second Lieutenant</i> ,	
F. M. TRIFET, <i>Adjutant</i> ,	
SIDNEY M. HEDGES, <i>Colonel</i> ,	
ALEXANDER M. FERRIS, <i>Lieutenant-Colonel</i> ,	
E. FRANK LEWIS, <i>Sergeant</i> ,	

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, May 9, 1898.

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, May 18, 1898.

Right Hon. Lord COLVILLE of Colross,
*President Court of Assistants, Honourable Artillery Company,
Armory House, Finsbury, E. C., London, England.*

Dear Sir,—As Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, it gives me great pleasure and profound satisfaction to forward to your Lordship, in this mail, under separate cover, a most cordial invitation (extended by the unanimous vote of the Company in regular meeting assembled) to the Honourable Artillery Company of London to visit us at Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1900.

With great respect, I have the honor to remain, very sincerely yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
*Commander Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company
of Massachusetts.*

42, EATON PLACE, S. W., 9 June, 1898.

Lord Colville of Colross presents his best thanks to the members of the committee for their kindness in forwarding to him the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, to the Honourable Artillery Company, London, to pay them a visit at Boston, in year 1900. The invitation has been sent to the Armoury House, Finsbury, from which a formal answer will be forwarded to Boston. Speaking for himself, Lord Colville fears that advancing years, and the numerous and varied occupations which he has to perform in this country, would completely debar him from joining his comrades of the H. A. C., should they decide upon availing themselves of the invitation so kindly conveyed to the regiment.

THE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

ARMORY A. & H. A. CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, May 26, 1898.

General Orders No. 7.

In accordance with Article V., Paragraph 1, of its Rules and Regulations, this Company will parade on Monday, June 6, to celebrate its Two Hundred and Sixtieth Anniversary; and it is hereby ordered:—

I.—The Company will assemble in the armory in full-dress uniform (no fatigue caps) with white gloves, on Monday, June 6, 1898. Helmet cords will be worn in the Artillery, but not in the Infantry.

II.—Members of the Company, not otherwise specified, will report, fully armed and equipped, at 7.30 A. M.

III.—The Staff (except the Sergeant-Major), Flankers to the Commander, and Orderly will report to the Commander in the library room of the armory at 8.30 A. M.

IV.—The Sergeant-Major, Sergeants, and Band Guide will report to the Adjutant in the committee room at 7.30 A. M.

V.—The Honorary Staff will report to Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, Chief of Staff, in the library room at 8.30 A. M. All Past Commanders, members of the Committee of Arrangements, and the Finance Committee are invited to parade on the Honorary Staff of the Commander.

VI.—The General Guides, Color-Bearers, Markers, Band and Field Music will report to the Adjutant in the committee room at 8.15 A. M.

VII.—Battalion line will be formed on South Market Street at 9.00 A. M. Sergeants will have their respective companies (twelve files front and two guides) formed in the Produce Exchange before 8.45 A. M., the Infantry under the direction of the First Lieutenant, and the Artillery under the direction of the Second Lieutenant. Sergeants will deliver to the Adjutant, through the Sergeant-Major, on blanks furnished by him, a complete roster of the members actually parading in their respective companies.

VIII.—Capt. Edwin R. Frost is hereby detailed to command the Veteran Company, which will be placed on the right of the Artillery. No member will be allowed to parade in the Veteran Company without a certificate from the Surgeon, or one of the Assistant Surgeons, that he is incapacitated from carrying a rifle.

IX.—Lieut. Charles W. Knapp is hereby detailed as Officer of the Day, and will report to the Commander for instructions at 8.30 A. M.

X.—Sergt. Albert L. Richardson and Mr. Chas. A. Meserve are hereby detailed as Color Guards, and will report to the Color Sergeant at 8.30 A. M.

XI.—Capt. Albert A. Folsom will report at the State House, as personal escort to his Excellency the Governor.

XII.—Capt. William H. Jones and Lieut. Fred. I. Clayton are hereby detailed as Flankers to the Commander-in-Chief.

XIII.—Col. Edward Wyman and Major Chas. G. Davis are hereby detailed to take charge of the invited guests, and will report at the State House at 9 A. M.

XIV.—The badges of the Society of the Cincinnati, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic, Army or Army Corps, indicating actual service in the field, the Company's badge, and badges authorized by the State may be worn. No medal, badge, ribbon, flowers, or decoration other than those herein named will be worn.

XV.—Members who are or have been in the military or naval service of this or any other State, or of the United States, or members of regular military organizations, may wear the uniforms to which they are or were entitled in such service; but no member shall wear any insignia of office to which he is not entitled by virtue of a commission or warrant in such service. The Continental uniform may be worn in the Infantry, and London swords may be carried in the Artillery, but no Infantry uniform will be allowed in the Artillery.

XVI.—The following detail is hereby made for duty at the church and on the Common: Col. Joseph B. Parsons, Surgeon F. W. Graves, Capt. Thomas L. Churchill, Lieut. Frank H. Mudge, Lieut. John C. Dalton, Sergt. Joseph L. White, Sergt. Wm. Tyner, Sergt. Wm. F. Bacon, Sergt. F. H. Hutchinson, Frank B. Riedell, Robert H. Upham, F. E. Atteaux, George J. Cross, and C. D. B. Fisk. This detail will report to Lieut. Emery Grover at the church, at 9 A. M., and to the Officer of the Day on the Common, at 4 P. M.

By order of

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Commander.

F. M. TRIFET,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

MONDAY, June 6, 1898.

"The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battles the magnificently-stern array."

Again—but for the first time in more than thirty years—the anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was celebrated while the nation was at war. Dewey had added Manila to the roll of world-famous battles, Hobson had shown the people of all lands a sample of American daring by sinking the Merrimac; Sampson had bombarded San Juan and Santiago, and armies of regulars and volunteers were assembling in the South for the invasion of Cuba. The logic of events had compelled the expulsion of Spain from her West Indian colonies. Prominent Ancients had hurried to the front upon President McKinley's call to arms, and the organization itself had enthusiastically offered its services to Gov. Wolcott for the defence of its well-loved

State. War-time regrets of course there were, but with them was mingled the joy of complete national reunion. The North and the South were again one. Northerner and Southerner marched under the one flag and in the one division, commanders of Southern birth rode at the head of Northern troops, and Baltimore had just greeted the Sixth Massachusetts, its old time opponent, with open arms and loving hearts. And who could appreciate this double significance of this particular Anniversary more than the veterans of Sixty-one, who, marching in the ranks of the Ancients in the uniforms in which they had fought, wished they were young enough to fight at the side of their former foes in their country's cause?

The absence of well known faces, then in Southern camps, was one indication, as the Company left its armory in Faneuil Hall, that the country was at war; the absence of Battery A, M. V. M., which usually had the left of the line but which then was in camp on the coast, was another. In other respects the parade was similar to anniversary parades in years of peace. Marching through Commercial, State, Washington, School, and Beacon streets to the State House, there taking Gov. Wolcott, Generals Dalton, Appleton, and Blood, and Col. Billings of his Staff, and other invited guests, military and civic, under escort, and then marching through Beacon, Tremont, and Boylston streets to the Old South Church, corner of Dartmouth and Boylston streets, the Company followed a program which has become familiar to generations of Bostonians. Capt. Charles W. Knapp acted as Officer of the Day; Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee as Chief of Staff; Capt. A. A. Folsom as personal escort, and Capt. William H. Jones and Lieut. Fred I. Clayton as flankers to the Governor, and Col. Edward Wyman and Major Charles G. Davis as escort to the other invited guests. The Salem Cadet Band and the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps furnished the music for the march.

THE CHURCH SERVICE.

Tickets of admission to the church had been in unusual demand; the absence of vacant seats for civilians upon the arrival of the Company at 10 A. M., evidenced how they were appreciated. The Ancients marched into the pews in the centre of the edifice, color sergeants placed the Stars and Stripes and the white flag of Massachusetts in front of the pulpit, and the service began with the Salutation of the Colors. The music was rendered by the Salem Cadet Band (Jean M. Missud, leader), and by the following artists under the personal direction of Mr. Joseph L. White, a member of the Company: May Delany, Catherine Hutchinson, Grace E. Stevens, and E. Maude Calder, sopranos; T. E. Cushman, Lester Bartlett, and W. T. Meek, tenors; Agnes May, Regina Guilmette, and Mabel Stanaway, contraltos; Arthur B. Hitchcock, baritone; Wilbur E. Davison, John E. Ambrose, Harry Young, and J. L.

Thomas, basses; Herbert Johnson, conductor; Frank A. Kennedy, violinist; Leon Van Vliet, violoncellist, and Louis H. Parkhurst, organist. Rev. Robert R. Meredith, D.D., of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly pastor of the Phillips Congregational Church, Boston, preached the anniversary sermon, and he was assisted in conducting the service by Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, D. D., pastor of the Second Universalist Church, a former chaplain of the Company, and by Prof. John W. Churchill, D. D., of Andover Theological Seminary. The ode was written by Mrs. Emma O. Perkins of Amesbury, Mass. The order of service follows:—

1638 ORDER OF EXERCISES 1898
ON THE
TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
AT
OLD SOUTH CHURCH,
MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1898, AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.

SALUTATION TO THE COLORS.

SALEM CADET BAND.
(The Congregation will rise.)

DOXOLOGY.

To be sung by the COMPANY, CHOIR, AND CONGREGATION.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INVOCATION.

Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D., *Pastor of the Second Universalist Church.*

Almighty God, Light of the seeking soul, Life of the finding spirit, Thou hast begun this day in Thy glory. Thou hast called us to the sanctuary of devotion, and the altar of praise. May we lift our hearts unto Thee, and find union with the Divine. We thank Thee for the blessings of life which come to us along the way of our journeying, and that Thou hast ministered unto this organization through many decades, and hast caused Thy benediction to rest upon it unto this day. May its life be extended through the history making of this nation, and its honors increase as its years multiply. We ask Thy loving kindness to be with all those who are united with this organization, and related to it by the links of interest and devotion. Especially we pray Thee that Thy spirit may enfold the army and the navy of the United States. Be Thou with the soldier upon the land, and the mariner upon the sea. Be Thou with

those who sit in seats of authority. Give them clear minds and pure hearts and discerning spirits, that they may contend successfully for civilization and righteousness. May Thy blessing also rest upon the motherland, whose sympathy extends over the sea and touches our national life to-day. From the lowest subject to the exalted Queen, the people of England send greetings to America. Bind these great nations together by the ties of love, make them invincible before the nations of the world, that they may make for righteousness and perpetual peace. But now, O God, pour down Thy spirit upon this our beloved land from lake to gulf, from sea to sea, that the spirit of patriotism, as upon the wings of quick contagion, may everywhere spread and fill the hearts of Thy people, as Thy light fills the heavens, and as Thy waters fill the sea. And may the spirit of our common Lord and Master be in the hearts of Thy people to control their lives evermore, Amen.

ANTHEM—"THE LOST CHORD" Sullivan
CHORUS.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

Prof. JOHN W. CHURCHILL, D. D., *Andover Theological Seminary.*

RECITATIVE AND GRAND UNISON—"O LOVE DIVINE" Wagner
Mr. HITCHCOCK AND CHORUS.

READING OF THE DEATH ROLL FOR THE YEAR.

By the ADJUTANT.

	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Member for</i>
Hon. NAHUM CHAPIN	Aug. 12, 1897.	12 yrs.
WILLIAM J. SMITH	July 9, 1897.	15 "
GEORGE WASHINGTON ADAMS	Sept. 11, 1897.	6 "
FRANK J. SCOTT	Sept. 18, 1897.	4 "
FRANKLIN SMITH	Oct. 1, 1897.	33 "
CHARLES A. TRUMBULL	Nov. 24, 1897.	13 "
Sergt. HENRY A. PEMBERTON	Nov. 29, 1897.	21 "
Sergt. CHARLES H. BETTELEY	Dec. 27, 1897.	20 "
Sergt. GEORGE H. PHILBROOK	Feb. 22, 1898.	26 "
Capt. WARREN S. DAVIS	Feb. 23, 1898.	26 "
LORENZO M. DYER	March 10, 1898.	41 "
Sergt. J. OWEN LITTLEFIELD	April 21, 1898.	25 "
JOHN B. RENTON	May 1, 1898.	5 "
Sergt. CHARLES T. HOUGH	May 3, 1898.	29 "

"THE VACANT CHAIR" { Words by HENRY S. WASHBURN.
Music by GEORGE F. ROOT.

Mr. JOHNSON AND MALE CHORUS.

TAPS.

- (a) "MEDITATION" (DE S. BACH) *Gounod*
Mr. KENNEDY.
- (b) "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE" *arr. by Aland*
Mr. VAN VLIET.
- (c) TRIO—SERENADE FOR VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO AND ORGAN *Rossini*
Mr. KENNEDY, Mr. VAN VLIET, and Mr. PARKHURST.

PRAYER.

Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D.

Let us all unite in the Lord's prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

"HEAR OUR PRAYER" *arr. by Mr. Johnson*
Mr. JOHNSON AND MALE QUARTET.

SERMON.

Rev. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D.

Pastor Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

(The sermon is printed as an appendix to this volume.)

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" *Francis Scott Key*
Miss DELANY AND CHORUS.

ODE.

THE SUMMONS OF HUMANITY.

Written for the occasion by MRS. EMMA O. PERKINS, District Vice-Regent, D. R.
Read by Prof. JOHN W. CHURCHILL, D. D.

Behold! to-day the Nation stands,
A pledge of trustful loyalty
Of sires and sons whose heart-throbs beat
The measures of its victory.
This blest inheritance is ours
For purpose noble and divine;
When much is giv'n, Heav'n hath decreed
The same we bring to Duty's shrine.

The rolling wave that greets the sands
Of fair Columbia's Southland shore
Brings moan of anguish and despair,
With thunder of the cannon roar.
Shall patriots' children, heeding not,
Their sacred birthright thus disown?
Shall blood-bought Freedom voiceless be,
And hear, unmoved, Oppression's groan?

Nay, shouts of freedom rend the air,
From north to south, from sea to sea,
We give our life a sacrifice
For helpless, crushed humanity.
Not sacrifice for treasured wealth,
For landed gain or greed of power,—
For God's great brotherhood of man
Unselfish love shall crown this hour.

Again our country calls, "To Arms!"—
Forgetting not our Bunker Hill,
Or glories of famed Lexington,
Old Massachusetts' sons lead still;
And foremost in the worthy ranks
Of heroes in her lustrous scroll
Stand patriots of the "Ancient Corps,"
An honor to tradition's roll.

In days of our triumphant joy
Forget we not the Nation's Guide;
Not in her war-lung banners trust,
Not in her might of manhood's pride,
Nor missiles be her vaunted guard,—
The Lord of Hosts our strength shall be;
Then through this crucial hour shall come
This Nation's grandest victory.

Oh! white-wing'd Peace, thy pinions spread,
And hover o'er this fairest land,
And gather in thy blest enfold
The western sea and island strand.
Oh! haste the day, the joyous day,
When morning stars together sing,
When "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Shall in the glorious tidings ring.

"AMERICA" *Smith*
(The Congregation will rise and sing.)

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

BENEDICTION.

Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, D. D.

And now may the God of nations and of righteousness and of victory give us
His blessing, and the inspiration of our Lord Jesus Christ quicken us to
embrace every opportunity, and to meet every responsibility, and the consoling
blessing of the Comforter brood over the earth at length, the spirit of ever-
lasting amity and perpetual peace, Amen.

GRAND MARCH.

SALEM CADET BAND.

At the close of the service, at noon, the Company reformed on Boylston Street and marched through Boylston, Washington, Summer, High, Congress, and State streets to Merchants Row, and thence into its armory. As on the former march it was greeted by crowded sidewalks. At Shuman Corner, the windows were occupied by pretty girls who waved silk flags, illumining the front of the building with the national colors. Gov. Wolcott was forced by press of official duties, largely resulting from the war, to return to the State House from the church by carriage, but before leaving he assured Col. Bradley that he would commission the officers on the Common in the afternoon, although he could not attend the earlier exercises.

THE BANQUET.

Dinner was served in Faneuil Hall, and the Ancients were ready for it when they had reached there and had laid aside their arms and accoutrements. The morning march had sharpened their appetites, as the founders of the Company probably intended in prescribing it. Commander Bradley presided. Flanking him, as among the chief guests of the day, were Hon. George H. Lyman, Collector of the Port of Boston; Hon. John L. Bates, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Surgeon-Gen. Robert A. Blood; Commissary-Gen. Francis H. Appleton, of Governor Wolcott's Staff; Mayor Quincy; Hon. George S. Boutwell, who was Governor of Massachusetts in the early fifties and later Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant; Col. William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth; Rev. Robert R. Meredith, D. D., of Brooklyn, the Chaplain of the Company; Capt. William Quinton, U. S. A., then on recruiting service in Boston; Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, U. S. N., retired, Chairman of the Nautical Training School Commission, and Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee of the Fourth Maryland Regiment, Commander Bradley's Chief of Staff. Other invited guests, seated at near-by tables, included:—

Col. Fred W. Wellington, Col. Edward B. Robins, Col. William C. Capelle, Col. Harry E. Converse, Col. John D. Billings, and Col. Frank B. Stevens, of Governor Wolcott's Staff; Hon. William H. Brigham (chairman) and Rep. William H. Marden, of the Legislative Committee on Military Affairs; Capt. J. G. B. Adams, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. H. Bartlett, Department Commander G. A. R.; Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts; Capt. E. P. Brown, U. S. A., Fort Warren; Surgeon H. L. Law, U. S. N.; Capt. Jos. W. Paine, Hon. Wm. B. Plunkett, Governor's Council; Rev. W. H. Rider, Rev. Oliver A. Roberts, Historian of A. & H. A. Co.; Benj. W. Wells, Newton Talbot, Capt. Chas. P. Ware, Capt. Lotus Niles, U. S. A., Long Island Head; Lieut. Fred Nostrom, 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, Fort Warren; Lieut. Frank K. Neal, National Lancers; Sergt. Alfred Mudge, 1st Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.; Col. William A. Gile, Worcester Continentals; Capt. Edward M. Clark, Governor's Foot Guard, New Haven, Conn.; Major Henry C. Stevens, Jr., and Adjt. A. J. Deblois, Newport (R. I.) Artillery; Col. J. Mason Gross, 1st Light Infantry Veteran Association, Providence, R. I.; Col. E. E. Stacey, Richmond, Va.; Col. Harry Huguley, Capt. J. P. Reynolds, Lieut. George Proctor, Col. Henry A. Thomas, Postmaster of Boston; Daniel F. Buckley, Surveyor of Customs; Charles C. Rivers, Deputy Surveyor of Customs; Mr. James M. Perkins, Private Secretary to Governor Wolcott; Aldermen Berwin, Charles, Codman, Colby, Conry, Dixon, Lott, Norton, and Presho; Mr. John F. Dever, Clerk of Committees; Mr. Benjamin A. Plumley, Mr. B. F. Southwick, Secretary, Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange; Mr. Michael

T. Callahan, Charitable Irish Society; Mr. Ira B. Goodrich, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.; Mr. Otis H. Luke, Mr. Charles H. Frye, Mr. W. Wallace Waugh, Boston *Home Journal*; Dr. W. E. Cramm, Dr. Thomas Waterman, Mr. W. T. W. Ball, Mr. Francis W. Bird, Mr. Frank J. Bradley, of Haverhill, Mr. George B. Bradley, of Methuen, Mr. James Cassell, Mr. Perry Dow, Mr. F. F. Hassam, Mr. Robert Kent James, Mr. W. L. Tyler, Hon. W. T. Willey, Mr. Joseph W. Work, Lieut. John C. Dalton, Mr. A. K. Loring.

Mingled with these guests were the members of the Company, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow. The tables glistened with silver, glass, and flowers. From platform to ceiling the severe outlines of the old hall were hidden beneath tri-colored bunting, British and American flags, and shields bearing the arms of the Nation, the Commonwealth, and the Company, while from the mass of color peered the pictured faces of the men who, as Commanders, saw "the organization grow from its infancy to round maturity and whose names have contributed to the nation's fame and the Ancients' honor." From the ceiling at the centre, where the streamers of bunting radiated to the balconies, "hung two large British flags of the merchant marine and the imperial navy, while at right angles hung the stars and strips, and these emblems, the only insignia of any nation displayed, gave added emphasis of the international brotherhood which received such inspiration from the Ancients' English visit." Altogether the decorations were unusually effective.

Commander Bradley rapped for order and asked the company to stand at Parade Rest while the Chaplain invoked the Divine blessing. Dr. Meredith said:—

Our Heavenly Father, Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift, and we rejoice to acknowledge Thee in all our duties and in all our pleasures. We invoke Thy blessing to be upon us now just as Thou seest us assembled before Thee. Accept our thanks for all Thy mercies and forgive us all our sins, through Christ, Amen.

The command "Be seated" followed, and the Ancients began to attack the dainties which the caterer had provided and which his men were waiting to serve. As the dining proceeded, there was now and then a burst of cheering as a belated comrade entered the hall or as the band played some especially appropriate selection. When "Maryland, My Maryland" struck the ear the Commander called for cheers for "Maryland and Massachusetts, united for ever and ever," and the Ancients cheered again and again. Every seat at the tables on the main floor was occupied, and about fifty of the diners had to be served in the gallery. The menu follows:—

...MENU...

Bouillon.

Dressed Salmon, Green Peas.		Dressed Cucumbers.		Radishes.
Sliced Tomatoes.				
Roast Chicken.	Roast Spring Lamb.		Roast Sirloin of Beef.	
Mashed Potatoes.	String Beans.	Asparagus.	Summer Squash.	
Lobster Salad and Dressed Lettuce.				
Strawberries and Cream.	Frozen Pudding.		Harlequin.	
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce.		Bisque Glacé.		
Fruit and Flower Ices.				
Cake.				
Almond.	Citron.	Frosted.	Cocoanut.	Macaroons.
	Lady Fingers.		Charlotte Russe.	
Bananas.	Pineapples.	Oranges.	Grapes.	
	Nuts and Raisins.			
Crackers.	Cheese.	Coffee.		

With coffee and cigars came the speech making. This was begun by the Commander at 2.58 P. M. He said:—

COMMANDER BRADLEY.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts,—To-day we have assembled in this historic hall to celebrate our Two Hundred and Sixtieth Anniversary. To you, who represent his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to the civic, military, and naval representatives of the nation, to your Honor the Mayor, to our guests one and all, and to you, my comrades, I extend a soldier's greeting. [Applause.]

In sunshine and in storm, in prosperity and adversity, in war and in peace, this ancient corps has, for two hundred and sixty years of honored life, stood for that which was best in the citizen and noblest in the soldier. [Applause.]

To-day we meet under peculiar circumstances. For the first time in the lives of most of us present, our country is engaged in a foreign war. We lament the cause, and from our very hearts before Almighty God regret the necessity that has compelled the nation at last to draw the sword and strike a blow for down-trodden humanity and outraged justice. [Applause.] Already the order has gone forth from the President of the United States, and from one end of the nation to the other the response all along the line has been such as only a free people can give.

Surely out of all the evil that even a just war may bring upon our country, there should and must come some good.

Hardly had the echoes of the guns from Dewey's brave fleet at Manila [great applause] reached our ears, before our eyes beheld the Sixth Massachusetts, U. S. V. [applause], marching through the streets of Baltimore, pelted by flowers instead of bullets. [Applause.] And in that historic regiment, a company of men whose faces are of the same dark hue as those who fell in windrows around the gallant Shaw at Fort Wagner, thirty odd years ago. [Applause.]

Yes, comrades, our first compensation has already come in a reunited country, and we feel at last that the war for the Union was not fought in vain. If you ask for further proof, look to the Southland and see with your own eyes the gallant Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia [applause], leading under the stars and stripes the Seventh Corps of the United States Army in the battle for the right. And when at last victory shall have been achieved, for come it must, then let us ever have in mind the thought as expressed in the poem of this morning:—

"In days of our triumphant joy
Forget we not our Nation's Guide;
Not in her war-flung banners trust,
Not in her might of manhood's pride,
Nor missiles be her vaunted guard,—
The Lord of Hosts our strength shall be;
Then through this crucial hour shall come
This Nation's grandest victory." [Applause.]

In this outburst of patriotic action and feeling, we rejoice to know that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts has borne its part, as in the glorious past when the Nation's life was assailed. The first three years' regiment of volunteers to leave our State, the First Massachusetts Infantry, was commanded by Col. Robert Cowdin, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Applause.] And now we see history repeating itself in that the first regiment to leave the State in the war with Spain (the Second Massachusetts, U. S. V.) is commanded by Col. Clark, a member of our ancient corps. [Applause.]

During the War of the Rebellion, one hundred and forty-seven members of the Company served in the Union Army and Navy, holding every position from private up through every grade to that of Major General, and to-day our Company contains more veterans, who saw actual service in the war for the Union, than any other military company in the United States. [Applause.] With a history like this behind us it is not at all strange that when the present call to arms came it was found that among the very first to enter the active service of the United States Volunteers, were members of our honored corps, and at the first regular meeting following the declaration of war, the Company, by unanimous vote, offered its services to his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, for such duties within the Commonwealth as he might direct. [Applause.]

During the year the discipline of the Company has been most excellent and its Fall Field Day at Buffalo, N. Y., will long be remembered both as a military and a social success by all those who participated in it.

Our smoke talks during the winter have been largely attended and in social good fellowship we have not forgotten the practical words of wisdom that have been spoken to us by our numerous friends.

For many years the preservation of Faneuil Hall, which is dear to the heart of every true American, has had our serious thought, and this year a campaign has been inaugurated by your Committee in behalf of all our citizens to bring about this much desired object. There has been some delay, but as every true patriot desires the preservation of this historic building we cannot see how it is possible for the work to be much longer retarded. [*Applause.*]

Thanks to the officers and committees with which you have surrounded your Commander during his term of office, our past year has been one of reasonable success. Some of the seed planted we hope may come to full fruition not many years hence. And now the time draws near when a new Commander is to lead this Company, we hope, into larger fields of military usefulness. [*Applause.*] I desire to thank you, one and all, for the promptness with which you have responded to every order and for that gentlemanly conduct which is so typical of the good soldier, but, above all, for that kindness of heart, as expressed in your intercourse with your Commander, that has placed him under obligations which can never be repaid.

The future is before us. Let us enter into it with strong hearts and a firm resolve that all the ends we aim at shall be our country's, our God's, and truth's. [*Great applause, followed by three cheers for the Commander.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen of the Ancients, as good attention as you have given me, I thank you for it, too, I know you will continue to give to the speakers.

No Commander of a military organization can work without that good right hand which is always so essential to a commanding officer, an efficient Adjutant, and it gives me great pleasure, gentlemen, to introduce to you one whom you may think you have known. I thought so myself, but in a year's intercourse with him, as Commander of this Company, I have found him not only a gentleman, which you all know him to be, but a good soldier. Adjutant Trifet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Toastmaster of the day. [*Great applause.*]

ADJUTANT F. M. TRIFET.

Mr. Commander, Invited Guests, and Comrades, — I thank you all for this expression of your good will, and you, Mr. Commander, in particular, for the very kind words with which you have introduced me.

When I accepted the position of Adjutant of this Company, I did so with full knowledge of the many and various duties belonging to the office and with a determination that I would perform each and all of them to the best of my ability.

How I have succeeded in doing this it is not for me to say, but, Mr. Commander, if I have been of assistance to you in the various duties that I have had to perform this year and if what I have done meets with the approbation of the Company, I am more than amply repaid for my labors.

I wish also to express to every member of this Company my gratification at having had each and every order that I have had to transmit or give obeyed on the spot, without any argument, any delay, or any question. This is one more

proof that the "Ancients" are not only gentlemen and "good fellows" but also good soldiers.

Gentlemen, again I thank you, and will now call your attention to the first regular toast: —

First regular toast: —

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. [*The Company, rising, cheered long and vigorously. The band played the "President's March."*]

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have to ask you to be quiet and not to call upon any speaker to speak louder. Keep quiet yourselves; there is plenty of noise out of doors. [*Applause.*] Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to say that we have not the President of the United States with us to-day, no matter how much we might have longed for his presence, but we have always been favored by having a representative of the President who is always able to respond to the toast that has just been given, and to-day we find we have made no exception to the rule when we have invited here, to represent our honored President and comrade, William McKinley [*great applause and cheers*], the Hon. George H. Lyman, Collector of the Port. [*Great applause.*]

HON. GEORGE H. LYMAN.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, Members and Guests of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I desire first to thank you for your kind invitation to this banquet and also to express appreciation for the courtesy of the welcome you have given to the office which I have the honor to represent.

It is always a pleasant duty, as well as a great pleasure, to be called upon to answer to the toast of the President of the United States, but I conceive it to be so most especially when asked to respond to that toast before a body such as this, perhaps the most ancient and the most honorable institution in this country [*cries of "Good," and applause*], and still further in times like these, when the history of this country in its struggles through the past shows that a perfect trust and confidence in the leadership of the President, who is the commander-in-chief of all our forces, is an essential prerequisite to success. [*Applause.*] I will endeavor to illustrate this very briefly.

As time is counted in this world's history, it was but a short period since, that, on a beautiful April morning, a mere handful of peasants from our County of Middlesex, fresh from the ploughshare, armed only with a few farm tools and dilapidated flint-lock muskets, had the unparalleled audacity to step out boldly upon their village green, in the town of Lexington, and offer battle to the regulars of England. A little later in the day, some of their neighbors, half a dozen miles away, at Concord Bridge, equipped in a similar manner, also met the foe, and the latter were ignominiously routed. There was but little bloodshed. Indeed, both affrays together could hardly be dignified by the term of battle. To blunt British minds it was but the outpouring of an intemperate mob. But there broke that day upon the horizon of history, not only for the people of this country, but for all the world and for centuries to come, the dawn of a new standard

of civilization [*applause*], the cry of man for the right to be his own master, the outward expression of the innate longing of humanity for the right to govern itself, the voice of the soul for freedom of thought, unfettered, subject to no will but that of its Creator.

The first gun fired by the American patriots on that village green sent its echoes across the seas, from land to land, vibrating through all the dynasties of Europe, a thunderbolt proclaiming that man was born free, was free, and that God made him to govern himself. [*Applause.*] And this cry for liberty, once raised, ran apace, and the handful of peasants swelled to a mighty host. They struck for liberty, but it was a liberty founded on the principles of humanity and of good government; and they chose a leader, and from the horrors at Valley Forge, with all its sickness and starvation and death, down to the surrender of the foe at Yorktown, they trusted and followed to victory the father of his country, the knightly Washington. [*Applause.*]

Nearly a century later, another generation, their lineal descendants, struggled in a fratricidal war. It was on another beautiful April morning that the sons of Massachusetts were the first to shed their blood for the integrity of this Union, and upon the streets of Baltimore. And again their battle-cry was "Freedom! Freedom for black and white!" but ever "Freedom," and they chose a leader, and from the first gun at Sumter down to the surrender at Appomattox, they trusted and followed to victory the noble, patient Lincoln. [*Applause.*]

Once more the dawn of spring is troubled with the breath of war, and again we strike, but strike a foreign foe, and again we struggle for liberty, humanity, and civilization, against oppression and tyranny and barbarism. Is not the spirit of the men of '98 the same as that which animated the heroes of '61 and the Minute-men of '76? Can such a war for such a cause be aught but just, and can we doubt its outcome?

"Can we not wield
Our father's shield?
The same war hatchet handle?
Do the blades want length
Or the reapers strength
For the harvest of that vandal?"

Gentlemen, hearken to the thunder of the cannon as it echoes from the southern seas. Generations to come men will listen to the tale, how, on a glorious day in May, a hero, Yankee born and Yankee bred, sailed upon the southern sea [*applause*]; naught cared he for Castilian fleet, opposing fort, or sunken mine. Five times that gallant squadron swept along, heedless of ball or shell, and every shot they fired cried out for freedom, demanding at the cannon's mouth a truce to inhumanity, for the stars and stripes were there. [*Applause and cheers.*]

And when the smoke had lifted, no emblem of Spanish honor floated with the breeze, but a flag of law and mercy, on whose azure field glistened the bright stars of a perfect union, bleached of all gray and blue. And praise and wonderment filled all Christendom, leavened with a secret dread as of some mighty riddle which a future time must solve, and the busy whisper circled through every court of Europe as they questioned: "What does this all mean? Is this revenge? Is this for indemnity? Or does it mean empire?" while the pulses of our nation thrilled with a fierce delight, and a gratitude unspeakable that the

youngest of the navies in their first baptismal fire had carved upon the scrolls of time the monument of a mighty victory and added to the roll of heroes from New England's hills the immortal fame of Dewey.

And if more were needed to forget that direful past, when brothers fought with brothers in the time of Grant and Lee, it was all forgotten by that sacrificial act when, off the coast of Cuba, at the Port of Santiago, we sunk that hulk, the "Merrimac" [*great applause and cheers*], and the son of that once slaveholding State of Alabama, Richmond Hobson [*renewed applause*], led the van. And the dead and living heroes of a great rebellion, long since past, triumphed at last together, now brothers in arms, as they long had been brothers at heart, by every right and claim, once more cemented in the bosom of a great republic. [*Applause.*]

From the Atlantic seaboard beyond the Pacific slope, from the frontier of the North to the coral-bound keys of the South, wherever, throughout this our broad heritage, the sons of liberty shall meet in times like these in sympathy with that hour when our forefathers first sounded the tocsin of war in defence of hearth and home for humanity, principle, and conscience' sake, the toast of "The President of the United States" will send through every true American's veins, not only proud memories of that glorious past, but a deep, deep sense of security, for come peace, come war, there stands to-day at the head of this great republic, a leader for us to trust and follow to victory, — the patriot, statesman, soldier, the American, William McKinley. [*Applause and cheers.*]

The COMMANDER. Three cheers for William McKinley, President of the United States.

[*The cheers were given vigorously.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, I want to thank you for your very kind attention. And I want to say to the speakers that we have the windows open in order to have fresh air to breathe, and a great deal of the noise that you hear comes from the streets without. Therefore, gentlemen, you must be extra quiet within the hall. Give your attention to the Adjutant.

Second regular toast:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts: Our dear Mother State, glorious in peace, heroic in war, ever in the hearts of all her loyal sons. God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! [*Great applause. The band played "Home, Sweet Home."*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, these are perilous times. In the church and at this banquet board you have been reminded more than once that our nation is engaged in war. His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth has for the last two months worked almost beyond the endurance of man. I know to-day that when he, out of the kindness of his heart, consented to give as much as possible to you, gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, he was taking an additional burden upon himself. Therefore, when he informed me during the service in church that pressing business required his

presence at the State House, in the name of the Company I excused him for a brief season, he promising to be with us again before the day closes. [Applause.] I speak feelingly, gentlemen, because I know whereof I speak. But he has kindly sent us, to respond to this toast, one who comes from and represents the people of the Commonwealth [applause], the Hon. John L. Bates, Speaker of the House of Representatives. [Great applause.] Three cheers for the Hon. John L. Bates!

HON. JOHN L. BATES.

Mr. Commander, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I regret with you that the distinguished citizen, the courteous gentleman, the able executive, whom we delight to call "his Excellency," is not present to respond to this toast. I bring you, however, his congratulations, those of the Commonwealth, and those of its legislative body.

I read in one of the morning papers that on this day you were two hundred and sixty years young. [Laughter.] I think that was well put. Perennial youth seems to accompany you down through the decades.

I am pleased to bring you the greetings of the General Court, because you are its oldest child. [Applause.] In 1638 we granted to you the charter. The legislative body in Massachusetts is eight years older than your organization. The greetings of the oldest parliamentary body on the continent I am pleased to extend to the oldest military company.

As we believe Massachusetts has been a leader among Commonwealths, and as we rightfully claim that her legislation has been copied by more than a score on sister States, so we recognize that much of the military spirit that has made possible the gathering of the armies that have maintained the rights and principles proclaimed by the legislatures has come from the deep well-spring of patriotism furnished by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. [Applause.]

One may well be pardoned if he hesitates to respond for a Commonwealth that has been so illustrious. It has ever been difficult for one to measure up to the height of the task, and the difficulty increases as the achievements of each succeeding year add new lustre to her name. One needs no pardon for speaking boastfully of the achievements of his State or of his country. It is not an exhibition of an improper conceit. We like to see a man loyal to his country, even though its history may not have been so glorious as has our own. Aye, we admired the pluck of the young maiden who, in the school in Northboro in this State the other day, refused to applaud with her classmates certain denunciations of Spain, and when she was asked why, she replied, "I am a Spaniard and I believe in my country." [Cries of "Good enough," and applause.] Yes, true patriots everywhere, and with unanimity this Company, would doff their hats to the spirit of loyalty manifested by that maiden.

Two hundred and sixty years of achievements cannot be told in the few minutes assigned to me, nor is there need; for here, every picture tells of the glory of the old Commonwealth, every pillar is eloquent in her praise. Listen, if you will, for a moment; let the voice be silent, and you will hear the tread of

a million men who have come within these walls, to voice and to listen to the noblest sentiments that have ever been uttered by men, and who have gone forth from here to put those sentiments into execution, not only in their own lives, but in the life of the nation.

"Massachusetts, glorious in peace," says the sentiment. Yes, glorious because of her sons she has here delighted to honor: humanitarians, appealing to the generous well-springs of our hearts; orators, awakening into life the sleeping conscience; statesmen, uttering thoughts to which the nation listened; yes, — poet and historian, minister of the living God and philanthropist, soldier, and statesman, have all been here and added to the glory of the old Commonwealth.

Not only "glorious in peace," says the sentiment, but "heroic in war." The day of the heroism of the sons of Massachusetts has not departed. Since the coming of the early dawn we have read in the papers that four of the seven men who constituted the crew of the "Merrimac" were born in Massachusetts [cries of "Good," and great applause], four of the men who guided that steamer into the narrow channel amidst the shot and the shell,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

Their deed rivals the deed of the Six Hundred at Balaclava; it rivals the deed of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylae; it rivals the deed of the hero in fable, Marcus Curtius, who, on his horse, at full speed, leaped into the chasm in the Forum at Rome that Rome might be saved. The consideration of such deeds enlarges and ennobles the character of a people. Such deeds quicken the blood, they arouse the mind, they stimulate the heart and the conscience, and give sentiment and principle their proper place of honor. While we glory in the deed of those four heroic sons of Massachusetts, we do not at all feel jealous of the old State of Alabama and her hero Hobson [applause], for, as has been said here to-day, if there is any one thing that is emphasized by this present contest, it is the fact that we are one country, no longer divided. [Applause.]

Let me say to the distinguished member of this Company who comes from Baltimore [applause], that Massachusetts has forgotten the days of old, and she thinks only of the outpouring of that kindly, fraternal spirit only a few days ago. Whatever we claim for ourselves we accord to Maryland and to all the South. We realize that the heroes are coming from every section. [Applause.] Aye, it was down in Maryland where, almost on Mason and Dixon's line, only a few days ago I saw the stars and stripes floating from the grave of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." [Applause.] Mason and Dixon's line has disappeared, and the flag is, as never before, the emblem of a union and liberty that are one and inseparable.

To-day the emblem takes on a new significance. During the Reign of Terror in Paris, thousands of lives are said to have been saved because the stars and stripes were kept floating from the American Minister's home. Shot and shell broke round about it, the great seething, whirling ocean of mad humanity dashed upon it, the dukes and the counts had gone, the Stars and the Garters had been hauled down, but the stars and stripes were unfurled through it all, an emblem of protection for the oppressed, aid for the weak, a champion of humanity.

To-day Massachusetts rejoices not so much in her own history as a State as she

does in the fact that she has been an important factor in the building up of this great nation of the new world that has started forth to be the champion of human rights. And the flag that has been raised, no matter how many the shot or how loud the thunders of war, shall continue to float until the principles of liberty and humanity shall prevail throughout the western hemisphere and all the islands of the sea. [*Great applause.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, give your attention to the Chief of Staff.

Col. SUPPLEE. Maryland proposes three cheers for Gov. Wolcott, of Massachusetts. [*The cheers were given vigorously.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, give your attention to the Adjutant.

Third regular toast:—

The City of Boston: The birthplace of that patriotic inspiration which, rocked in "the cradle of liberty" and brought to full manhood at Bunker Hill, gave us at last our national independence.

[*The band responded with "Yankee Doodle."*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, it is not necessary for me to introduce the gentleman who is to respond to this toast. He is known to every one of you. And, without going into the history of his family from the beginning down to the present, I wish to say that it gives me great pleasure to-day to call before you to respond to this toast a private in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company [*applause*], his Honor Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston. [*Great applause and cheers.*]

MAYOR QUINCY.

Mr. Commander, Comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and Guests,—Whatever may be the toasts to which we are called upon to respond to to-day, the thoughts of the speakers cannot but run in a common channel. It is no time to confine ourselves to municipal or local subjects when the Nation is engaged in a great struggle and is confronting a crisis in its history. The wording of the toast itself suggests that our interest to-day in the City of Boston is largely through its connections with the beginnings of the nation, and I know, therefore, that you will excuse me if I go entirely outside of the confines of the City of Boston and touch upon those larger national subjects which the war that we are waging at the present moment inevitably brings uppermost in our thoughts.

The City of Boston has been prominently associated with the struggle for independence with the foundation of this nation, and surely at such a moment as this she may claim to have some interest in the great questions of policy which are confronting the nation whose foundations were laid so near to the spot where we assemble to-day, at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, whose early history is so associated with the utterances that have been listened to and the events that have taken place in this historic hall and at similar places in the city.

As the previous speakers have pointed out, we are entering upon a new era in the history of this country. We have often dwelt at occasions of this character

upon the historic events of the past. As we have dwelt on them, so those who come after us will dwell upon the history which the government and the people of the United States are making at the present day, and this will be one of the red letter anniversaries of this ancient organization, because it must always hereafter be associated with that struggle for the complete expulsion of foreign domination from the American continent, and from the islands which belong to and are a part of the American continent geographically, and should go with it politically. It is indeed true that we are completing to-day identically the work which our forefathers did in the last century; for in the struggle in which we are engaged, although its seat of conflict is a different one, the essential point at issue is the same,—and that is, the right of the inhabitants of American territory to enjoy, the blessings of self-government, the right of those who live upon this continent or its islands, to be self-governing, to live under popular institutions and under the rule of liberty.

We are confronted with questions which the close of hostilities will bring even more clearly before us, which will give the people of this nation some of the most difficult questions to face which they have met with in their national history. It seems to me that whatever our preferences may be, the irresistible logic of events is drawing the United States into closer relations with the great political problems of the world than it has ever stood in in the past, and that we are obliged to assume a greater responsibility, and a larger share in dealing with the problems of the world, than in the past. We have lived very largely during our previous history a life of isolation,—of continental isolation, to be sure, of isolation in a vast territory,—while we were building up a great and a mighty nation; but the day of this international isolation of the United States is passing by, and when we emerge from the present conflict we shall have responsibilities to face, we shall have work to do, which we cannot evade, which we cannot shirk; and we, too, side by side with the nations of Europe, must recognize our duties to the world, our duties to mankind, the work for humanity which devolves upon us as one of the great powers of the globe.

These events may indeed change the past policy of the United States. The work that devolves upon the present generation is that of adapting our government, our institutions, to the performance of these new duties, for, willingly or unwillingly, we shall be obliged to assume the responsibility for—whether we administer it directly or indirectly—the government of Cuba and of Porto Rico, and we shall be obliged to take up the burdens which we are forcing Spain to lay down. [*Applause.*] We may be obliged to assume responsibilities in the far-off regions of the Pacific. While some of us may have felt doubtful as to the advisability of the annexation of the distant island of Hawaii as a measure of peace, we may all of us have to recognize it as a necessity of war, and be prepared to meet the new duties which the acquisition of that island will lay upon us. There are the duties of war, which are those of the immediate present; but when the work of war is done, when the armies and navies of the United States have accomplished the task that devolves upon them, then will come the no less difficult, the no less important duties of adjusting in peace the institutions of this nation to perform these new duties, to meet these new problems, which the restoration of peace, with the acquisition of new territory, will bring to us.

But, Mr. Commander, perhaps that is getting a long way off from the City of

Boston. The men of Boston, however, have always done their part, whether in war or in peace, in the performance of those duties of patriotism which the Nation has laid upon them, and they are performing the duties which are incumbent upon them in the army and navy of the United States to-day. The City of Boston is doing her full part in preparing to deal with these problems of the future to which I have briefly alluded. Let us, then, be among the first to recognize the inevitable course of events, to understand and to grasp the changed conditions of national life which have come upon us, and so be able to lead the way among the cities and States of this land in meeting the new responsibilities the future will bring upon us. [*Applause and cheers.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, I am obliged to transpose a toast as our Chaplain is obliged to leave at this hour. I will ask the Adjutant to read the toast of the Chaplain, which is the seventh regular toast.

The seventh regular toast:—

The Chaplain: Messengers of peace, the clergy seek to foster good-will among men; but when war wages, they teach patriotism as being a part of religion. [*Cheers. The band played "Onward, Christian Soldiers."*]

The COMMANDER. I know, gentlemen, that you would not forgive me if I allowed your Chaplain for the ensuing year to leave the hall and leave the city without hearing one word from him, at this banquet, for I know that what you heard this morning has only whetted your appetite to hear more and to meet him here face to face as a comrade and a soldier. [*Applause.*] I introduce to you my dear friend and comrade, Dr. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn, New York. [*Great applause.*]

REV. DR. R. R. MEREDITH.

Mr. Commander, Comrades,—There is n't any sort of use—now I am going to do my best as a matter of voice and health, for I have talked yesterday and to-day—there is n't any sort of use in my trying to stick to that toast. You don't want me to do it and I don't want to do it. The band has interpreted the case exactly and played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." That settles that [*applause*] as far as that. You have been listening to a very delightful and interesting and entertaining flow of history, and as the Chaplain of the year, if that is the honor that belongs to me, I thought it was only for a day—

The COMMANDER. It is twelve months.

Dr. MEREDITH. It's a whole year?

VOICES. It's a year.

Dr. MEREDITH. I will come again. [*Applause.*] The time that belongs to me, the very few minutes now, I want to devote to prophecy, and that belongs to a chaplain, to prophesy. The beauty of prophesying is that you know as much about it as anybody does and nobody can contradict you. [*Laughter and applause.*] I was beginning on that this morning when my time was up and I had to stop. I was beginning to tell you of some of the things that his Honor the Mayor has been alluding to here now. This nation henceforth is a world power [*applause*], and there will never be a congress of nations again while the world

stands where she will be left out. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] There will never be a concert of Europe again while the world stands; it will be a concert of the world powers. The United States will be there. [*Applause.*] That's where I left off this morning. Now, if I can join on and say two or three things that would not have been quite so fitting in the church, I will tell you some other changes that are going to be made by this war that has come.

In the first place, we are going to have a great big country. You think it is big enough. It is not big enough. [*Cries of "No."*] Of course it is not big enough. We are getting crowded already. We want a bigger country. Take in the Philippines? Yes, of course, every one of them [*applause*], Porto Rico, Cuba, and all the rest that are lying around loose [*applause*]; take them in, for England has shown herself to be the most magnificent governing power on this earth [*great applause*], and the United States stands next to her. [*Applause.*] We can govern, and the more we have to govern the steadier will we be at the centre, if you like, or Admiral, if you like it the better, the more level will be our keel. [*Applause.*] We want a bigger country; we want it in order to get bigger men.

Do you know, did you ever think, how few real world's statesmen we are raising in these days. We have got men from Utah, senators from Utah, and they know about Utah, and we have got men from this place and that and the other. We used to have men that would stand in this place and talk for the world. How many of them have we left? We have got men that are talking for States and for localities; and do you know—count upon your fingers—the number of men you have left that are world's statesmen and whose word goes out over the world? What is the matter? Yankee brain softening, is it? [*Cries of "No."*] Not much. That is not the reason. We have as brilliant young men coming out of our colleges to-day as ever went through college, magnificent minds, splendid fellows. They succeed in this line and that and the other, but they don't grow beyond a certain point in statesmanship, because they never have anything beyond a certain point to do. What do we want? We want a world. [*Great applause.*] We want to give our young fellows problems in the Philippines and problems in this place, that and the other, and we want to send young men into the congress of the world, so that they will come out the peers of the best men that live among the statesmen of the world to-day. That is what we need. [*Applause.*]

And we have got to have a bigger country because we want a bigger army and we want a bigger navy [*applause*]; and I will tell you, the results of the war will be that we will have both. Heretofore, when you raised the question in the Congress of the United States about building some battleships, there was one respectable Congressman from Indiana and he sat down and argued this way: "There is n't any ship, and they will never build a ship, that will fire a shot that will reach Lafayette County, Indiana. I am perfectly safe. I don't want any more." [*Great applause.*] That is a Congressman that is going to slide to the rear, and the business of this country for some years to come will be building battleships and cruisers, until we have a navy that will sail the seas fully up to all the necessities of the case. [*Applause.*] And a great many other things are going to come and the millennium is going to come, when you won't have any ships or any soldiers but will all beat your swords into ploughshares and pruning hooks and live in the millennium of eternal peace. [*Applause.*]

Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. Mr. Commander, from a heart — [*cries of "Go on," and prolonged applause, the Commander rapping for order.*] Mr. Commander, my old friend, I honor this Ancient and Honorable Company in its every member to-day, and I thank you, gentlemen, for the kindness and cordiality with which you have received me and my utterances, but there is not a single man of you could have brought me from my busy life to take the responsibilities of this day but your honored Commander. [*Cries of "Good," and great applause.*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, before I ask the Adjutant to announce the next toast I wish to say, because it is suggested by our worthy Chaplain, that England has not forgotten us this day. [*Applause.*] We have letters here. I will not take the time to read them all in full. I have a letter from our good friend, the Duke of Connaught, Commander at Aldershot [*applause*], also a letter from Lord Methuen, Commander of the troops at London [*applause*], and telegrams. But time goes on. Give your attention to the Adjutant.

Fourth regular toast: —

Our Country: From the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, our country is united in one glorious patriotic spirit, and "what God has joined together let not man put asunder." [*Ancients and guests rose and cheered. The band played "America."*]

The COMMANDER. Gentlemen, Comrades of the Ancients, I know you all thank heaven that you have lived to see this day. It is indeed a red letter day in the history of our country; for the war, terrible as it is, has at last cemented this country into one solid monument of patriotism from North to South and from East to West. I must read you, not a letter, but a card, which sounds rather warlike, because it comes from the camp of one of our regiments: —

CAMP ALGER, VA., May 30, 1898.

My dear Col. Bradley,—Your very kind invitation to be present at the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is received. I regret that circumstances over which I have little or no control will render it impossible for me to be with you in person, but I shall be in spirit. Col. Supplee has agreed to represent me at the board. Don't neglect to give him a warm reception for what he did for Massachusetts.

Yours always, CHAS. F. WOODWARD,
Col. Sixth Mass., U. S. V.

[*Applause.*]

And now, gentlemen, there comes with my official duties a personal pleasure in introducing to you one who, as Chief of Staff, although at a long distance, has kept in very close touch during the last twelve months with your Commander, and to-day, the last day in which we shall both serve you officially, I wish to thank him for the kind and encouraging words that have come by wire and mail from my Chief of Staff, Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee of the Fourth Regiment, Maryland National Guard. [*Great applause and cheers.*]

LIEUT.-COL. J. FRANK SUPPLEE.

Tom Hood has defined glory as being killed in battle and having your name spelled wrong in the report, so that nobody would ever know it. I noticed in the Boston papers and even in the announcement of my toast that a gentleman by the name of "Suplee" is to respond to that toast. I want to say to the reporters, mind your P's and Q's and give me another P. [*Applause.*] Therefore, this is a supplementary remark.

I could not let this occasion pass without, first, a personal sense of gratification expressive of what I have seen to-day. I have been like the country girl at a fair. I could not see for looking. [*Laughter.*] On every side the magnificent evidences of the growth of a great city, municipal improvements that are the wonder of every other city in the Union! For spirit, for dash, for vim, one hand on the past and the other reaching out for the future, Hail, Boston! hub of the universe once more! [*Applause.*] Will you leave us nothing? I, as a Baltimorean, have long been proud of the beauty of our women [*cries of "Good," and applause*], but as I have looked at your streets to-day, as far as my military eyes-to-the-front would permit [*laughter*], I have said to myself, "Verily, I am marching on Baltimore Street in place of Boylston Avenue." [*Applause.*] Such a church service it has never been my privilege to enjoy,—the sublimest music that ever came from human voices and attuned instruments. With an eye to the sacred, Boston, with her magnificent music, steps to the front and says, "We excel not only in commerce, in manufactures, in patriotism, but in the love of music and all that makes art beautiful, in this city." [*Applause.*]

But I am admonished that time flies and I must be brief with the big subject I have. [*Cries of "No."*] If you would ask me what was the foundation of the spirit that has been growing for thirteen years between Maryland and Massachusetts, I would tell you it was in 1875, when the Fifth Maryland Regiment came to your city. As a private in Company E, I marched past this very historic hall. Then we commenced to lay the foundations of the cementing of these two States in a union that is now completed. [*Applause.*] One by one there have come up from the Southland the men who have shown you that the past is only remembered that it may make the future more glorious. A Grady came from Atlanta [*applause*], and with silver tongue, standing in this very historic presence of Boston, pleaded for unity, and, as his monument reads to-day in Atlanta, died literally loving a nation into life. [*Applause.*] And then came the patriotic societies, one after another, the Sons of the Revolution, taking us back to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. They all have sown the seeds of patriotism that have fructified and brought forth the magnificent spirit that we greet in 1898 [*Applause.*]

And what has come to pass? We are all Yankees now, thank God. [*Applause.*] What was the sneer of the British at Bunker Hill, when they termed your ancestors Yankees, the sneer of dis-union in 1861, now long since forgotten, the sneer of the Spaniards, we hurl back in their teeth. We are all Yankees, from Maine to Georgia. [*Cries of "You're right," and great applause and cheers.*] And coming up from the South, the war reports show Lee in command of the infantry [*cries of "Good," and applause*], and Wheeler in command of the cavalry. [*Renewed applause.*] We say: "Our Bull Run is your Bull Run [*cries of "Right," your*

Gettysburg is our Gettysburg [*cries of 'Good,' and applause*], and we are a united country." It has been cemented by the death of the first sailor of the navy. Bagley of North Carolina [*applause*] at Cardenas offered his life upon the altar of his country, on a ship, the "Winslow," built at the Columbian Iron Works in Baltimore. [*Applause.*]

And now, as I stand in this historic presence, there come about me the shades of the departed. I read that Wendell Phillips stood here [*applause*], and speaking to an audience that even in Boston was hostile to an anti-slavery spirit, some one in the gallery halloed, "Louder, louder." Turning, with that infinite scorn that only Phillips could show, he made this statement: "I am talking loud enough for the reporters to hear me. I am talking to thirty-eight million people, who some day will make my words true." [*Applause.*] The New England spirit has spread until it is the spirit of America to-day. It has been said that "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," that poets are born and not made. Therefore, I look upon you with envy when I realize that Massachusetts men are born and not made. [*Laughter.*] You have come precious near making me a Massachusetts man during this past year [*applause*], and I can only say that, if am not fit I fit as well as a Southern man can.

Before I go to my last point, though, let me say this: Your Chaplain has voiced the spirit of progressive America.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours,"

for the future. With that true English spirit that has flowed in your veins for two hundred and sixty years you have put the Union Jack, the cross of Saint George, alongside our starry banner. May they never be separated. [*Applause.*]

The future is this: It is the Anglo-Saxon race against the Latin race the world over. The civilization of 1492, the wrongs of Spanish misrule, must give way before the enlightened spirit of nineteenth century progress, and that cross must be carried with yonder banner, so that the drum beat of America shall never cease around the globe. [*Applause.*]

I intend to tell you just one story, because it fits in my mind. [*Cries of "Go on."*] Down in Baltimore we tell the story of an Irishman who attended, shortly after his arrival in this country, his first county fair. Looking at a cage of jackass rabbits, he said to the keeper, "And phwat is that you have in that cage? D'ye mind telling me?" The man said, "Those are jackass rabbits." "Why, why, why! I never saw the like o' that in Oireland. How d'ye get them?" The man, winking to the man at the next stand, said, pointing to some pumpkins, "Those are eggs over there. If you buy one and sit on it you can hatch out a jackass rabbit just like that." The credulous Celt invested fifty cents and took home the harmless vegetable. He sat on it, wearily, for several weeks, and then, in disgust at his failure, he took it out in the field, and, throwing it through the bushes, it burst in the centre of the field into a thousand fragments. He said, "There, bedad, you're a humbug." But it happened that he scared up a jackass rabbit in the bushes and it broke and ran to cover. Elevating his voice he said, "Come back, come back, I'm your father, I'm your father." [*Laughter and applause.*] And now for the application. I have tried to do some things in my humble way, in my far-off home at Baltimore, for the good of the public. I got

up the high license law once, as chairman of a committee of one of our principal trade bodies, the M. & M. Association. We took it to the Legislature and we passed it through. It reduced the number of saloons one third, so that we came near being as total prohibition a town as Boston. [*Laughter.*] It increased the tax receipts from this source over five hundred thousand dollars annually. I thought I had done something, and so last year, when my enthusiastic friends concluded that I ought to be the next Mayor of Baltimore, in my campaign they issued a paper and they brought this out with great head lines: "Father of the High License Law." The ink had not been dry on the paper when a man rushed into my headquarters, a warm friend and one of the Liquor License Commissioners. He said, "Colonel, is this issued with your permission?" I said, "I guess it is. What is it?" He said, "You will lose every saloon vote in this town, and every Dutchman is against you at once. For God's sake call back this paper." I had to call it back — "Come back, come back, I'm your father, I'm your father." [*Laughter and applause.*]

But there was one other thing recently. When I was a boy, nine or ten years old, the magnificent Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was attacked in the streets of Baltimore. I remember that night, when my father gathered us around for prayer — he was Union to the core, thank God, clear to the backbone [*applause*] — he said, "My children, Baltimore has disgraced herself in the eyes of the nation to-day. I am too old to fight." He was then a judge on the bench. Turning to me he said, "My son, I am sorry you are too young to take up your musket and fight for your country." But I am glad that the other day a man brought in a despatch from the Boston *Journal* to the Baltimore *Sun* with these words: "The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment may pass through Baltimore to-day or to-night." Mayor Malster, big-hearted ship builder, magnificent character he is, sent for me and said, "Colonel, what can we do for these boys?" I said, "Thank God for the opportunity of my life." He made me Chairman of the Committee. We called together such as we could. Money was easy to raise. "What can we do?" Then followed the telegrams that were sent to your Mayor, and back came his telegram: "The Sixth Massachusetts will pass through Baltimore. Anything you can do for her will be an honor to old Boston." Then came from Harry Hartley at State Camp: "The Sixth Massachusetts is the best blood of the old Bay State. Do what you can for her. Nothing is too good." [*Applause.*] We got ourselves together, and, if you will let me, just in a few minutes I will picture the scene as we saw it that day. Everything had to be hurried.

At Mount Royal station the greensward of the park slopes down on every side. It is a scene for a painter or an artist's eye, and your paper yesterday has well reproduced it. On the front of it the people had gathered and were permitted to sit on the grass, until the ancient Colosseum is duplicated in twenty-five thousand people, waiting for the Sixth Massachusetts. In front is the escort, which I had the honor to command, of five hundred men, led by a company from the Fire Department, marching as infantry. As we brought our guests out we placed our Mayor upon the portico with a magnificent floral token, and with him the most prominent citizens. When Col. Woodward reached the depot, in a few words I introduced myself, and he had received his orders from Gen. Corbin to march through the city. As we came out of the depot, five bank presidents

marching alongside of me in front, the best that we had of the social, of the financial, of the patriotic feeling of old Baltimore was there. [Applause.] I had reserved one half of the station and the grounds for ladies exclusively, and then the women of Maryland caught the idea that you and I could not have thought of, and as the column turned to the right and in column of battalions massed in front the women literally showered the flowers upon them until you could not see them for the floral tokens. [Great applause.] Men of the Sixth Massachusetts, who will face the serried ranks of Spanish steel without a murmur or without a tremor, seemed absolutely overcome. Col. Woodward said: "This is the most magnificent reception I have ever seen in my life," with tears in his eyes, as twenty-five thousand people stood and cheered for Massachusetts until you could not hear the drum corps play. [Prolonged applause.] Then the line of march was taken up and through that city it is doubtful where the cheering was greatest, whether along Charles Street, in the homes of the rich, down Baltimore Street, through the homes of the merchants and the wealth and the property of the town, or in the poorer district. Rich vied with poor as we paid back the debt, and we hope, standing here in the sight of God who records the deeds of men, that what happened in '61 will be forever forgotten in Boston [cries of "Good," and great applause], that you will only remember that now this is a reunited country and that "What God has united let no man put asunder." [Renewed applause.]

You had a Chaplain a few years ago, Mr. Commander, whose name is Dr. L. T. Townsend, of Watertown, now the editor of the Baltimore *Methodist*, and my former pastor. The lines that I shall read — I only ask as a favor that the press will not take it, as it will be published in a magazine — are his words. But before I read them in finishing, let me say that, personally, it has been my pleasure to follow you, sir. Never have I been more honored. Never have I been made to feel more welcome, — at Baltimore, when you were there; at Buffalo, when we marched side by side; in this old Faneuil Hall, with its sacred memories. I hand back my appointment to you and say that of all the feeble honors that God and man may have given I esteem the highest to have been Chief of Staff for one year of the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Great applause.] Dr. Townsend has written these words: —

"Yells and missiles fill the air,
Angry men are everywhere.
Baltimore's reception this,
Through clenched teeth with vicious hiss,
'Damn the Bay State Regiment,'
Is our lasting sentiment.
Now shed blood. The deed 't is done.
What 's the year? 'T is '61.

"Shouts and plaudits fill the air,
Rosy garlands everywhere.
Baltimore's ovation this,
Though the heroes dead we miss.
'Hail the Bay State Regiment!'
This our fervent sentiment,
'Welcome, welcome, to our State.'
What 's the year? 'T is '98."

[Great applause, the band playing "Maryland, my Maryland."]

The COMMANDER. — We have left the two branches of the service until this hour, two branches which are in the mind and heart of every soldier, — the army and navy of the United States. Give your attention to the Adjutant.

Sixth regular toast: —

The Army and the Navy: When needed, they have never failed to respond. The battlefields and decks of our men-of-war have in the past been made luminous by their deeds of heroism, and to-day we pledge to each our undivided support. [Cheers. The band responded with "The Red, White, and Blue."]

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I must read a short letter: —

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH CORPS U. S. VOLUNTEERS,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA., June 2, 1898.

COL. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commander A. & H. A. Co., Boston, Mass.:

Sir, — I hope that you will convey to your Company my appreciation of their invitation to be present at their annual celebration, and express my regret at my inability to accept it.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

FITZHUGH LEE.

[Applause.]

Let me read just one word from another letter before I introduce the speaker. I know some of the gentlemen directly in front of me, members of the Governor's Staff, will appreciate the very few lines that I am allowed to take out of this letter, for it comes from one of our fellow members of the Governor's Staff, who was associated with us for quite a number of months. That part which I wish to read comes after some two pages of personal matter, and is as follows: —

"I will give your message to Gen. Lee with much joy. He is a brick.

"Yours,

CURTIS."

Col. Curtis Guild, formerly of Gov. Wolcott's Staff. [Applause.] That is the opinion of a Massachusetts man of Gen. Lee of Virginia.

And now, gentlemen, we are getting near the close of our celebration, but, in all our hearts, there is the warmest place reserved for the Army and Navy of the United States. I will not take the time for one moment to say one word in regard to the deeds of that army that was always ready when needed, but I will introduce to you to speak for it, Capt. William Quinton of the United States Army. [Applause.]

CAPT. WILLIAM QUINTON, U. S. A.

Gentlemen, — For the first time in my life I appear as a substitute. I did not understand when I was invited to this dinner that I would be called upon to speak at all; but I appreciate the honor that has been paid me by my selection, and I do wish to say a few words.

I was struck the other day with a cartoon in one of the papers. Some of those cartoons are far reaching, and when they strike the eye their memory lasts a long time. It was Uncle Sam. He had ranged in front of him a line of sailors, and he had his hands out this way, expressing his satisfaction, as he remarked: "Well, they're chips of the old block." The army, so far, has been overshadowed by the operations of the navy. The army, at the breaking out of the war, consisted of twenty-five thousand men. It was expanded by the addition of two artillery regiments until its strength became twenty-six thousand and some one or two hundred; I forget now just the exact figures. It had a proposition before Congress to expand it in time of war so as to make it one hundred thousand, or in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to be closed up again at the conclusion of the war, if necessary, to the status that the war had found it in. The proposition, for some reason or other, was defeated in Congress. Congress appeared to fear an expansion of the regular force. The impression prevailed, and indeed it is true, that in a great emergency the country would have to rely upon the patriotic support of all of the people of the country. But Congress, it seems to me, purposely misunderstood the proposition made for this temporary expansion. The intention of the army was simply to form a solid line for the patriotic element that exists in the country to form behind; to give this patriotic element time to organize.

Some years ago, I attended a dinner given by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion at Denver, and submitted a proposition that was placed before all these associations throughout the country, calling upon Congress to increase the navy. One member of the order, Judge Symes, got up and stated that he desired to place himself on record as opposed to this scheme. He said it was simply a scheme of contractors, that we didn't require any navy and we required but a small army. He said that all that Uncle Sam would have to do in case of war would be to send to the highest pinnacle of Pike's Peak a bugler to sound the assembly, when navies would materialize from the deep and armies would gather from all parts of the continent to oppose themselves against any enemy, and they would face a world in arms. I stated, "Well, Judge, we have heard from you. We are here for dinner. I don't suppose any gentleman in the audience that is assembled here proposes any reply. I move that we proceed to vote, without any discussion." The Commander submitted it to vote. "All those in favor, say 'aye.'" Shouts of "Aye." Every man in the room rose up but one. The Commander said, "Contrary; no." Judge Symes found himself in the room alone, — a glorious minority.

Now, gentlemen, the army is very little heard from, because it is small and scattered all over the country. The snows of Montana, the sands of Arizona, the sage brush of the plains, and the swamps of Florida, — we are all over the country, perhaps two or three companies at a place. Some stations are fortunate enough to have a regiment. We have been trying for years to have regiments together, and we have succeeded in having a regiment at Chicago, a regiment at Salt Lake, a regiment at Denver, a regiment at Omaha, a regiment and a few batteries at the Presidio at San Francisco. I believe that I have enumerated all of the regimental stations over this continent. In 1890, when the Indians were troublesome at South Dakota, to get a few thousand men together we had to assemble them from all points of the compass. These men were gathered at

great expense, with great difficulty, but we got them together. And following the Wounded Knee campaign they went quietly back to their stations, — so quietly, indeed, they were never heard from, following the incident.

Gentlemen, it is getting late. I don't believe, Mr. Commander, I will consume any more of your time. It is getting late. As one speaker here for the army, I have to thank you for your kindness in presenting me. [*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. The navy, from Manila to Santiago, has been heard, and the echoes of her guns are still reverberating in our ears. Thank Heaven, from this day forth even our Chaplain, a man of peace, says we shall have a larger navy to remain with us until the millennium. [*Applause.*] And now, gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Rear Admiral George E. Belknap of the United States Navy. [*Great applause.*]

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP.

Mr. Commander and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I beg to say at the outset I have been trained to navy guns and not to speak, and I cannot use my tongue very well without the use of manuscript. Therefore, I will ask your indulgence in that respect.

Admiral BELKNAP. In obeying your summons to respond in behalf of the Navy to the toast of the Army and Navy, I wish that some officer on the active list were standing in my place to attend to such pleasurable duty in my stead, for the statutes of the land relegated me some four years ago to the sere and yellow leaf of old age and decrepitude, from whose shades of senility and retirement no peep of sentiment nor expression of opinion on service matters is expected to be heard. Yet when men still on the active list are not present to do honor to the profession on an occasion like this, what can I do but acknowledge in words — more or less fitting — your tribute to that noble service in whose welfare and honor the inmost fibres of my being have been bound up for half a century and more.

But let me amend your toast by adding to it the Marine Corps, for that organization of web-footed soldiery is not only part and parcel of the Navy, but rightfully shares in all the traditions and glories of the sea-arm of the national defence. Whenever, indeed, the blue-jackets and marines of the navy have paraded the streets of this city on occasions of State and national import, I feel sure you could not help noting and admiring the jaunty swing of the one and the soldierly port of the other, and I beg you to remember that in all deeds of daring and high enterprise they go hand in hand together.

But, Mr. Commander, since the sea exploits of your ancient organization and its invasion of England last summer, I think we must throw out our grapnels and haul you on board the naval craft also.

We navy folk have prided ourselves on the fact that Paul Jones of salt-sea memory swept up the British Channel in Revolutionary days with his Continental ships, and harried all the coasts of the British Isles under the new and conquering flag of the Republic, but you Ancients, "you 'uns" as the Southrons would say, not only swept across the Atlantic, but invaded the royal precincts of Windsor and the battlemented walls of London's historic tower, bearing the flag, full high

advanced, to quarters hitherto unknown to that glowing emblem of our national might and sovereignty. Like Vikings you landed and conquered, and doffing for a while your elemental raiment of the sea,

"In blue and gold you clothed, 'and of your feast
Princes partook and deemed their dignity increased.'"

But a querulous New York journal hinted that your wake across the Atlantic, both going and returning, could be traced by a continuous line of darkening magnums, whose emptiness bespoke the ravages of thirst that sea air and your native codfish ever creates. Lucky it was for the tempest-tossed mariners of all nations that the present war was not upon us then, for those Dahlgren gun-shaped objects of jetsam might have been taken for Spanish torpedoes!

To my mind, however, those alleged empty bottles, floating on the great waste of waters, their proper use gone forever, spoke eloquently of good old-fashioned sea routine, diligently observed.

However that may be, we know that your spiritual welfare was dually provided for from the fact that you carried two chaplains on board to help protect you from "the violence of the enemy and the raging of the sea." I can fancy that as true ministers of grace, keeping watch and watch, like good sailors, over you, while you slept the sleep of the just or rolled and groaned in sea-sick despair in your narrow, sweltering bunks, and kicked yourselves for the foolishness that had brought you into such straits of discomfiture!

One of them I must claim for the navy, for in his early manhood, not yet out of his teens, he got his baptism of fire in a gunboat off Charleston and other ports of the Carolina coast in rebellion days; a fire not of the wild Spanish sort, but a fire directed by the cool nerve, quick eye, and steady hand of men of our own race — who shot to hit. I regret that he is not here to-day, for he knows from experience what the navy is. He knows its merits and its faults, as well as its glories and its aspirations. He knows that the men of the sea are generous to a fault; that political manipulation is to them a sealed book; that their highest desire is to serve God, the flag, and the country. He knows too that the one prerogative of the sailor is the right to growl; that the sailors' growl clears the air on shipboard like a thunder-storm on land. That once over, the loyal, patriotic devotion of the man comes forth renewed, refreshed, and regenerated for any work he may be called upon to do.

And I notice that my friend of such experience and ken is at the forefront of much of the best endeavor in Boston. Looking out from the State House terrace the other day at the First Regiment of State Artillery as it marched up Beacon Street for review by the Governor, on its way to garrison Fort Warren or Independence, I noted in the column in his appropriate place that sailor chaplain who with strident tread and gallant port was now, as in 1861, illustrating his faith in the flag and its cause by sterling example and matter of fact work. I need not name him for it is an incomplete day when you, the Ancient of Days of this Commonwealth, do not have him with you to round out your exercises with eloquent speech and God's blessing; but I trust he found a comfortable bunk down the harbor, and so did not have to sigh for the inviting swing his hammock on board the old gunboat "Seneca" used to afford him in the long ago when, after tattoo, sweet sleep readily closed his youthful but tired eyes, and he knew no difference between Yanks and Rebs in his soothing dreams.

But this is prolonged palaver, and the toast in hand is already getting cold, yet what greater inspiration for naval speech than that portrait of stout, burly Hull looking down upon us now from yonder wall?

Eighty-six years ago that stout old Captain and his officers sat down in this very hall to a banquet given by the citizens of Boston in honor of their victory over the British frigate "Guerrière." John Adams presided and Boston's best joined in the festivities that celebrated that grand work of Hull, his officers and men — the first victory of moment in the war of 1812. Up to the time of that notable sea fight, our arms had met with defeat or disaster on almost every hand, and deepest gloom spread all over the land. Suddenly one August day — the 30th — the "Constitution," came sailing up Boston Bay the joyous herald of her own victory over the "Guerrière" twelve days before. The glad tidings flew with magical swiftness over the country. It assured our people that on the sea, which England had claimed for its own, we were ready for war's grimmest work with equal chance of success. Victory after victory followed Hull's leading triumph, and from the days of Paul Jones and Hull and Farragut and all their gallant compeers, down to this day of Dewey and Schley, Sampson and Hobson, the country has to rejoice in the possession of its navy and to exult at its achievements, both in war and peace.

In the war that is now upon us, the navy, as was to be expected from the condition of things, has thus far had the only part.

It has already won fresh glories for the flag, and every day adds to the glowing chronicle of its valor and the splendor of its achievements.

Manila Bay and Cardenas, Cienfuegos and Santiago assure us that the spirit of the navy never ran higher, nor gave better illustration of its dauntless courage than it shows to-day. The names of Dewey and Dyer, Gridley and Lamberton, Coghlan and Wilde, Wood and Walker, Breckenridge and Bagley, Bernadou and Hobson already swell the grand records of naval intrepidity, and every officer and man in the service is filled with burning desire to be at the enemy. Dewey's victory at the Philippines was unparalleled in some of its aspects; the daring of the torpedo boat, "Winslow" at Cardenas when young Bagley and several men lost their lives, and Bernadou was blown overboard, was a piece of work, unmatched in its line of pluck and purpose, while the desperate deed and brilliant success of Hobson and his brave fellows of the "Merrimac" the other day at Santiago tell us that the spirit and dash, the cool determination and resolute performance of a Somers or a Cushing, still have grandest illustration in our noble navy.

It may interest you to know that one of the boys we turned out from the State schoolship "Enterprise" was one of the "Concord's" crew at Manila Bay and that two others were in the "Marblehead's" boat when, under a hail of fire, she cut the cables at Cienfuegos a few days ago. Thus you see how equally valor and sturdy endeavor illumine the service record in every direction.

I could go on and on but I have said enough to assure you that the navy will never fail the country in any emergency, no matter how grave or startling.

But, thank God, this war that we now have upon us is with a foreign power, and not with our own countrymen. The first officer to lose his life after the declaration of war was Breckenridge, washed overboard from the torpedo boat "Talbot"; the next was Bagley, killed in battle at Cardenas, both from the South. Let us note, too, that Hobson, whose valiant deed at Santiago on Friday last so

electrified the nation, is from the South also. These facts show us how the wounds of civil war now are being healed by the joint valor of a united people. [Great applause]

Gentlemen, I thank you.

The COMMANDER. We have a letter from our old friend, Secretary Long, who wishes us a happy day and a prosperous life, and also one from Gen. Miles in the same tenor. From Richmond, Va., we have "The best love of your friend, Capt. Frank W. Cunningham." [Applause.] I understand the Secretary of State, Col. Olin, was obliged to leave the hall on account of a previous engagement made. I understand from the Sergeant-at Arms that I am right. Therefore, our toast to the Invited Guests will have to be omitted here, but I will see that the Secretary of State makes that speech and that it is recorded in the annual report for this year. [Cries of "Good," and applause.]

And now, gentlemen, I wish to thank you very heartily for your kind attention to the speakers this afternoon. This closes our ceremony at the hall. The Company will form in Merchants Row, as usual. Members of the Governor's Staff and military guests will please report to the Chief of Staff.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

From Faneuil Hall to the Common the Ancients marched through State, Washington, School, and Beacon streets, halting at the State House to take Gov. Wolcott and his Staff under escort. As they entered the parade ground, a salute of twenty-one guns, fired by a detail from Battery C, Light Artillery, M. V. M., Capt. Stedman, greeted his Excellency. The usual program was followed. The Governor, accompanied by Adj.-Gen. Dalton, Surgeon-Gen. Blood, Commissary Gen. Appleton, and Colonels Capelle, Robins, and Billings of his Staff, inspected and reviewed the Company. The Ancients then formed a square and, on a drum head, elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—

Captain. — Major LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY, of Lawrence.

First Lieutenant. — GEORGE H. INNIS, of Boston.

Second Lieutenant. — Sergt. J. M. USHER, of West Medford.

Adjutant. — Capt. J. HENRY BROWN, of Charlestown.

First Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. PHILEMON D. WARREN, of Brighton.

Second Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. LAURENCE J. FORD, of Boston.

Third Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. WILLIAM H. MILLS, of Boston.

Fourth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. CHARLES S. DAMRELL, of Boston.

Fifth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. FREDERICK E. BOLTON, of Dorchester.

Sixth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. HENRY H. LITCHFIELD, of Plymouth.

First Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. WILLIAM A. MORSE, of Tisbury.

Second Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. HENRY H. NEWCOMB, of Dorchester.

Third Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. BENJAMIN A. STILES, of Roxbury.

Fourth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. FRANK W. HILTON, of Roxbury.

Fifth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt.-Major HENRY W. PATTERSON, of Boston.

Sixth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. JAMES W. GREENALCH, of Roxbury.

Seventh Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. THOMAS M. DENHAM, of New Bedford.

Treasurer and Paymaster. — Lieut. EMERY GROVER, of Needham.

Clerk and Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, of Boston.

Quartermaster and Armorer. — Lieut. JOHN H. PEAK, of Dorchester.

Adj. Trifet reported the result of the election to Adj.-Gen. Dalton, who in turn reported it to Gov. Wolcott, and the commissioning of the newly-elected Commander, Lieutenants, and Adjutant followed. This ceremony was witnessed by a great crowd of people, all within the lines having been admitted by ticket, some of whom occupied chairs while others had to stand. The weather was delightful. The rain of the previous week had given place to a typical Ancients' anniversary day, minus the shower which often comes in the afternoon, and the fear that the parade ground would be so damp under foot as to be disagreeable proved not to have been well founded.

Speeches were made by the Governor and by the outgoing and incoming officers. They were as follows:—

COMMANDER BRADLEY'S REMARKS UPON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency. — One year ago on this historic field I had the great pleasure of receiving from your hands these insignia of office, promising with singleness of heart to do my whole duty as a soldier and Commander.

During my term of office the soldierly discipline and patriotic spirit of the Corps have been most commendable, as illustrated by the offer of their services as a Company to your Excellency in defence of the Commonwealth, and the voluntary enlistment of many of its members in the service of the nation in the war with Spain, in which we are now engaged.

I now retire from office, grateful to my comrades for the unqualified support they have given me and which I know they will bestow upon my successor, a gallant soldier in the War for the Union.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REPLY TO COMMANDER BRADLEY.

Col. Bradley. — I receive at your hands the insignia of office which you now surrender to the Executive of the Commonwealth. You early gave proof of your loyalty to the United States by being one of the youngest sons of Massachusetts to volunteer in the War of the Rebellion. More recently, you had the honor of bearing the national colors during the memorable visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in London, which did so much to bind more closely the ties of kinship and of community of interest which unite us with the mother country. As a good citizen, you have served the Commonwealth and the Government of the United States. I congratulate you upon your year of honorable service as the commanding officer of this Company.

Gen. Dalton, you will receive from Col. Bradley the insignia of office.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REMARKS TO THE NEWLY-ELECTED COMMANDER.

Major Duchesney, — I congratulate you upon your election as the commanding officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. You bring to that service military training, attained not only during the War of the Rebellion, but during a long and honorable service in the militia of this Commonwealth. You have memories, Major, that are found in the breasts of few men. It was your privilege to march with the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers when they made that march through Baltimore where was shed the first blood of Massachusetts and of the Northern Army in the War of the Rebellion. How your heart must have throbbed with sympathy as you read the accounts of the recent march, under what changed conditions, of that same regiment through the streets of Baltimore, when her citizens and officials showered them with flowers and did what could be done to obliterate from memory whatever bitterness attached to that earlier and lamentable incident. I congratulate you upon your election, and Gen. Dalton will hand to you, in the name of the Commonwealth, the insignia of office.

COMMANDER DUCHESNEY'S REPLY.

Your Excellency, — I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for the kind words which you have just uttered, and the compliments which you have seen fit to pay me. You will forgive me, sir, if I feel doubly proud to-day, first, to receive the high honor to be elected, and second, to be commissioned by you, sir, as the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

You referred, sir, to the Sixth Massachusetts, which marched through the streets of Baltimore, a few days ago, and the grand reception it received, and the changes which have taken place, since I had the honor to march with that regiment, through that same Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861. My heart did thrill, when the other day I read of the magnificent reception given the old regiment by the people of Baltimore, and the joy which every loyal American must have felt to see, at last, a united country.

I will not inflict upon you any further remarks. I know that you must be weary from the labor and worry of preparing the Massachusetts troops for the war, and the many demands on your time. I again thank you.

REMARKS OF LIEUT. E. P. CRÄMM, UPON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION AS FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Your Excellency, — One year ago I received at your hands this emblem of office as First Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. One year I have received the honors and performed the duties of the office. To-day I return it to you with the hope that the duties of the past year have been performed in a manner acceptable to you. Your Excellency, I now surrender to you my commission.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REPLY.

Lieut. Crämm, — Among the pleasant recollections of your life, I am sure, will be the past year, during which time you have served as Lieutenant of this Ancient and Honorable Company. In the long roll of its membership, and of its officers,

there are names honored in civil and in military life, and it must be a matter of pride to you that your name is upon that list. Gen. Dalton will receive from you the insignia of office, and I assure you, Lieutenant, that the best wishes of the Commonwealth go with you.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REMARKS TO THE NEWLY-ELECTED FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. Innis, — It has been with great pleasure that I have heard of your election as Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for the coming year. You have served your country in the field, as well as in important and responsible positions in civil life. I congratulate the Company upon their choice, and I congratulate you, sir, upon the office upon which you now enter. Gen. Dalton will give you the insignia of office.

REPLY OF FIRST LIEUT. INNIS.

Your Excellency, — For your kind words in presenting me this insignia of my office, I thank you, and I appreciate it the more highly it having come from your hands. In this year to come, I will use my best endeavor to carry myself as a soldier. Your Excellency, I thank you.

SECOND LIEUT. BLACKINTON'S REMARKS UPON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — My term of office having expired, I now surrender my commission, and return to you the insignia of office which I received from your hands one year ago. I trust my efforts have met with the approval of your Excellency, also that of my comrades.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REPLY.

Lieut. Blackinton, — One year ago I had the honor of presenting to you the insignia of office which you now surrender. I assured you then that the confidence and the good will of the Commonwealth went with you, and I can assure you now, as you surrender them, that you have the respect of your comrades in this command and the good will of the Commonwealth.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REMARKS TO THE NEWLY-ELECTED SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. Usher, — I congratulate you upon your election as Lieutenant for the coming year, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Your name has been associated with the City of Boston and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in many honorable capacities for many generations. The good will of the Commonwealth, her confidence in the manner in which you will perform your duties, go with you as you enter now upon the duties to which you have been elected. Gen. Dalton will present you with the insignia of office.

LIEUT. USHER'S REPLY.

Your Excellency, — I appreciate the honor conferred upon me and will endeavor to do my duty as Second Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REMARKS TO ADJT. TRIFET UPON HIS SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Adj. Trifet,—As I heard this morning in the Old South Church the roll called of the members of this Company that have died during the past year, I could not but remember how long that roll now is, dating back in its earlier membership to the very foundation and first settlement of the City of Boston, then the little town upon three hills, and I felt that any one whose name was enrolled upon that roll might well consider it an interesting and a gratifying circumstance. As you surrender the office which you now hold I congratulate you upon the year that has passed. It has been an eventful year, a year which has touched the great heart of this country and has filled it with patriotic loyalty to the flag which your Company bears.

Gen. Dalton, take from Adj. Trifet the insignia of office.

ADJT. TRIFET'S REPLY.

Your Excellency,—I thank you for the very kind words which you have expressed. I have endeavored to perform the duties incumbent upon me during the year as best I knew how, and if I have the approval of your Excellency and the officers and members of the Company I shall be amply repaid for what labor I have done in that office.

GOV. WOLCOTT'S REMARKS TO THE NEWLY-ELECTED ADJUTANT.

Adj. Brown,—As you enter upon the duties to which you are elected I give you the congratulations of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. You have served the United States of America in the field during the War of the Rebellion; you have faithfully served the Commonwealth in her own militia for many years. During this year, when the great heart of this country is throbbing with patriotic loyalty, as we read from day to day the heroism of the young men of to-day at Manila or at Santiago, I feel that we are in a position to appreciate perhaps more highly, if that were possible, the equal heroism of the men from '61 to '65 who served the great cause and who offered their lives to their country. It is as one of those men, sir, that I greet you to-day. Gen. Dalton will present you with the insignia of office.

ADJT. BROWN'S REPLY.

Your Excellency,—Your kind words and flattering remarks are very pleasing to me. All I can say is, I thank you, and when I turn this insignia of office over to the next Commander-in-chief, I will return it, I hope, without stain.

The in-coming Sergeants took command of their companies. Commander Duchesney read General Order No. 1, appointing his staff for the year.

This closed the exercises on the Common. The Ancients escorted Gov. Wolcott to the State House and then marched to their armory and were dismissed for the day. Supper was served to them in the lower hall.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, PARADING JUNE 6, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Commander*.

Lieut. EDWARD P. CRAMM	First Lieutenant.
Lieut. L. A. BLACKINTON	Second Lieutenant.
Lieut. FERDINAND M. TRIFET	Adjutant.

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Lieut.-Col. J. FRANK SUPPLEE, *Chief of Staff*.
Major F. W. GRAVES, *Surgeon*.
Lieut. CHARLES W. GALLOUPE, *Assistant Surgeon*.
Lieut. J. E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon*.
Lieut. L. E. MORGAN, *Assistant Surgeon*.
Lieut. EMERY GROVER, *Paymaster*.
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster*.
Lieut. JOHN H. PEAK, *Quartermaster*.
Capt. GEORGE E. HALL, *Commissary*.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Major HENRY G. JORDAN, *Sergeant Major*.
Sergt. WILLIAM J. WILLEY, *Quartermaster Sergeant*.
Lieut. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Commissary Sergeant*.
FREDERICK H. PUTNAM, *Hospital Steward*.

HONORARY STAFF.

Past Commanders.

Col. HENRY WALKER.

Capt. EDWARD E. ALLEN.

Capt. JACOB FOTTLER.

Committee of Arrangements.

Capt. JACOB FOTTLER.	Commissary GEO. E. HALL.
Lieut. EDWARD SULLIVAN.	Quartermaster-Sergt. W. L. WILLEY
Lieut. JOHN E. COTTER.	Paymaster EMERY GROVER.
Private E. G. ALLEN.	Quartermaster JOHN H. PEAK.
Sergt. CHAS. H. PORTER.	Asst. Paymaster GEO. H. ALLEN.

And the COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Canvassing Committee.

Sergt. JOSEPH L. WHITE.	Lieut. C. C. ADAMS.
Sergt. FRANK HUCKINS.	Lieut. JOHN E. COTTER.
ROBERT H. UPHAM.	

HONORARY STAFF — *Continued.*

Col. WILLIAM C. CAPELLE, Governor's Staff.
 Col. EDWARD B. ROBINS, Governor's Staff.
 Col. F. W. WELLINGTON, Governor's Staff.
 Col. HARRY E. CONVERSE, Governor's Staff.
 Col. JOHN D. BILLINGS, Governor's Staff.
 Col. FRANK B. STEVENS, Governor's Staff.
 Capt. WILLIAM QUINTON, U. S. A.
 Capt. E. T. BROWN, U. S. A. (Fort Warren).
 Capt. LOTUS NILES, U. S. A. (Long Island Head).
 Lieut. FRED NOSTROM, 1st Mass. H. A. (Fort Warren).
 Capt. EDWARD M. CLARK, Governor's Foot Guards, Connecticut.
 Col. J. MASON GROSS, P. L. I. Veteran Association, Providence, R. I.
 Adj. A. J. DE BLOIS, Newport (R. I.) Artillery.
 Capt. BELDEN J. ROGERS, New York.
 Lieut. ALBERT A. GLEASON, 1st Mass. H. A., Fort Warren.
 Sergt. ARTHUR FULLER.

Officer of the Day.

Capt. CHARLES W. KNAPP.

On Special Detail.

ARTHUR T. LOVELL.

Personal Escort to Commander-in-Chief.

Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM.

Personal Escort to Invited Guests.

Col. EDWARD WYMAN. Major CHARLES G. DAVIS.

Flankers to the Commander-in-Chief.

Capt. WILLIAM H. JONES. Lieut. FRED I. CLAYTON.

Flankers to the Commander.

Major LAURENCE N. DUCHESNEY. Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT.

Right General Guide.

Capt. LAWRENCE J. FORD.

*Left General Guide.**Band Guide.*

WILLIAM HOWE MILLS.

Orderly to the Commander.

Sergt. ELMER G. FOSTER.

Markers.

Sergt. EDWIN WARNER.

WILLIAM B. HOLMES.

Church and Common Detail.

Lieut. EMERY GROVER, in charge.

Col. JOSEPH B. PARSONS.	Surgeon F. W. GRAVES.
Capt. THOMAS L. CHURCHILL.	Lieut. FRANK H. MUDGE.
Lieut. JOHN C. DALTON.	Sergt. JOSEPH L. WHITE.
Sergt. WM. TYNER.	Sergt. WILLIAM F. BACON.
Sergt. F. H. HUTCHINSON.	FRANK B. RIEDELL.
ROBERT H. UPHAM.	F. E. ATTEAUX.
GEORGE J. CROSS.	C. D. B. FISK.

INFANTRY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

Capt. CHARLES E. HOWE, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Edward E. Wells, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Capt. John C. Potter, <i>Left Guide.</i>
B. J. Parker.	Thomas W. Flood.
J. D. Nichols.	John White.
George White.	William H. Lott.
Capt. J. Henry Brown.	George H. Weldon.
Sergt. Arthur E. Leach.	George Cassell.
James Ellis.	Lieut. Thomas J. Tute.

SECOND COMPANY.

J. OTIS MCFADDEN, *Sergeant.*

G. H. W. Bates, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Frank P. Stone, <i>Left Guide.</i>
William Camfill.	C. W. Richardson.
M. Seamans.	Emile F. Williams.
William H. Jackson.	John H. Woodman.
R. J. Rodday.	Sergt. Thomas M. Denham.
Samuel H. Mayo.	E. H. Whitney.
Robert Burlin.	George B. Ketchum.

THIRD COMPANY.

EUGENE A. HOLTON, *Sergeant.*

S. I. Coy, <i>Right Guide.</i>	J. T. Dyer, <i>Left Guide.</i>
J. L. McIntosh.	J. E. Ames.
F. W. Richards.	F. L. Abbott.
William E. Nickerson.	D. E. Makepeace.
D. B. H. Power.	R. B. Richardson.
T. A. Boyd.	H. A. Thorndike.
William H. Tinsdale.	Sergt. Charles M. Pear.

FOURTH COMPANY.

HENRY W. TOMBS, *Sergeant*.

Joseph Hubbard, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Sergt. George L. Look, <i>Left Guide</i> .
James W. Robinson.	O. H. Brock.
W. L. Shearer.	Frederick D. Hicks.
William L. Miller.	William P. Stone.
C. E. Cummings.	J. T. B. Gorman.
George Gannon.	E. H. Grover.
Charles M. Robbins.	Sergt. W. M. Maynard.

FIFTH COMPANY.

WILLIAM S. BEST, *Sergeant*.

Sergt. J. M. Usher, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Sergt. F. W. Hilton, <i>Left Guide</i> .
S. W. Brackett.	W. H. Thomas.
D. B. Smith.	W. H. Ellis.
A. J. Bulger.	William N. McKenna.
Fred E. Bolton.	John B. Patterson.
George A. Fisher.	Henry C. Cottle.
E. H. Kavanagh.	W. S. Brewer.
	C. A. Woolley.

SIXTH COMPANY.

Sergt. WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, *Sergeant*.

Capt. George O. Noyes, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Capt. J. Henry Brown, <i>Left Guide</i> .
L. B. Abbott.	F. B. Wentworth.
Lieut. W. H. Marsh.	W. F. Skilton.
F. M. Mayo.	I. P. Smith.
Capt. E. A. Hammond.	Sergt. J. Frederick Sampson.
Frank A. Colley.	Sergt. John R. Newman.
John French Johnson.	Sergt. Joseph H. Brown.
Sergt. George A. Levy, <i>National Color Bearer</i> .	Capt. Walter S. Sampson, <i>State Color Bearer</i> .
Sergt. Albert L. Richardson.	Charles A. Meserve.

SEVENTH COMPANY.

Sergt. GEORGE E. ADAMS, *Sergeant*.

Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Major G. Howard Jones, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Joseph S. Williams.	C. C. Dunbar.
Charles W. Howard.	M. H. Whittridge.
William Oswald.	A. N. Webb.
William Otis Wiley.	C. Butcher.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Capt. EDWIN R. FROST, *Sergeant*.

Lieut. B. F. Barnard, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Col. Charles B. Stone, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Sergt. Henry F. Wade.	J. W. Sawyer, Jr.
George Bliss.	Josiah E. Daniell.
G. F. Walker, M. D.	Franklin T. Rose.
Major George H. Maynard.	A. J. Hilbourn.
Capt. L. J. Bird.	George W. Wilkinson.
George M. Potter.	Sergt. A. K. Loring.
Capt. A. N. Proctor.	George H. Maddock.

ARTILLERY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

HOWARD H. HAMILTON, *Sergeant*.

William A. Mason, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Benjamin Cole, Jr., <i>Left Guide</i> .
Milton C. Paige.	George L. Smith.
William Intyre.	J. A. Roarty.
Sergt.-Major H. W. Patterson.	J. M. Frye.
Frederick W. Tirrell.	F. L. Walker.
Francis E. Page.	H. M. Leland.
Stephen Gale.	Charles E. Coombs.

SECOND COMPANY.

M. J. GRODJINSKI, *Sergeant*.

Isaac A. S. Steele, <i>Right Guide</i> .	R. W. Bates, <i>Left Guide</i> .
E. P. Longley.	George W. Russell.
H. E. Pool.	J. M. Hilton.
G. H. Fox.	Thomas H. Bevan.
J. A. Plummer.	Frank Davidson.
J. A. Emery.	C. H. Boynton.
E. A. Boardman.	William O. Webber.

THIRD COMPANY.

EUGENE S. TAYLOR, *Sergeant*.

E. O. Bartels, <i>Right Guide</i> .	F. M. Glover, <i>Left Guide</i> .
W. J. Hugill.	George H. Morrill, Jr.
Westley Jones.	Benjamin A. Stiles.
James A. Davis.	A. B. Seeley.
T. W. Evans.	S. A. Neill.
C. N. Wood.	Edgar P. Lewis.
W. M. Clarke.	A. W. Bryne.

FOURTH COMPANY.

Sergeant.

James Edgar, <i>Right Guide.</i>	F. B. K. Marter, <i>Left Guide.</i>
J. E. Lynch.	H. O. Houghton.
W. J. Miller.	J. S. Williams.
William H. Lee.	H. F. Naphen.
J. W. McIndoe.	E. W. Jones.
J. M. Dexter.	P. H. McLaughlin.
	C. A. Leighton.

FIFTH COMPANY.

N. B. BASCH, *Sergeant.*

N. P. Hayes, <i>Right Guide.</i>	Major H. P. Williams, <i>Left Guide.</i>
Thomas Hensom.	William Hichborn.
John P. Hazlett.	Harry Hamilton.
William Carter.	Horace Partridge.
John H. Appleton.	Alex. P. Graham.
E. H. Doane.	G. H. Wilson.
A. W. Lyon.	F. H. Ivers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Following are some of the letters of regret at inability to be present which have been received:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

The President regrets his inability to accept the courteous invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, to be present at their anniversary celebration on Monday, June the sixth, eighteen hundred and ninety eight.

Monday, May the twenty-third, 1868.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

The Vice-President regrets that another engagement will prevent his acceptance of the kind invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, to be present at the celebration of their anniversary, on the first Monday in June.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, May 27, 1898.

Secretary Alger regrets that it will be impossible for him to accept the kind invitation to be present at the 260th anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, June sixth, 1898.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 28, 1898.

My dear Col. Bradley,—I have your very courteous letter of the 25th instant, urging me to accept the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts to be their guest at their coming 260th anniversary. It would certainly give me great pleasure to be with the members of your Company on this occasion, and it is with great regret that I have to send my declination. I am, however, under great pressure here, my time being very fully occupied, and I do not feel that I should leave at this time, even for a day.

With best wishes, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. D. LONG.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.*

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, May 25, 1898.

General Miles wishes to thank the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, for its cordial invitation to attend the banquet in celebration of its 160th anniversary, and to express his regrets at being unable to accept on account of press of business.

MASSACHUSETTS SENATE, PRESIDENT'S ROOM, STATE HOUSE,
BOSTON, June 6, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

P. O. B. 3037, Boston, Mass.

My dear Colonel,—I am very sorry that I was not able to accept your kind invitation and attend the exercises of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Association, held this day. I waited until the last moment before answering, in hopes that I might find time. There were so many things to be done, and so little time in which to do them, that I thought that I ought to deny myself the pleasure of attending your very interesting exercises. Please accept my regards. I am,

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. E. SMITH.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1898.

My dear Colonel,—I thank you very much for your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the anniversary of your Company, on next Monday. I regret exceedingly that I shall probably not be able to be in Massachusetts at that time and that I cannot therefore accept your hospitality and enjoy the imposing spectacle which would be presented by your Company in time of war.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. McCALL.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commander A. & H. A. Co., Boston, Mass.

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, May 28, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Boston, Mass.*

Dear Sir,—I regret very much that other and pressing engagements prevent my accepting the very gratifying invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, to be present at their banquet and anniversary celebration.

Thanking you very sincerely for the invitation, and wishing you an enjoyable and pleasant meeting, which I know you will have, I am,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LLEWELLYN POWERS.

BOSTON, MASS, May 24, 1898.

Dear Sir,—I hasten to thank you very sincerely for the courteous invitation extended to me by yourself, on the part of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, to be present at the celebration of their 260th anniversary.

It is with great regret that I find it will not be in my power to attend on this occasion. It is a pleasure that, especially after the kind reception I met with last year, I am indeed sorry to be obliged to forego. Believe me to be,

Yours most truly,

D. E. COLNAGHI.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commander Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

HEADQUARTERS RICHMOND LIGHT INFANTRY BLUE,
RICHMOND, VA., April 28, 1898.

Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN,

Clerk Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

My dear Sir,—Your esteemed favor of the 6th was duly received, but owing to the uncertain condition of affairs I have waited until it should appear more definitely where we might be on the first Monday in June. Both my companies have volunteered for the war with Spain, and their services have been accepted. It is highly improbable, therefore, that we shall be able to make the trip North this spring, and it is with regret that we have to abandon it.

We thank you and your Company, however, for their kind invitation, and trust that on some future occasion it may be our good fortune to be with you.

With kind remembrances to you and your Company, I am

Yours very truly,

SOL CUTCHINS, *Major.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

FARNBOROUGH, May 27, 1898.

The A. D. C. in waiting on H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is desired to thank the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, for the kind invitation for Monday, June 6, 1898.

To the Clerk to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

HEADQUARTERS 74TH REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G., N. Y.
VIRGINIA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y., June 4, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commanding A. & H. Artillery Co., Boston, Mass.

My dear Colonel,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation for June 6th.

My regiment is expecting orders, at any moment, to prepare for United States service, so that I deem it unwise to absent myself from my station at this time.

Please present my compliments to the Company, and say that I remember with pleasure the royal entertainment at Buffalo, and that I regret being unable to renew the charming acquaintances made at that time.

With my kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE C. FOX, *Colonel.*

HOME, ROXBURY, MASS., 206 Dudley St., June 3, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Commanding A. & H. A. Company.

Sir,—I have the honor to again acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary invitation to be the guest of the distinguished corps which you have the honor to command, at its Annual Spring Parade. I most heartily thank you and the members of the Ancients for this great consideration on their part, and for their kind remembrance of the writer.

Over fifty years ago I had the honor to be a sergeant in your ranks, little thinking I would pass forty-four years in the service of the United States Army as a commissioned officer. Such has been my fate. I am very proud of the fact that in early life I was an Ancient. The great kindness and consideration of the old Ancients extended to me in the years passed since my leaving the corps, has not only cemented my love, respect, and interest for the Company, but in my retirement I have watched its career with the same interest I had for it in my youthful days. I watched its magnificent trip to the old mother country, with

its remarkable record, unheard of in any age. I did have some fear as to the success of the trip,—it seemed too great a scheme,—but I was most happily disappointed.

To the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, I honestly believe, our glorious country to-day owes, in a great measure, the present fraternal relations which exist between England and United States. God knows what a wealth of benefit it is to us in this, the hour of our trial with a foreign power, especially as we, less than three months ago, were so totally unprepared for.

Thanking you again for the compliment extended, let me add, I think my physical ability is hardly up to the long march over the pavements, and I therefore deem it best that I decline the invitation to be one of your guests on the occasion of your parade.

God ever bless the old Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Respectfully, your obt. svt.,

N. A. M. DUDLEY,
Colonel and Brvt. Brig.-Gen'l.

PRESERVATION OF FANEUIL HALL.

Early in the season, by vote of the Company, on motion of Sergt. Frank Huckins, a committee was appointed, with full powers, to petition the City Government in relation to the matter of taking immediate steps for the preservation of Faneuil Hall.

The committee consisted of the Commander as chairman, Col. Henry A. Thomas, Capt. Jacob Fottler, secretary, Sergt. Frank Huckins, and Elbridge G. Allen.

An active campaign was immediately organized, and, with the generous assistance of the press of Boston, and the awakening of public interest by meetings, at our smoke talks, and through every honorable way possible, pressure was brought to bear upon the City Government to induce them to make an adequate appropriation for the safety of the old Cradle of Liberty, both against fire and structural weakness. Meanwhile, through the medium of a press clipping bureau, the committee were receiving from all over the United States the most encouraging assurance, through editorials and reports, that the entire country was deeply interested in this most patriotic movement.

A few editorial extracts from different sections of the nation show how intense this feeling was:—

“What is this? Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, denounced as a ramshackle death-trap. Independence Hall sends its condolence; but where are the Sons of the Sires of 'Seventy-six?”

“The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, is engaged in a campaign to preserve Faneuil Hall. This structure of glorious memories needs to be remodelled and to be made fire-proof. The mayor says that when it shall be determined what ought to be done, he will cheerfully urge upon the Council the necessary appropriation. The matter of providing for the preservation of the hall has been agitated for about twenty years, and nothing has been done. The sympathies of the nation are with the Ancient and Honorables in this campaign.”

“A good deal of anxiety is felt in Boston over the safety of the venerable Faneuil Hall in case of fire. The lower part is occupied by markets full of inflammable, oily material; and if a fire should ever get well a-going, it would be difficult to save the building, the upper story of which contains valuable relics and paintings. A movement is on foot to have the building made fire-proof.”

"Even those whose hearts swell with patriotic pride at the very mention of Faneuil Hall are forced to admit that the structure is a veritable fire-trap, and that a fire once started would mean the utter obliteration of this historic landmark, also the loss of many lives should the fire occur during a meeting, as owing to the interior arrangement of the building safe egress would be next to impossible. Attention was called to this matter over a year ago, and while the need of preventive measures was generally conceded, the authorities did nothing to make the building more safe. This time the matter should be agitated until something effective is accomplished."

"A Boston committee has wisely decided that Faneuil Hall should be permanently and not temporarily repaired. It is too great an historic landmark to allow any trifling with, but should be preserved as long as possible."

"All things considered, it is a marvel Faneuil Hall stands at this day. By any calculation of chances, it ought to have been burned down long ago. We may thank Providence that this venerable building has been spared so many years as a historical monument, a shrine for patriotic pilgrims, and a landmark of old Boston.

"The petition of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company asking that measures be taken to guard against the perils which Faneuil Hall has fortunately escaped so far should receive prompt and favorable attention from the City Government. It is not the first time that such warning has been given of the possible obliteration of this building. From time to time the condition of Faneuil Hall has been brought to public notice, and temporary measures have been taken to safeguard it against some of the more obvious perils of conflagration. But it has never been made safe, and it never will be so until the matter is taken up in earnest.

"What would Boston be without Faneuil Hall? We need only to imagine what its loss would be, to realize the necessity of protecting it at every point."

"Mayor Quincy recommended an appropriation which should be sufficient for the preservation of the hall that echoed to the eloquence of Otis and Samuel Adams, but nothing has been accomplished. Now that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company have taken the enterprise in charge, it is probable that something will be done. The country, as well as Boston, is interested in saving Faneuil Hall to future generations."

On Feb. 5 the following petition was presented to his Honor Mayor Quincy:—

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 2, 1898.

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY,

Mayor of Boston:

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, representing a committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, believe that some action should be taken by the

city of Boston towards the preservation of Faneuil Hall, which at the present time is in such a condition that should a fire occur its destruction would be inevitable.

We believe that one of the most historical buildings in the city of Boston—one of its brightest landmarks, visited by thousands of persons every year—should not be allowed to remain in such a state of insecurity. We, therefore, respectfully request that we may be granted a hearing in relation to this matter at as early a date as possible.

Very respectfully yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY, *Chairman.*

H. A. THOMAS.

E. G. ALLEN.

FRANK HUCKINS.

JACOB FOTTLER, *Secretary.*

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

Armory Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:

Dear Sir,—I acknowledge the receipt of a petition signed by yourself and others, as a committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, requesting a hearing in relation to the matter of taking steps for the better preservation of Faneuil Hall. As the communication is addressed to me, I presume that your committee desires to be heard by me. I shall be glad to see your committee for that purpose at twelve o'clock on Saturday, if that hour will be convenient. Of course nothing requiring any considerable appropriation can be done until action is taken by the City Council, and the matter will therefore finally have to be heard before the Committee on Finance.

I have already, since my recent conversation with you, asked Mr. Edward Atkinson, President of the Boston Manufacturers Mutual Fire Insurance Company, to prepare a plan and estimate for equipping Faneuil Hall with sprinklers, and I have a letter from him saying that he will be glad to give the matter immediate attention and careful study, and that he thinks that an adequate sprinkler service will suffice for the protection of the building without expensive fire-proof alterations. I would suggest that possibly it might be well for your committee to wait until I have received Mr. Atkinson's full report before calling to see me, but I leave this entirely to you, and shall be glad to see you at twelve o'clock on Saturday, if you do not think it best to wait.

Yours very truly,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

As seen from the above letter his Honor the Mayor gave the Committee an early hearing, which was reported in the daily press as follows:—

"While Boston was mourning to-day the loss of some of the bravest members of its Fire Department, a committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was urging upon Mayor Quincy the absolute necessity of doing some-

thing to preserve Faneuil Hall and to prevent needless sacrifice of human lives in case of fire at this historic edifice.

"Commander Bradley stated to the Mayor that the committee was not present especially for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, but that they had taken this matter up for the preservation of this historic building. 'The Ancient and Honorables probably appreciate the situation more than any one else, not only as to the danger from fire, but as regards the condition of the timbers.' He told the Mayor that the roof timbers appeared to be attacked by dry rot, and he feared that a similar condition existed at Faneuil Hall that was found at the Old State House, so that in considering this matter it was structural safety as well as danger of destruction by fire that should be kept in mind.

"The Mayor's attention was called to the important work that is being done by the Ancients in the way of a military library and museum, which is kept at the Armory, and he emphasized the great historic importance of Faneuil Hall as shown by the steadily increasing list of visitors. He did not deny that the movement on the part of the Ancients was a patriotic one, but above all motives is the one paramount duty of the city of Boston, to put Faneuil Hall not only in a fire-proof condition, but into an absolutely safe condition structurally.

"Should a fire occur in Faneuil Hall it would be unsafe for the firemen to go even on to the roof. The stairways are what is known as studding partitions and a fire would cut off egress in case that there was a gathering in the hall, or if the Ancients were in their armory.' Colonel Bradley repeated a conversation he had with Edward Atkinson regarding the placing of sprinklers throughout the building, but this would only be a temporary affair.

"It is not a question of how much or how little money, but shall we run the risk of losing Faneuil Hall by fire or from other causes? We say, no matter what the cost may be, the building should be made safe and fire-proof.'

"Mayor Quincy asked the committee if it had any definite plans, and if it believed in the entire reconstruction of the interior of the hall.

"Colonel Bradley stated that that was just what the committee believed must be done. No partial work should be permitted. That is, they did not want a dangerous building made partially safe by a partial preventive. If Faneuil Hall could not be made safe from top to bottom by reconstruction, until after the leases expire, then the proposition to put in sprinklers as a temporary safeguard would do, but this the committee would not recommend if thereby the necessary work of making the building fire-proof and otherwise safe was to be unnecessarily delayed.

"Ex-Alderman Fottler called the Mayor's attention to the various reports on the unsafe condition of the building that had been made during the past fourteen years.

"Mayor Quincy remarked that, in spite of the objection that might be raised to the sprinklers, he was inclined to think that, pending more extensive alterations, it would be desirable to put them in for whatever measure of protection might be in them.

"The committee laid special stress upon the injury that would be done by the sprinklers. The paintings in the hall, and the library and museum in the armory would be ruined, so that such fire protection should be made as briefly temporary as possible.

"Mayor Quincy stated that the first thing obviously to do was to have this matter thoroughly and scientifically planned from every standpoint. 'I had a report made, which came in last year, which gave an estimate of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for fire-proof reconstruction. I am confident that Professor Chandler and Mr. Atkinson's forces together can make a thorough study of this question, and find out what is best to be done. I am in favor of doing the right thing, whether it is great or little; but we cannot turn the tenants out into the street.'

"Ex-Alderman Fottler said he should dislike to see the occupants disturbed unnecessarily.

"MAYOR QUINCY, — When it has been thoroughly studied I am ready to recommend, regardless of the expense, whatever may be the proper solution of the problem. I received a letter from Mr. Atkinson to-day on this matter, stating that the hall would receive his immediate attention. He has an able corps of mill engineers, who will make an examination of the building and report. I will have the estimates that I referred to looked up and will ask Professor Chandler to call in any assistance he needs and request him to take the matter up with Mr. Atkinson and his engineers. In this way, I believe we will get the best recommendations that can be made. As soon as I receive their report I would like to lay it before your committee again, and then we will agree as to the appropriation necessary, which I will gladly urge upon the City Council to grant."

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY,

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 12, 1898.

Mayor of Boston:

Dear Sir,— Since our committee called on you I have had an interview with Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has given me in part some of the special points covered by his inspecting engineers. I have also visited the roof part of the hall, in which is located the Armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and after a personal inspection have come to the conclusion that, as Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I should not be justified in calling a meeting of the Company in the Armory until we are assured by your Honor that the city inspectors, whom you have especially assigned to this work, have found it perfectly safe. At some of our important meetings we are liable to have four hundred men present, fifty to one hundred of whom might be engaged in drill, both in marching and the manual of arms; the former, as you know, causing quite a vibration, which, when constantly being thrust against the walls of even a strong building, puts it to a severe test. I shall therefore ask the city, through the proper channel, for the use of the lower or main hall, in case of a regular or special meeting, until such time as the inspectors shall make their report. I am confirmed in this from the fact also that, in my opinion, it would be next to impossible to get two or three hundred men out of our armory in case of fire without serious loss of life. I desire also to condemn the so-called fire escapes, or ladders, on the outside of the building, which, while apparently holding out a means of escape, would only prove a well constructed death-trap in case of fire. As Commander of the Company and chairman of the committee this whole question weighs on me very heavily, and although I am willing to consider that some temporary arrangement of sprinklers may be employed against

fire, until such time as more permanent reconstruction can be brought about, I feel that in the end the only true thing to do is to make the building, as soon as possible, perfectly safe, not only as against loss by fire, but also from structural weakness. Thanking you for the interest shown and the time given to our committee,

I remain, very respectfully yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Chairman.

CITY OF BOSTON, OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.
March 5, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
24 Purchase Street, Boston:

Dear Sir,—I am directed by his Honor the Mayor to send the enclosed copy of a letter from Professor Chandler to you, for your information.

Yours very truly, THOS. A. MULLEN,
Secretary.

(Copy.)

CITY OF BOSTON,

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, ARCHITECTURAL DIVISION,
March 4, 1898.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor of Boston:

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 2d inst., I would say that the suggestion offered by the committee of the Ancients, that the sprinkler system should be limited to that part of Faneuil Hall building below the ceiling of Faneuil Hall, is not a good one. If fire should start in the roof—and no one can say that it will not—the building cannot be saved. The fear of the Ancients is that leakage from the sprinklers will be ruinous to their various collections. If such danger existed, the system would not be found in all our great dry goods stores.

It is not generally understood that the sprinkler operates only where the fire exists,—there is no drenching of the building, as by a hose, unless the fire is everywhere.

The system, for the protection of the roof, is what is called the "dry pipe." The water does not stand in it until the breaking of a sprinkler, caused by fire, lets out the air pressure.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) F. W. CHANDLER,
Consulting Architect.

BOSTON, MASS., March 8, 1898.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor of Boston:

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 5th, enclosing a copy of Prof. F. W. Chandler's letter of the 4th, is just at hand, and in reply would say, that as Professor Chandler seemed to be laboring under a wrong impression regarding our committee's ideas of sprinklers in Faneuil Hall, the writer took the time to see the professor

and explain our exact position on this matter, which, by the way, is perfectly satisfactory to him. I now wish to say that what our committee wants is for the city to take Faneuil Hall, which is now a dangerous building, both from a structural point and as a fire risk, and make it a safe building. After it has been made safe, and as near fire-proof as possible, we do not object to its being filled with sprinklers as a further preventive against loss in case of fire. To our minds the best way to handle this whole case, under the present circumstances, is to go right to work as soon as we have the appropriation and lay a fire-proof floor over the market, with fire stops through the walls, effectually shutting off all danger from fire in that part of the building. This, of course, will also require a fire-proof wall around the stairs to the main hall. Having shut off all danger from below, let all that part of the building above this fire-proof floor be put in thorough repair and made as fire-proof as possible. Then when the leases on the stalls in the market have run out, let some arrangements be made, after due notice has been given, to put this part of the building in proper shape. In the meantime, have the market part of the building made as free from fire danger as possible, by the introduction of a complete system of sprinklers. It is not our committee's desire to disturb or bother the present tenants in the market now or when their leases run out. In conclusion, let me say in behalf of our committee, that we most respectfully request that our ideas, as contained herein, be given to Professor Chandler, and that he be requested to report to you at once the feasibility of our plan and the cost of the same. If work of a permanent character is the order of the day, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are ready to move out at a day's notice, and as our April meetings will soon be upon us we would like the question settled, so that in case we are expected to move out we may make application for quarters elsewhere without delay. If your Honor thinks well of it, the writer would be pleased to see Professor Chandler, and by sketches more fully explain our ideas to him. Our committee stands ready at all times to attend any hearing or to do anything in their power to further the preservation of Faneuil Hall.

With great respect, I remain,

Very sincerely yours, J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Chairman.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor of Boston:

BOSTON, MASS., March 15.

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the successful meeting of the Faneuil Hall marketmen, which was called together by our committee, this afternoon. There were also present Alderman Presho, Councilman Bigelow, Professor Chandler, and Mr. Woodbury, the builder. After looking over the building, a full discussion of the situation took place, at the end of which Mr. Woodbury made the statement that our plan of the making the floors directly over the market fire-proof, and then reconstruction of building from that point upwards, was *entirely feasible*. The marketmen present, who represented all the stalls but two, voted unanimously their willingness to sign a paper, holding the city harmless against all damages to their business during the time of the repairs and also until the end of their leases. There was much enthusi-

asm, and every one seemed anxious to help the grand work along. I see no reason now why any further expense need to be put out on temporary repairs, which of necessity must very soon give way to permanent reconstruction. I can assure your Honor that our committee are very much pleased at the outcome of our meeting this afternoon, and are at your service to do whatever you may wish in the carrying out of the details of the plan of reconstruction.

With great respect, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
For the Committee.

CITY OF BOSTON, OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
P. O. Box 3037, Boston :

March 16, 1898.

My dear Sir,—I have your note of March 15, and I am glad of the success of the meeting with the marketmen. I will ask the Corporation Counsel to prepare the proper release for them to sign, and we will then be ready to go ahead as soon as we get the rough estimate of cost from Professor Chandler.

In the present aspect of the matter, I certainly favor the appropriation for doing the whole of the work, rather than a smaller one for partial protection.

I think the prospect of getting the appropriation through is now excellent.

Yours very truly,

JOSIAH QUINCY, *Mayor.*
K.

BOSTON, MASS., March 23, 1898.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor of Boston :

Dear Sir,—Calling at the office of Professor Chandler this morning, I was informed that the estimate on the cost of permanent repairs to Faneuil Hall had just been sent to your office, and, not wishing to lose a single day, I would most respectfully suggest that the Corporation Counsel of the city have the proper release papers prepared at once for the marketmen to sign, and in case you think best, our committee would be pleased to take upon itself the circulation of the release among the men in Faneuil Hall market. Holding ourselves in readiness to do whatever you may wish in forwarding the good work, we remain,

Very respectfully,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
For the Committee.

BOSTON, MASS., April 22, 1898.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor of Boston :

Dear Sir,—The committee of the Ancients are very anxious that this matter of an appropriation for the preservation of Faneuil Hall, which is interesting so deeply all the citizens of Boston, should not be allowed to be lost sight of on account of impending war, or for any other reason whatever. We understand that plans have been prepared, the carrying out of which would not involve

more than eighty thousand dollars, and that Messrs. Woodbury & Leighton are willing to undertake the contract inside that amount. Please be so kind as to let us know just how the matter now stands and if there is anything we can do as a committee to assist in forwarding this good work. Please command us.

Very respectfully yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
For the Committee.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL.

BOSTON, April 25, 1898.

Col. J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
24 Purchase Street, Boston, Mass :

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of April 22 in relation to Faneuil Hall. I can only say that the matter is before the Committee on Finance and awaits their action, and I have understood that the committee intended to include the item for Faneuil Hall in the general loan order as soon as prepared. The information requested has been furnished by the Executive, and the matter now rests entirely with the committee, and I need not say that I am ready to use whatever influence I have to secure favorable action. Unfortunately, the borrowing capacity of the city has now practically been reduced to the sum of \$450,000 for the present year, and this may occasion some difficulty in sparing the money.

Yours very truly,

JOSIAH QUINCY, *Mayor.*
M. A. C.

BOSTON, MASS., April 29, 1898.

Alderman EDWARD W. PRESNO,
Chairman Finance Committee, City of Boston :

Dear Sir,—The Faneuil Hall committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are very anxious that action be taken as soon as possible by your committee, recommending an appropriation for the preservation of Faneuil Hall. We are being importuned on every hand, by citizens from every section of the city, to push this matter to a successful conclusion. I have called on his Honor the Mayor, and he informs me that he has furnished all information to the committee as requested, and stands "ready to approve of your action appropriating a sum sufficient to do the necessary work." We, therefore, most respectfully ask, in the name of the citizens of Boston, that you give this matter your favorable attention as soon as possible.

Very respectfully yours,

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
For the Committee.

Letter sent to the editors of all the Boston daily papers, and printed in their morning or evening editions.

BOSTON, MASS., April 29, 1898.

Dear Sir,—The Finance Committee of the Boston City Government has recommended an appropriation of eighty thousand dollars for the preservation of Faneuil Hall. The committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Com-

pany, who have worked without ceasing during the last year for this noble object, kindly ask you and the entire press of Boston, on behalf of the people of the city, State, and nation, to assist now, without a day's delay, in this patriotic work. Every member of the City Government should be given to understand that when this question comes before them it should be given their most earnest, careful, and patriotic attention. That it is a question that not only concerns the city but the whole nation. The loss of this historic building could not be paid in money. The question must be faced, and that at once, as delays are dangerous. What better time than the present, when the eyes of the entire world are turning to America, the birthplace of universal liberty, than to ask — yes, demand — that Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, must and shall be preserved.

In behalf of the committee.

J. PAYSON BRADLEY,
Chairman.

After considerable opposition the appropriation passed both branches of the City Government, and was at once signed by his Honor Mayor Quincy, and **FANEUIL HALL WAS SAVED.**

In Memoriam.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DECEASE OF CAPT. ALFRED E. PROCTER.

Capt. Alfred E. Procter was born Nov. 30, 1824; enrolled in the Independent Boston Fusiliers June 17, 1843; served continually with them until mustered into the United States service, Sept. 16, 1862; discharged from the same Sept. 29, 1865; afterward Quartermaster of 1st Regiment M. V. M. for five years.

Admitted a member of this Company Oct. 4, 1847; the date of his discharge is not known. Again enrolled May 30, 1878. Died April 25, 1897.

As an officer of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and in the volunteer service during the Rebellion, he was patriotic in the best sense of the term. As a member of this Company, genial, courteous and kind; as a citizen, public-spirited and benevolent; as a friend, true, kind-hearted, thoughtful and generous.

He left no children, but a devoted wife, to whom, it is resolved, a copy of these resolutions be sent, as a token of respect of this Company to his memory; also of sympathy with her in her bereavement.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the records of the Company.

(Signed) J. HENRY TAYLOR,
JAMES A. FOX,
WILLIAM HATCH JONES,
Committee.

ADMISSIONS, 1897-98.

1897		1898	
Sept. 7	Lieut. Walter Rapp.	April 18	Mr. George Napier Towle.
13	Mr. Clarence Henry Hayes.		Mr. Albert W. Lyons.
	Mr. James Miller Dexter.	May 2	Col. Oscar G. Barron.
20	Mr. William Potter, Jr.		Mr. Westley Jones.
	Mr. William Herbert Ellis.		Mr. Bernard Jenney, Jr.
	Mr. Frank Ferdinand.		Mr. Emele Francis Williams.
	Mr. Matt McIntire.		Mr. Fred Preston.
	Mr. Henry F. Naphen.		Mr. Nathaniel G. Robinson.
27	Philip H. McLaughlin.		Mr. Frederick A. McKenzie.
		9	Mr. William Miller Clarke.
			Corp. Leander B. Abbott.
			Frederick Lincoln Abbott, M.D.
1898			
April 4	Mr. Henry C. Cottle.	16	Capt. S. Newton.
	Mr. Robert J. Rodday.	23	Mr. David O. Felt.
18	Mr. Cornelius McLean.		Mr. William J. Miller.
	Mr. George Jonathan Bascom.		Mr. Augustus J. Bulger.
	Col. Augustus G. Robinson.	31	Mr. George W. Hills.
	Lieut. Joseph Battles.		
	Mr. Arthur J. Leland.		

DISCHARGES, 1897-98.

1897		1897	
June 14	Mr. Clayton Oscar Dewey.	Nov. 18	Mr. George M. Palmer.
	Mr. Charles M. Hinckley.		Mr. John M. Sullivan.
	Mr. William E. Peabody.		Mr. F. S. Horton.
	Capt. Lemuel Pettee.		Mr. W. A. Wilson.
Sept. 7	Mr. J. R. Williston.		
	Mr. E. Loring Richards.		
	Sergt. Henry Grant Weston.		
13	Mr. Winslow S. Cobb.		
	Mr. Daniel Stevens.		
	Sergt. Edgar N. Williams.		
	Mr. John G. Wright.		
Nov. 18	Mr. Samuel E. Guild.		
	Mr. Charles H. Prescott.		
	Mr. Henry W. Downes.		
	Mr. Charles M. Raymond.		
	Mr. Henry W. Tenney.		
	Mr. D. Allen Andrews, Jr.		
	Mr. W. W. Whipple.		
	Mr. Oliver W. Bixby.		
	Mr. Thomas Kellough.		
		1898	
		April 4	Col. Daniel P. Bosworth.
			Mr. John H. O'Donnell.
			Sergt. Cyrus K. Remington.
			Hon. Edwin U. Curtis.
			Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett.
			Mr. Henry H. Seaver.
			Mr. Charles W. Riddle.
			Mr. Henry N. Baker.
			Lieut. John A. Lowell.
			Col. James A. Laken.
			Mr. Thomas H. Harding.
		18	Mr. A. H. Overman.
		May 9	Mr. Charles H. Mitchell.
			Mr. William Marcott.
		23	Mr. A. G. Weeks, Jr.

1638. ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS. 1899.

OFFICERS FOR 1898-1899.

Captain.

MAJOR LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY.

First Lieutenant.

LIEUT. GEORGE H. INNIS.

Second Lieutenant.

LIEUT. JAMES M. USHER.

Adjutant.

CAPT. J. HENRY BROWN.

First Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. PHILEMON D. WARREN.
Second Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. LAURENCE J. FORD.
Third Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. WILLIAM H. MILLS.
Fourth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. CHARLES S. DAMRELL.
Fifth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. FREDERICK E. BOLTON.
Sixth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. HENRY H. LITCHFIELD.
First Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. WILLIAM A. MORSE.
Second Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. HENRY H. NEWCOMB.
Third Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. BENJAMIN A. STILES.
Fourth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. FRANK W. HILTON.
Fifth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt.-Major HENRY W. PATTERSON.
Sixth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. JAMES W. GREENALCH.
Seventh Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. THOMAS M. DENHAM.

STAFF.

Commissioned.

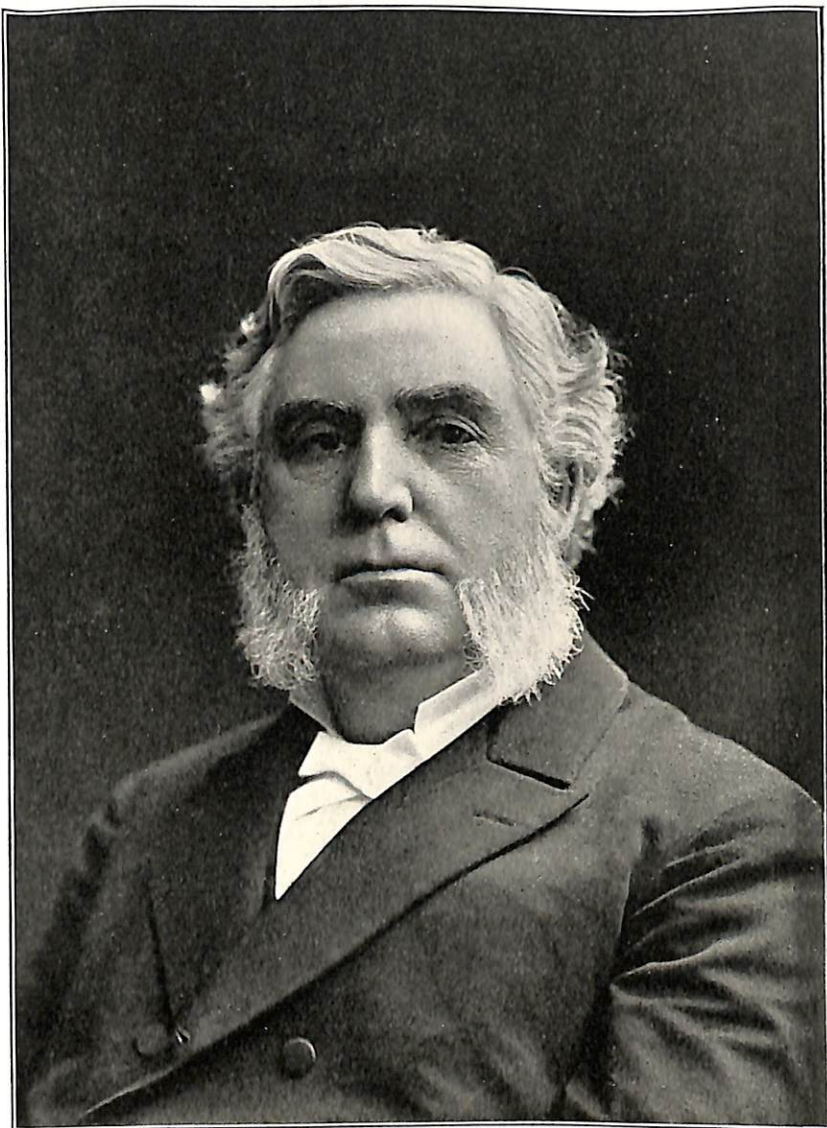
Chief of Staff. — Col. HENRY WALKER.
Surgeon — FRANK W. GRAVES, M. D.
Assistant Surgeons. — L. E. MORGAN, M. D.; H. E. MARION, M. D.; G. F. WALKER, M. D.; E. DWIGHT HILL, M. D.; JOHN E. KINNEY, M. D.
Paymaster. — Lieut. EMERY GROVER.
Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.
Quartermaster. — Lieut. JOHN H. PEAK.
Commissary. — Capt. GEORGE E. HALL.
Chaplain. — Rev. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Non-Commissioned.

Sergeant-Major. — Lieut. T. J. TUTE.
Quartermaster-Sergeant. — Sergt. WILLIAM L. WILLEY.
Commissary-Sergeant. — Lieut. EDWARD SULLIVAN.
Hospital Steward. — FRED H. PUTNAM.
National Color-Bearer. — Sergt. GEORGE A. LEVY.
State Color-Bearer. — Capt. WALTER S. SAMPSON.
Flankers to Commander. — Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, Capt. W. L. STEDMAN.
Markers. — Sergt. EDWIN WARNER, WILLIAM B. HOLMES.
Right General Guide. — Sergt. RAYMOND S. BYAM.
Left General Guide. — Lieut. A. A. GLEASON.
Band Guide. — Sergt. GEORGE L. LOOK.
Orderlies to Commander. — Lieut. WILLIAM O. WEBBER, Lieut. WILLIAM H. HENNESSEY.

CIVIL OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

Treasurer. — Lieut. EMERY GROVER. +
Clerk. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.
Assistant Clerk — ARTHUR T. LOVELL.
Canvassing Committee. — Sergt. JOSEPH L. WHITE, Dr. ROBERT H. UPHAM, Lieut. JOHN E. COTTER, Sergt. G. H. W. BATES, Sergt. ARTHUR E. LEACH.
Trustees of Permanent Fund. — Capt. JOHN MACK, Major GEORGE S. MERRILL, Gen. SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE, Major CHARLES W. STEVENS, CALEB CHASE.
Finance Committee. — Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN, Capt. EDWARD E. ALLEN, Chairman, Col. SIDNEY M. HEDGES, Secretary, Sergt. ARTHUR FULLER, Capt. JACOB FOTTLER.
Committee on Military Museum and Library. — Lieut. WILLIAM PARKER JONES, Col. HENRY WALKER, Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, Col. EDWARD WYMAN, Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM.



Rev. R. R. MEREDITH, D.D.,
Chaplain, 1898.

A SERMON
PREACHED AT THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH
ON THE
260th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
JUNE 6, 1898.

BY
REV. ROBERT R. MEREDITH, D. D.,
PASTOR OF THE TOMPKINS AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SERMON.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—ROMANS xii. 18.

As a system of religious truth Christianity is as high above all other religious systems as the heavens are higher than the earth, as God's thoughts and ways are higher than those of men. Well might the great apostle, having discussed some of these supernal truths in the former chapter, pause and exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" But Christianity is far more than a system of abstract doctrine, however sublime. It teaches and enforces the purest morality and the loftiest piety. Its doctrinal form of sound words is not more remarkable than its practical precepts and exhortations to right living. So the apostle, having finished his doctrinal discussion in the former chapters, turns at once to apply certain practical precepts and principles which root in these doctrines, and which have to do with living. And among others he comes upon this: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

The circumstances under which we meet this morning and the aims of this occasion render the text appropriate to the hour and the service. The nation is at war with the kingdom of Spain; and if you will think of it you will perceive that in this word of the apostle we have nothing more nor less than the Christian doctrine of peace and of war. There is clearly suggested a case in which, peace not being possible, war becomes a righteous alternative. The apostle is dealing with moral forces, and when he says, "It is not possible," he simply means it is not right, for the impossible thing in morality is the thing that is not right. So what Paul says is, "If it be right, if by any possibility you can make it right, as much as lieth in you, to the full extent of your power, live peaceably with all men. But when peace becomes wrong it becomes impossible to you, and it is your duty then to put on your uniform and take arms without hesitation or delay." That is Christianity. You see that peace is the law, peace is the thing we are to strive for, peace is the thing we are to sacrifice for; war is the righteous and awful alternative to be appealed to only as a last resort.

You will remark that I am not speaking of rights. There is a vast

difference between "right" and what we conceive to be our "rights." The Christian law does not always allow a man to go to law, much less to go to war, for his rights. There is a principle of sacrifice, of forbearance, of Christ-following that comes in there, so that it often becomes a Christian man's duty to yield his rights for the sake of peace. It is not rights; rights are things that belong to us and we can handle them as we please, subject to the higher law of the kingdom. Rights are ours, right is God's. We cannot play with that law. We must live by it. What is right has to be done. If it be war, then war must be made; if it be peace, then we must sacrifice all that is lawful for the sake of peace. The subject is perfectly clear and simple, and it finds illustration in the history that our country is making to-day. Our nation is at war. Permit me in the light of these Christian principles to call your attention to the cause of this war and its probable effect upon the future of our country.

I have no apology to offer for what I am about to say. I understand my position perfectly. I am a minister of the Prince of Peace, and the grand object of the whole ministry to which I belong, and of the Great King of all our souls, is to bring peace into this world. But there are times in human history when righteous peace becomes absolutely impossible save as it is conquered through war. Then war becomes the highest duty. Peace is the law. We are working for peace, and looking forward to a time when men shall war no more. For this we daily pray and rejoice in every sign of its coming. But that time is not yet. The most important question in connection with this subject that can be asked to-day is, Why has the nation made war? This is a problem of profoundest interest to us, for we are a Christian people and we profess to be ruled, at least in a general way, by the principles of Christianity. And if we go to war it ought to be war according to the principles of Christianity. If our sons and brothers go to the front with rifles in their hands we must be sure that they go to wage a war for righteousness' sake — a war that is morally necessary. If we were engaged to-day in a war of conquest, there would be not a moment's question, it would be utterly indefensible. I would stand here, as men did stand not far from this place during the Mexican war, and denounce it from the beginning to the end as unchristian and horrible. It is vital to us as a people to know what we are warring about. Is it a moral necessity? History ought to shed some light on the answer to that question.

Christopher Columbus landed on the island of Cuba for the first

time on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1492. He had landed on one or two of the other islands before. He found Cuba thickly populated by a very quiet, inoffensive people, who had spread over into the other large islands and had gone even into the Bahamas. In 1511 Velasquez landed in Cuba as the Spanish governor of the island. Within a very short time after his landing he sent his armed Spaniards through the island and massacred vast numbers of the people. There were too many for his purposes and so he slaughtered them by the thousand. Those who remained alive he divided up into gangs of three hundred, and gave a gang to each of the Spanish officers, who made slaves of them, and started the sugar plantations of Cuba. He began, as we have seen, in 1511. In 1534, twenty-three years later, the governor of Cuba wrote to the home government making request for seven thousand negroes to be sent out as slaves, that they might become inured to the climate before the final extermination of the original population. And before fifty years had passed, that extermination became a fact. Within half a century of Spain's conquest of Cuba, instead of colonizing, she had exterminated the population.

In the meantime the Spaniards in the western world made other history. Pizarro conquered Peru. He found it divided between two Incas, and he succeeded in capturing one of them. I speak the simple fact of history, and no bitter thing, when I say that Pizarro did a perfectly characteristic thing for a Spanish colonist to do. He took from the captured Inca seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars as a ransom, and then daggered him to death. Cortez had overrun Mexico and murdered Montezuma and all his followers. A considerable portion of North America and almost the whole of South America passed under Spanish control. But while Spain has at times shown great power of conquest, she never has shown any power of colonization. She never, in any true sense, colonized a single spot of earth. Most of the results of her conquests have been wrenched from her grasp, and the comparatively small portion she has been able to retain has sunk into misery and ruin under her cruel hand.

Call to mind another series of events in the new world. One hundred and nine years after that landing of Velasquez, a company of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. For the next century and a half they were fighting, mostly in the old world, as to who should possess the new. Spain had all the great south of it; France and England were dividing the north. In summing up the results of the Seven Years' War, in his life on Frederick the Great, Carlyle gives as one of

them the great fact that North America was to be English and not French. France was so lame that she had to withdraw from this continent. And so the years rolled away, war succeeding war, until in 1776 the Colonists met in Philadelphia and declared that they were and of right ought to be free and independent. They had to fight eight years to convince old King George III. that they were right in that declaration. One thinks of it now as dreary fighting, with wonderful patriotism and bravery and virtue, — that fighting up and down this coast, — beginning at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; the dashes of Harry Lee and Marion, the meeting of the Revolutionist volunteers with the drilled soldiers under Burgoyne, and finally the defeat of the British forces at Yorktown, which ended the war. We think of those men, as we read the history, for nearly eight years, summer and winter, with boundless self-sacrifice and an unconquerable heroism, — fighting for what? For life, for national life. There is no doubt in the mind of any American as to the righteousness of that war. The nation grew, made progress in a quiet and peaceable way. The fathers made a mistake in framing the Constitution. They compromised on the subject of slavery because they thought it would drop out of itself very soon. But it did not drop out. The cotton-gin and the spinning-jenny were invented and human souls encased in black skins trebled in value. Slavery grew with the growth of the nation until, in 1861, it made war on the Government. The free people of the North rose up and crushed it out of existence, restoring the national unity. There can be in the mind of no American any question as to the righteousness of that proceeding. Does any man that was in that army regret it to-day? In the holiest hours we have ever known, in the times when we pray, have any of us been sorry that we engaged in that struggle? Every man who went to the front in those old days, and had any conception of the meaning of what he was doing, felt that he was engaged in the grandest enterprise God ever gave to him in all his life. The war ended. The country went on and the old memory faded away and a marvellous change came. It was brought to our minds the other day. Wasn't it on the 21st of May that the Sixth Massachusetts went through Baltimore? Who can hear of the Sixth Massachusetts going through Baltimore without thinking of the 19th of April, 1861? Who could think of the two things and not realize the marvellous change that has taken place? Then the frown of the enemy and the deadly bullet. Now the smile and the welcome and the showering of flowers. A change had come over the land.

But now go back to that other series of events for a moment. Spain's beginning has just been illustrative of Spain's continuance. Whatever changes have been wrought in her policy are the result of influences from outside — they have been made simply because the changes in the world made them necessary. She carried on the slave trade as long as she dared, and her colonial government has been a system of unparalleled and unremitting thievery. She steals from her colonies in the shape of taxation until she leads them to poverty and ruin. The history has been unspeakably sad. We looked on suffering Cuba, within less than one hundred miles of our shores; our statesmen talked about her condition; one of our Presidents offered one hundred millions of dollars for the island; two or three times we were asked, in connection with Great Britain, to guarantee the control of Cuba by Spain, and we absolutely refused to do it. The question of our duty has been up in our national Legislature. Here was this inhumanity, this cruelty, under our eyes, with no promise of cessation, the rather growing ever worse.

Why did the nation wait so long? Well, first of all because we have been a peaceful nation. We have cherished peace, not war. It is only thirty-three years since the Civil War closed, when hundreds of thousands of men were discharged from our armies, thoroughly drilled soldiers, and the whole nation was familiar with military matters. The generation that has grown up since then, however, is just as ignorant of a soldier's duty and drill as the volunteers of 1861 were when we had not had a war for a generation. That is a thing to make us glad and grateful. We are a peaceful nation. We dislike war. We love peace. We obey the Gospel. If it be possible, as much as lieth in us, we live peaceably with all men.

Another reason is that we have been living under a wrong interpretation of a very wise word. George Washington, in his Farewell Address, warned this country against entangling alliances with European powers. The warning was for his time and for all time. But a strained interpretation has been put upon it which has been an absolute drawback to the development of this country. About that fact, it seems to me, there can be no question. We have kept ourselves to ourselves, and whenever any course was proposed that looked like the suppression of this infamy, for example, some congressman would get up and read George Washington's Farewell Address, and that ended it. We were not to mix with anybody else anywhere. And so it came to pass that, as we grew and as our commerce extended, and our manufactures increased and our markets stretched over the world, as a nation among

the nations we counted for very little. The great world powers did not consider us, and we were powerless for good, in the national movements of the world, when, by our population, wealth, and extent of territory, we ought to have been among the first and most influential. So when a few years ago the Turks slew two hundred thousand Armenians, more or less, in cold blood, the concert of European powers stood behind the Turk, with the exception of England, and England was powerless to interfere, while we were not counted in at all. Russia, Germany, and France were in that compact, and Germany was able to thrust its iron fist in and hold things as they were. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the property of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, that has its home in this State and its charter from old Massachusetts, and that has existed in Turkey under treaty rights that go back to 1830, has been burned and destroyed, and the Porte has never even deigned to answer the Minister of the United States concerning the matter. What does the Turk care for the United States? There is a concert of European powers back of him, and they are so afraid, not of him, but of each other, that they dare not touch him. This is as it has been. In my judgment it will never be so again.

For at last the nation has taken action. After much discussion among the people, in the halls of Congress, in the columns of the newspapers, the insurgents over in Cuba took up arms against the cruel and intolerable oppression of the Spaniards. All this discussion was summed up in the message of President Cleveland as he went out of office, and in the message of President McKinley as he came into office, until it came to be in the very waving of our flag, in the desire of our people, and in every movement of our Government a sort of voice — an expression of determination that the time had come to put an end to this inhumanity and oppression. On the night of the 15th of February there was an explosion in the harbor of Havana that made vocal all that feeling and condensed it into a single sentence: "The thing must stop!" I do not say that the explosion that destroyed the "Maine" caused the war. I say it was the occasion that brought the tremendous feeling that had been gathering to utterance and action and made it henceforth irresistible.

It has been said that the newspapers made the war; that this party or that made the war; that men with selfish ends to gain swept the country into this conflict. Not so. Newspapers, jingoes, parties in Congress or out of Congress,—no one of them or all of them put together

can make a war in this country. Not the newspapers, not the jingoes, not the congressmen, not President McKinley, but the people declared this war, and while this world stands and this nation endures nobody but the people can ever get this nation into war. In this free country when things get serious, and when you talk about war, or a forty-five-cent dollar, or a thing like that, that involves the humanity or integrity of the nation, the people get up and take hold of the matter themselves, irrespective of party lines, and settle it. They do not leave it to the newspapers, or to Congress, or to conventions. Where the nation's life and the nation's honor are at stake, the people speak for themselves. They have always done so, and the case before us is no exception. But you will all agree with me that never before were the people blessed with a single voice that so accurately uttered their meaning. Not truer are those organ keys to the touch of the master than has been every utterance and movement of President McKinley to the heart and voice of the American people from the beginning of his administration down to the present hour. And so, when he had done his best, and when his officers had done their best, and when it was not possible any longer to rest in peace, when we had reached the limit and it would have been wicked for us to hold still any longer, then there came the state of war in which we find ourselves to-day.

Gentlemen of this honorable corps, it is worth our while to think that we stand alone in that we are the only nation, so far as I am able to read history, on the face of the earth that ever declared war for a purely humanitarian reason. I know of no other instance. Where will you find a nation that, preparing for war, has spoken as this nation has spoken concerning Cuba? By the action of Congress and the President we have said, in substance, to Spain: We do not want the island of Cuba; our only desire is that its people shall be relieved from the oppression they have so long endured, and allowed to rule themselves, and this we are going to insist upon.

I have only brief time left in which to say a word concerning the changes which have come or may come as the result of this profoundly important step on the part of the United States. The first to be noticed is this: There is a vast change wrought by the very fact of war's declaration. No matter what may come in the future, no matter what changes may lie beyond us, there has been a change wrought in the feelings, aims, and aspirations of the people of this country by the action of the 21st of April that no man here is able to measure or weigh. Our relations with every nation of the world have been modi-

fied by this action. Their attitude toward us and ours toward them has been altered. We occupy an entirely new and vastly more important place in all their calculations. Men may think it desirable to put this country back where it has been, but there is no power on the face of this earth that can do it. When we declared war for this purpose we went beyond the narrow and erroneous interpretation of the Farewell Address. That interpretation will govern this country no more.

It remains true that we went to war for a purely humanitarian reason. But war is one of the things that men cannot control, being once engaged in it. No one is wise enough to say how far it will go. See! our eye was fixed on Cuba and the terrible condition of Cuba; the Cuban Junta was in New York; the "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and that settled everybody's attention on Cuba. Let us get to Cuba. Our eye was on the Atlantic and the fleet that was on this side. We wanted Sampson and Schley to get the largest number of ships possible at Key West. Every heart in the United States was throbbing with interest in Cuba and what was transpiring on the Atlantic Ocean in the region of that island on the morning of the first of May, 1898. That very morning there was an explosion on the other side of the world that instantly took our eyes and our interest from Cuba and the Atlantic fleet and settled them on Manila and the conquering fleet of the admirable Dewey. I do not know how you look at that. Every thinking man looks at things in his own way. I believe for myself in a personal God, who is the Father of men, and who is ruling the world to save it. And I believe that that signal and glorious victory, which Capt. Mahan says is the greatest naval victory on record, was put just there, in God's providence, so that the people might understand, and hear God's voice saying, "Your eyes are too close to your feet. Look up! Look outward! The high and broad look is the true one. I have larger things for you to do than you are thinking of. It is not the freedom of Cuba alone, but the freedom and elevation of the race to which you are called to contribute according to the measure of your ability and opportunity." In this direction may come the greatest and most beneficent change,—the United States no longer evading responsibility, but abroad in the world investing all her influence and wealth and power in co-operation with other civilized nations on behalf of the ignorant and oppressed everywhere, in the interest of peace and progress throughout the whole world. What a change! and how full of promise! If this grand result shall

follow the war in which we are engaged we may hope that there never shall be another concert of European powers with Armenian atrocities unhindered and unpunished. Instead there will be a concert of the world powers, and the United States will have a seat and a voice in their councils.

Hence it seems to me we should hold the territory which has come into our possession. The war, in this aspect of it, has brought a national opportunity such as does not often come, and it would be a cruel, national blunder not to use it. Nay, it would be a crime. To give up the Philippines at the end of the century would be a piece of folly as reckless and inexcusable as would have been the failure to take Louisiana at the beginning of the century. This war marks a new epoch in our national history; it will not leave us as it found us; it will put upon us duties and obligations from which we shall find no honorable way of escape. These islands are ours by conquest. We are under obligations to take care of them, to extend to them the blessings of freedom and promote their intellectual and industrial prosperity. They can be made of immense commercial advantage to us; they will insure national supremacy to us in the Pacific; they will enormously multiply our influence in the East; they will greatly enhance our prestige as one of the three great world powers. The possession of Porto Rico and the reciprocal trade relations with Cuba will greatly aid us in the increase of our commerce with South America, while the securing of such a chain of outposts across the Pacific as Hawaii, the Ladrões, and the Philippines will not only add new and broader fields to our commercial and industrial empire, but will enable us to exercise a decisive influence in establishing the policy of the open door in China. The political thralldom of this people has been cruel and burdensome to the last degree; shall we fling them back to the suffering certain to ensue if we restore them to Spain? That would be atrocious. We have assumed obligations toward the inhabitants of these islands which we are bound to fulfil. Spain's reform promises cannot be trusted, and the revolution would go on if Spain's authority were recognized by us. Furthermore, the abandonment of the advantage which American prowess has won might easily result in complications in the East which would endanger the general peace of the world. But the question for us is not what Europe would like to have done, or would be likely to do. The true patriot and statesman looks at great international problems first from the standpoint of his own country, its honor and interest. We are providen-

tially called, it would seem, to extend to millions of hitherto oppressed and suffering people the blessings of civil and religious liberty, education, peace, and prosperity; the best sentiment of the world at home and abroad is that we should meet with intelligence and firmness these new duties.

There is another significant change already wrought by this war, namely, the change in the sentiments and feelings of the people of the United States and Great Britain for each other. Never since the colonies separated from the mother country have the two nations been drawn so closely together. This is not a temporary change. It is founded in a community of interests and aims, as well as in the influence of origin and language. The change is fraught with large promise for the world. A good working understanding between the English-speaking peoples of the world would immensely decrease the chances of a general war, and would insure the spread of liberty and intelligence among the peoples of the earth.

This nation has a glorious past. She is making shining history to-day. Her future is radiant with promise. Gentlemen, I bid you God speed as you go forth to the duties of the hour and face that future. The time is coming when not the English-speaking peoples alone, but when all the nations of the earth shall speak one language, and that shall be the language of a righteous, merciful, and enduring peace.